

SHORT STUDIES
ON
GREAT SUBJECTS.

BY
JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A.
LATE FELLOW OF ELMHURST COLLEGE, OXFORD

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CALVINISM:

AN ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS AT ST ANDREW'S,

MARCH 17, 1871.

RELIGIOUS MEN, it is sometimes said, express themselves in all moods and all tenses except the present indicative. They tell us of things that were done in ancient times. They tell us of things which will be hereafter, or which might or would have been under certain conditions. Of the actual outward dispensation under which we live at present, we hear very little. The facts of experience are not sufficiently in harmony with the theories of different religious bodies to allow any sect or set of believers to appeal to them with confidence. The age of miracles is past. The world is supposed to go its own way, undisturbed by providential interferences, waiting for some final account to be taken with it hereafter; while the relations of the Creator with His creatures are confined to special and invisible processes by which individual souls are saved from perdition.

Acknowledgments of this kind are no more than a tacit confession of the inadequacy of our several opinions to explain the phenomena of our lives. Results which are unapparent may be unexistent except in imagination. There is no reason to believe that the methods by which the laws of physical nature have been discovered should be inapplicable in matters of larger moment, or that the observation of facts by which alone we arrive at scientific conclusions should lead us wrong, or should lead to nothing when we interrogate them on our moral condition. Piety, like wisdom, consists in the discovery of the rules under which we are actually placed, and in faithfully obeying them. Fidelity and insight in the one case are as likely to find their reward as in the other ; infidelity and blindness as likely to be answered by failure ; and, in other ages, systems of religion have been vigorous and effective precisely to the extent to which they have seen in the existing order of things the hand of a living ruler.

I may say at once that I am about to travel over serious ground. I shall not trespass on theology, though I must go near the frontiers of it. I shall give you the conclusions which I have been led to form upon a series of spiritual phenomena which have appeared successively in different ages of the world—which have exercised the most remarkable influence on the character and history of mankind, and have left their traces nowhere more distinctly than in this Scotland where we now stand.

Every one here present must have become familiar

in late years with the change of tone throughout Europe and America on the subject of Calvinism. After being accepted for two centuries in all Protestant countries as the final account of the relations between man and his Maker, it has come to be regarded by liberal thinkers as a system of belief incredible in itself, dishonouring to its object, and as intolerable as it has been itself intolerant. The Catholics whom it overthrew take courage from the philosophers, and assail it on the same ground. To represent man as sent into the world under a curse, as incurably wicked—wicked by the constitution of his flesh, and wicked by eternal decree—as doomed, unless exempted by special grace which he cannot merit, or by any effort of his own obtain, to live in sin while he remains on earth, and to be eternally miserable when he leaves it—to represent him as born unable to keep the commandments, yet as justly liable to everlasting punishment for breaking them, is alike repugnant to reason and to conscience, and turns existence into a hideous nightmare. To deny the freedom of the will is to make morality impossible. To tell men that they cannot help themselves is to fling them into recklessness and despair. To what purpose the effort to be virtuous when it is an effort which is foredoomed to fail—when those that are saved are saved by no effort of their own, and confess themselves the worst of sinners, even when rescued from the penalties of sin; and those that are lost are lost by an everlasting sentence decreed against them before they were born? How are we to call the Ruler who laid us under this iron code by the name

of Wise, or Just, or Merciful, when we ascribe principles of action to Him which in a human father we should call preposterous and monstrous ?

The discussion of these strange questions has been pursued at all times with inevitable passion, and the issue uniformly has been a drawn battle. The Arminian has entangled the Calvinist, the Calvinist has entangled the Arminian, in a labyrinth of contradictions. The advocate of free will appeals to conscience and instinct—to an *à priori* sense of what ought in equity to be. The necessitarian falls back upon the experienced reality of facts. It is true, and no argument can gainsay it, that men are placed in the world unequally favoured, both in inward disposition and outward circumstances. Some children are born with temperaments which make a life of innocence and purity natural and easy to them ; others are born with violent passions, or even with distinct tendencies to evil inherited from their ancestors, and seemingly unconquerable—some are constitutionally brave, others are constitutionally cowards—some are born in religious families, and are carefully educated and watched over ; others draw their first breath in an atmosphere of crime, and cease to inhale it only when they pass into their graves. Only a fourth part of mankind are born Christians. The remainder never hear the name of Christ except as a reproach. The Chinese and the Japanese—we may almost say every weaker race with whom we have come in contact—connect it only with the forced intrusion of strangers whose behaviour among them has served ill

to recommend their creed. These are facts which no casuistry can explain away. And if we believe at all that the world is governed by a conscious and intelligent Being, we must believe also, however we can reconcile it with our own ideas, that these anomalies have not arisen by accident, but have been ordered of purpose and design.

No less noticeable is it that the materialistic and the metaphysical philosophers deny as completely as Calvinism what is popularly called Free Will. Every effect has its cause. In every action the will is determined by the motive which at the moment is operating most powerfully upon it. When we do wrong, we are led away by temptation. If we overcome our temptation, we overcome it either because we foresee inconvenient consequences, and the certainty of future pains is stronger than the present pleasure; or else because we prefer right to wrong, and our desire for good is greater than our desire for indulgence. It is impossible to conceive a man, when two courses are open to him, choosing that which he least desires. He may say that he can do what he dislikes because it is his duty. Precisely so. His desire to do his duty is a stronger motive with him than the attraction of present pleasure.

Spinoza, from entirely different premises, came to the same conclusion as Mr Mill or Mr Buckle, and can find no better account of the situation of man than in the illustration of St Paul, 'Hath not the potter power over the clay, to make one vessel to honour and another to dishonour?'

SHORT STUDIES.

If Arminianism most commends itself to our feelings, Calvinism is nearer to the facts, however harsh and forbidding those facts may seem.

I have no intention, however, of entangling myself or you in these controversies. As little shall I consider whether men have done wisely in attempting a doctrinal solution of problems the conditions of which are so imperfectly known. The moral system of the universe is like a document written in alternate ciphers, which change from line to line. We read a sentence, but at the next our key fails us; we see that there is something written there, but if we guess at it we are guessing in the dark. It seems more faithful, more becoming, in beings such as we are, to rest in the conviction of our own inadequacy, and confine ourselves to those moral rules for our lives and actions on which, so far as they concern ourselves, we are left in no uncertainty at all.

At present, at any rate, we are concerned with an aspect of the matter entirely different. I am going to ask you to consider how it came to pass that if Calvinism is indeed the hard and unreasonable creed which modern enlightenment declares it to be, it has possessed such singular attractions in past times for some of the greatest men that ever lived. And how—being, as we are told, fatal to morality, because it denies free will—the first symptom of its operation, wherever it established itself, was to obliterate the distinction between sins and crimes, and to make the moral law the rule of life for States as well as persons. I shall

ask you, again, why, if it be a creed of intellectual servitude, it was able to inspire and sustain the bravest efforts ever made by man to break the yoke of unjust authority. When all else has failed—when patriotism has covered its face and human courage has broken down—when intellect has yielded, as Gibbon says, ‘with a smile or a sigh,’ content to philosophize in the closet, and abroad worship with the vulgar—when emotion and sentiment and tender imaginative piety have become the handmaids of superstition, and have dreamt themselves into forgetfulness that there is any difference between lies and truth—the slavish form of belief called Calvinism, in one or other of its many forms, has borne ever an inflexible front to illusion and mendacity, and has preferred rather to be ground to powder like flint than to bend before violence, or melt under enervating temptation.

It is enough to mention the name of William the Silent, of Luther—for on the points of which I am speaking Luther was one with Calvin—of your own Knox and Andrew Melville and the Regent Murray, of Coligny, of our English Cromwell, of Milton, of John Bunyan. These were men possessed of all the qualities which give nobility and grandeur to human nature—men whose life was as upright as their intellect was commanding and their public aims untainted with selfishness; unalterably just where duty required them to be stern, but with the tenderness of a woman in their hearts; frank, true, cheerful, humorous, as unlike sour fanatics as it is possible to imagine any

one, and able in some way to sound the keynote to which every brave and faithful heart in Europe instinctively vibrated

This is the problem. Grapes do not grow on bramble-bushes. Illustrious natures do not form themselves upon narrow and cruel theories. Spiritual life is full of apparent paradoxes. When St Patrick preached the Gospel on Tarah hill to Leoghaire, the Irish king, the Druids and the wise men of Ireland shook their heads. 'Why,' asked the king, 'does what the cleric preaches seem so dangerous to you?' 'Because,' was the remarkable answer, 'because he preaches repentance, and the law of repentance is such that a man shall say, "I may commit a thousand crimes, and if I repent I shall be forgiven, and it will be no worse with me: therefore I will continue to sin"' The Druids argued logically, but they drew a false inference notwithstanding. The practical effect of a belief is the real test of its soundness. Where we find a heroic life appearing as the uniform fruit of a particular mode of opinion, it is childish to argue in the face of fact that the result ought to have been different.

The question which I have proposed, however, admits of a reasonable answer. I must ask you only to accompany me on a somewhat wide circuit in search of it.

There seems, in the first place, to lie in all men, in proportion to the strength of their understanding, a conviction that there is in all human things a real

order and purpose, notwithstanding the chaos in which at times they seem to be involved. Suffering scattered blindly without remedial purpose or retributive propriety—good and evil distributed with the most absolute disregard of moral merit or demerit—enormous crimes perpetrated with impunity, or vengeance when it comes falling not on the guilty, but the innocent—

Desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing tummed in jollity—

these phenomena present, generation after generation, the same perplexing and even maddening features; and without an illogical but none the less a positive certainty that things are not as they seem—that, in spite of appearance, there is justice at the heart of them, and that, in the working out of the vast drama, justice will assert somehow and somewhere its sovereign right and power, the better sort of persons would find existence altogether unendurable. This is what the Greeks meant by the *'Ανάγκη* or destiny, which at the bottom is no other than moral Providence. Prometheus chained on the rock is the counterpart of Job on his dunghill. Torn with unrelaxing agony, the vulture with beak and talons rending at his heart, the Titan still defies the tyrant at whose command he suffers, and, strong in conscious innocence, appeals to the eternal *Μοῖρα* which will do him right in the end. The Olympian gods were cruel, jealous, capricious, malignant; but beyond and above the Olympian gods lay the silent, brooding, everlasting fate of which

victim and tyrant were alike the instruments, and which at last, far off, after ages of misery it might be, but still before all was over, would vindicate the sovereignty of justice. Full as it may be of contradictions and perplexities, this obscure belief lies at the very core of our spiritual nature, and it is called fate or it is called predestination according as it is regarded pantheistically as a necessary condition of the universe, or as the decree of a self-conscious being.

Intimately connected with this belief, and perhaps the fact of which it is the inadequate expression, is the existence in nature of omnipresent organic laws, penetrating the material world, penetrating the moral world of human life and society, which insist on being obeyed in all that we do and handle—which we cannot alter, cannot modify—which will go with us, and assist and befriend us, if we recognize and comply with them—which inexorably make themselves felt in failure and disaster if we neglect or attempt to thwart them. Search where we will among created things, far as the microscope will allow the eye to pierce, we find organization everywhere. Large forms resolve themselves into parts, but these parts are but organized out of other parts, down so far as we can see into infinity. When the plant meets with the conditions which agree with it, it thrives; under unhealthy conditions it is poisoned and disintegrates. It is the same precisely with each one of ourselves, whether as individuals or as aggregated into associations, into families, into nations, into institu-

tions. The remotest fibre of human action, from the policy of empires to the most insignificant trifle over which we waste an idle hour or moment, either moves in harmony with the true law of our being, or is else at discord with it. A king or a parliament enacts a law, and we imagine we are creating some new regulation, to encounter unprecedented circumstances. The law itself which applied to these circumstances was enacted from eternity. It has its existence independent of us, and will enforce itself either to reward or punish, as the attitude which we assume towards it is wise or unwise. Our human laws are but the copies, more or less imperfect, of the eternal laws so far as we can read them, and either succeed and promote our welfare, or fail and bring confusion and disaster, according as the legislator's insight has detected the true principle, or has been distorted by ignorance or selfishness.

And these laws are absolute, inflexible, irreversible, the steady friends of the wise and good, the eternal enemies of the blockhead and the knave. No Pope can dispense with a statute enrolled in the Chancery of Heaven, or popular vote repeal it. The discipline is a stern one, and many a wild endeavour men have made to obtain less hard conditions, or imagine them other than they are. They have conceived the rule of the Almighty to be like the rule of one of themselves. They have fancied that they could bribe or appease Him—tempt Him by penance or pious offering to suspend or turn aside His displeasure. They are asking

that His own eternal nature shall become other than it is. One thing only they can do. They for themselves, by changing their own courses, can make the law which they have broken thenceforward their friend. Their dispositions and nature will revive and become healthy again when they are no longer in opposition to the will of their Maker. This is the natural action of what we call repentance. But the penalties of the wrongs of the past remain unrepealed. As men have sown they must still reap. The profligate who has ruined his health or fortune may learn before he dies that he has lived as a fool, and may recover something of his peace of mind as he recovers his understanding; but no miracle takes away his paralysis, or gives back to his children the bread of which he has robbed them. He may himself be pardoned, but the consequences of his acts remain.

Once more: and it is the most awful feature of our condition. The laws of nature are general, and are no respecters of persons. There has been and there still is a clinging impression that the sufferings of men are the results of their own particular misdeeds, and that no one is or can be punished for the faults of others. I shall not dispute about the word 'punishment.' 'The fathers have eaten sour grapes,' said the Jewish proverb, 'and the children's teeth are set on edge.' So said Jewish experience, and Ezekiel answered that these words should no longer be used among them. 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' Yes, there is a promise that the soul shall be saved, there is no such

promise for the body. Every man is the architect of his own character, and if to the extent of his opportunities he has lived purely, nobly, and uprightly, the misfortunes which may fall on him through the crimes or errors of other men cannot injure the immortal part of him. But it is no less true that we are made dependent one upon another to a degree which can hardly be exaggerated. The winds and waves are on the side of the best navigator—the seaman who best understands them. Place a fool at the helm, and crew and passengers will perish, be they ever so innocent. The Tower of Siloam fell, not for any sins of the eighteen, who were crushed by it, but through bad mortar probably, the rotting of a beam, or the uneven settling of the foundations. The persons who should have suffered, according to our notion of distributive justice, were the ignorant architects or masons who had done their work amiss. But the guilty had perhaps long been turned to dust. And the law of gravity brought the tower down at its own time, indifferent to the persons who might be under it.

Now the feature which distinguishes man from other animals is that he is able to observe and discover these laws which are of such mighty moment to him, and direct his conduct in conformity with them. The more subtle may be revealed only by complicated experience. The plainer and more obvious—among those especially which are called moral—have been apprehended among the higher races easily and readily. I shall not ask how the knowledge of them has been

obtained, whether by external revelation, or by natural insight, or by some other influence working through human faculties. The fact is all that we are concerned with, that from the earliest times of which we have historical knowledge there have always been men who have recognized the distinction between the nobler and baser parts of their being. They have perceived that if they would be men and not beasts, they must control their animal passions, prefer truth to falsehood, courage to cowardice, justice to violence, and compassion to cruelty. These are the elementary principles of morality, on the recognition of which the welfare and improvement of mankind depend, and human history has been little more than a record of the struggle which began at the beginning and will continue to the end between the few who have had ability to see into the truth and loyalty to obey it, and the multitude who by evasion or rebellion have hoped to thrive in spite of it.

Thus we see that in the better sort of men there are two elementary convictions; that there is over all things an unsleeping, inflexible, all-ordering, just power, and that this power governs the world by laws which can be seen in their effects, and on the obedience to which, and on nothing else, human welfare depends.

And now I will suppose some one whose tendencies are naturally healthy, though as yet no special occasion shall have roused him to serious thought, growing up in a civilized community, where, as usually happens, a compromise has been struck between vice and virtue,

where a certain difference between right and wrong is recognized decently on the surface, while below it one-half of the people are rushing steadily after the thing called pleasure, and the other half labouring in drudgery to provide the means of it for the idle.

Of practical justice in such a community there will be exceedingly little, but as society cannot go along at all without paying morality some outward homage, there will of course be an established religion—an Olympus, a Valhalla, or some system of theogony or theology, with temples, priests, liturgies, public confessions in one form or another of the dependence of the things we see upon what is not seen, with certain ideas of duty and penalties imposed for neglect of it. These there will be, and also, as obedience is disagreeable and requires abstinence from various indulgences, there will be contrivances by which the indulgences can be secured, and no harm come of it. By the side of the moral law there grows up a law of ceremonial observance, to which is attached a notion of superior sanctity and especial obligation. Morality, though not at first disowned, is slighted as comparatively trivial. Duty in the high sense comes to mean religious duty, that is to say, the attentive observance of certain forms and ceremonies, and these forms and ceremonies come into collision little or not at all with ordinary life, and ultimately have a tendency to resolve themselves into payments of money.

Thus rises what is called idolatry. I do not mean by idolatry the mere worship of manufactured images.

I mean the separation between practical obligation, and new moons and sabbaths, outward acts of devotion, or formulas of particular opinions. It is a state of things perpetually recurring; for there is nothing, if it would only act, more agreeable to all parties concerned. Priests find their office magnified and their consequence increased. Laymen can be in favour with God and man, so priests tell them, while their enjoyments or occupations are in no way interfered with. The mischief is that the laws of nature remain meanwhile unsuspended; and all the functions of society become poisoned through neglect of them. Religion, which ought to have been a restraint, becomes a fresh instrument of evil—to the imaginative and the weak a contemptible superstition, to the educated a mockery, to knaves and hypocrites a cloak of iniquity, to all alike—to those who suffer and those who seem to profit by it—a lie so palpable as to be worse than atheism itself.

There comes a time when all this has to end. The over-indulgence of the few is the over-penury of the many. Injustice begets misery, and misery resentment. Something happens perhaps—some unusual oppression, or some act of religious mendacity especially glaring. Such a person as I am supposing asks himself, ‘What is the meaning of these things?’ His eyes are opened. Gradually he discovers that he is living surrounded with falsehood, drinking lies like water, his conscience polluted, his intellect degraded by the abominations which envelope his existence. At first perhaps he will feel most keenly for himself. He will

not suppose that he can set to rights a world that is out of joint, but he will himself relinquish his share in what he detests and despises. He withdraws into himself. If what others are doing and saying is obviously wrong, then he has to ask himself what is right, and what is the true purpose of his existence. Light breaks more clearly on him. He becomes conscious of impulses towards something purer and higher than he has yet experienced or even imagined. Whence these impulses come he cannot tell. He is too keenly aware of the selfish and cowardly thoughts which rise up to mar and thwart his nobler aspirations, to believe that they can possibly be his own. If he conquers his baser nature he feels that he is conquering himself. The conqueror and the conquered cannot be the same; and he therefore concludes, not in vanity, but in profound humiliation and self-abasement, that the infinite grace of God and nothing else is rescuing him from destruction. He is converted, as the theologians say. He sets his face upon another road from that which he has hitherto travelled, and to which he can never return. It has been no merit of his own. His disposition will rather be to exaggerate his own worthlessness, that he may exalt the more what has been done for him, and he resolves thenceforward to enlist himself as a soldier on the side of truth and right, and to have no wishes, no desires, no opinions but what the service of his Master imposes. Like a soldier he abandons his freedom, desiring only like a soldier to act and speak no longer as of himself, but as commis-

sioned from some supreme authority. In such a condition a man becomes magnetic. There are epidemics of nobleness as well as epidemics of disease; and he infects others with his own enthusiasm. Even in the most corrupt ages there are always more persons than we suppose who in their hearts rebel against the prevailing fashions; one takes courage from another, one supports another; communities form themselves with higher principles of action and purer intellectual beliefs. As their numbers multiply they catch fire with a common idea and a common indignation, and ultimately burst out into open war with the lies and iniquities that surround them.

I have been describing a natural process which has repeated itself many times in human history, and, unless the old opinion that we are more than animated clay, and that our nature has nobler affinities, dies away into a dream, will repeat itself at recurring intervals, so long as our race survives upon the planet.

I have told you generally what I conceive to be our real position, and the administration under which we live; and I have indicated how naturally the conviction of the truth would tend to express itself in the moral formulas of Calvinism. I will now run briefly over the most remarkable of the great historical movements to which I have alluded; and you will see, in the striking recurrence of the same peculiar mode of thought and action, an evidence that, if not completely accurate, it must possess some near and close affinity with the real fact. I will take first the example with which we are

all most familiar—that of the chosen people. I must again remind you that I am not talking of theology. I say nothing of what is called technically revelation. I am treating these matters as phenomena of human experience, the lessons of which would be identically the same if no revelation existed.

The discovery of the key to the hieroglyphics, the excavations in the tombs, the investigations carried on by a series of careful inquirers, from Belzoni to Lepsius, into the antiquities of the Valley of the Nile, interpreting and in turn interpreted by Manetho and Herodotus, have thrown a light in many respects singularly clear upon the condition of the first country which, so far as history can tell, succeeded in achieving a state of high civilization. From a period the remoteness of which it is unsafe to conjecture there had been established in Egypt an elaborate and splendid empire, which, though it had not escaped revolutions, had suffered none which had caused organic changes there. It had strength, wealth, power, coherence, a vigorous monarchy, dominant and exclusive castes of nobles and priests, and a proletariat of slaves. Its cities, temples, and monuments are still, in their ruin, the admiration of engineers, and the despair of architects. Original intellectual conceptions inspired its public buildings. Saved by situation, like China, from the intrusion of barbarians, it developed at leisure its own ideas, undisturbed from without; and when it becomes historically visible to us it was in the zenith of its glory. The habits of the higher classes were elaborately luxurious, and the van-

ity and the self-indulgence of the few were made possible—as it is and always must be where vanity and self-indulgence exist—by the oppression and misery of the millions. You can see on the sides of the tombs—for their pride and their pomp followed them even in their graves—the effeminate patrician of the court of the Pharaohs reclining in his gilded gondola, the attendant eunuch waiting upon him with the goblet or plate of fruit, the bevy of languishing damsels fluttering round him in their transparent draperies. Shakespeare's Cleopatra might have sat for the portrait of the Potiphar's wife who tried the virtue of the son of Jacob :

The barge she sate in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them. . . .

For her own person,
It beggared all description . she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy out-work nature on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-coloured fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they did, undid.

By the side of all this there was a no less elaborate religion—an ecclesiastical hierarchy—powerful as the sacerdotalism of Mediæval Europe, with a creed in the middle of it which was a complicated idolatry of the physical forces.

There are at bottom but two possible religions—that which rises in the moral nature of man, and which takes

shape in moral commandments, and that which grows out of the observation of the material energies which operate in the external universe. The sun at all times has been the central object of this material reverence. The sun was the parent of light; the sun was the lord of the sky and the lord of the seasons; at the sun's bidding the earth brought forth her harvests and ripened them to maturity. The sun, too, was beneficent to the good and to the evil, and, like the laws of political economy, drew no harsh distinctions between one person and another—demanding only that certain work should be done, and smiling equally on the crops of the slave-driver and the garden of the innocent peasant. The moon, when the sun sunk to his night's rest, reigned as his vicegerent, the queen of the revolving heavens, and in her waxing and waning and singular movement among the stars was the perpetual occasion of admiring and adoring curiosity. Nature in all her forms was wonderful; Nature in her beneficent forms was to be loved and worshipped; and being, as Nature is, indifferent to morality, bestowing prosperity on principles which make no demands on chastity or equity, she is, in one form or other, the divinity at whose shrine in all ages the favoured sections of society have always gladly paid their homage. Where Nature is sovereign, there is no need of austerity and self-denial. The object of life is the pursuit of wealth and the pleasures which wealth can purchase; and the rules for our practical guidance are the laws, as the economists say, by which wealth can be acquired.

It is an excellent creed for those who have the happiness to profit by it, and will have its followers to the end of time. In these later ages it connects itself with the natural sciences, progress of the intellect, specious shadows of all kinds which will not interfere with its supreme management of political arrangements. In Egypt, where knowledge was in its rudiments, every natural force, the minutest plant or animal, which influenced human fortunes for good or evil, came in for a niche in the shrine of the temples of the sun and moon. Snakes and crocodiles, dogs, cats, cranes, and beetles were propitiated by sacrifices, by laboured ceremonials of laudation; nothing living was too mean to find a place in the omnivorous devotionism of the Egyptian clergy. We, in these days, proud as we may be of our intellectual advances, need not ridicule popular credulity. Even here in Scotland, not so long ago, wretched old women were supposed to run about the country in the shape of hares. At this very hour the ablest of living natural philosophers is looking gravely to the courtships of moths and butterflies to solve the problem of the origin of man, and prove his descent from an African baboon.

There was, however, in ancient Egypt another article of faith besides nature-worship of transcendent moment—a belief which had probably descended from earlier and purer ages, and had then originated in the minds of sincere and earnest men—as a solution of the real problem of humanity. The inscriptions and paintings in the tombs near Thebes make it perfectly clear

that the Egyptians looked forward to a future state—to the judgment-bar of Osiris, where they would each one day stand to give account for their actions. They believed as clearly as we do, and with a conviction of a very similar kind, that those who had done good would go to everlasting life, and those who had done evil into eternal perdition.

Such a belief, if coupled with an accurate perception of what good and evil mean—with a distinct certainty that men will be tried by the moral law, before a perfectly just judge, and that no subterfuges will avail—cannot but exercise a most profound and most tremendous influence upon human conduct. And yet our own experience, if nothing else, proves that this belief, when moulded into traditional and conventional shapes, may lose its practical power; nay, without ceasing to be professed, and even sincerely held, may become more mischievous than salutary. And this is owing to the fatal distinction of which I spoke just now, which seems to have an irresistible tendency to shape itself, in civilized societies, between religious and moral duties. With the help of this distinction it becomes possible for a man, as long as he avoids gross sins, to neglect every one of his positive obligations—to be careless, selfish, unscrupulous, indifferent to everything but his own pleasures—and to imagine all the time that his condition is perfectly satisfactory, and that he can look forward to what is before him without the slightest uneasiness. All accounts represent the Egyptians as an eminently religious people. No profanity was toler-

rated there, no scepticism, no insolent disobedience to the established priesthood. If a doubt ever crossed the mind of some licentious philosopher as to the entire sacredness of the stainless Apis, if ever a question forced itself on him whether the Lord of heaven and earth could really be incarnated in the stupidest of created beasts, he kept his counsels to himself, if he was not shocked at his own impiety. The priests, who professed supernatural powers—the priests, who were in communication with the gods themselves—they possessed the keys of the sacred mysteries, and what was Philosophy that it should lift its voice against them? The word of the priest—nine parts a charlatan, and one part, perhaps, himself imposed on—was absolute. He knew the counsels of Osiris, he knew that the question which would be asked at the dread tribunal was not whether a man had been just and true and merciful, but whether he had believed what he was told to believe, and had duly paid the fees to the temple. And so the world went its way, controlled by no dread of retribution; and on the tomb-frescoes you can see legions of slaves under the lash dragging from the quarries the blocks of granite which were to form the eternal monuments of the Pharaohs' tyranny; and you read in the earliest authentic history that when there was a fear that the slave-races should multiply so fast as to be dangerous their babies were flung to the crocodiles.

One of these slave-races rose at last in revolt. Noticeably it did not rise against oppression as such, or directly in consequence of oppression. We hear of no

massacre of slave-drivers, no burning of towns or villages, none of the usual accompaniments of peasant insurrections. If Egypt was plagued, it was not by mutinous mobs or incendiaries. Half a million men simply rose up and declared that they could endure no longer the mendacity, the hypocrisy, the vile and incredible rubbish which was offered to them in the sacred name of religion. 'Let us go,' they said, into the wilderness, go out of these soft water-meadows and corn-fields, forsake our leeks and our flesh-pots, and take in exchange a life of hardship and wandering, 'that we may worship the God of our fathers' Their leader had been trained in the wisdom of the Egyptians, and among the rocks of Sinai had learnt that it was wind and vanity. The half-obsured traditions of his ancestors awoke to life again, and were rekindled by him in his people. They would bear with lies no longer. They shook the dust of Egypt from their feet, and the prate and falsehood of it from their souls, and they withdrew, with all belonging to them, into the Arabian desert, that they might no longer serve cats and dogs and bulls and beetles, but the Eternal Spirit who had been pleased to make his existence known to them. They sung no pæans of liberty. They were delivered from the house of bondage, but it was the bondage of mendacity, and they left it only to assume another service. The Eternal had taken pity on them. In revealing his true nature to them, he had taken them for his children. They were not their own, but his, and they laid their lives under commandments which were as close a copy as,

with the knowledge which they possessed, they could make, to the moral laws of the Maker of the universe. In essentials the Book of the Law was a covenant of practical justice. Rewards and punishments were alike immediate, both to each separate person and to the collective nation. Retribution in a life to come was dropped out of sight, not denied, but not insisted on. The belief in it had been corrupted to evil, and rather enervated than encouraged the efforts after present equity. Every man was to reap as he had sown—here, in the immediate world—to live under his own vine and fig-tree, and thrive or suffer according to his actual deserts. Religion was not a thing of past or future, an account of things that had been, or of things which one day would be again. God was the actual living ruler of real every-day life; nature-worship was swept away, and in the warmth and passion of conviction they became, as I said, the soldiers of a purer creed. In Palestine, where they found idolatry in a form yet fouler and more cruel than what they had left behind them, they trampled it out as if in inspired abomination of a system of which the fruits were so detestable. They were not perfect—very far from perfect. An army at best is made of mixed materials, and war, of all ways of making wrong into right is the harshest; but they were directed by a noble purpose, and they have left a mark never to be effaced in the history of the human race.

The fire died away. ‘The Israelites,’ we are told, ‘mingled among the heathen and learned their works.’ They ceased to be missionaries. They hardly and fit-

fully preserved the records of the meaning of their own exodus. Eight hundred years went by and the flame rekindled in another country. Cities more splendid even than the hundred-gated Thebes itself had risen on the banks of the Euphrates. Grand military empires had been founded on war and conquest. Peace had followed when no enemies were left to conquer; and with peace had come philosophy, science, agricultural enterprise, magnificent engineering works for the draining and irrigation of the Mesopotamian plains. Temples and palaces towered into the sky. The pomp and luxury of Asia rivalled, and even surpassed, the glories of Egypt; and by the side of it a second nature-worship, which, if less elaborately absurd, was more deeply detestable. The foulest vices were consecrated to the service of the gods, and the holiest ceremonies were inoculated with impurity and sensuality.

The seventh century before the Christian era was distinguished over the whole East by extraordinary religious revolutions. With the most remarkable of these, that which bears the name of Buddha, I am not here concerned. Buddhism has been the creed for more than two thousand years of half the human race, but it left unaffected our own western world, and therefore I here pass it by.

Simultaneously with Buddha there appeared another teacher, Zerdusht, or, as the Greeks called him, Zoroaster, among the hardy tribes of the Persian mountains. He taught a creed which, like that of the Israelites, was essentially moral and extremely simple. Nature-

worship, as I said, knew nothing of morality. When the objects of natural idolatry became personified, and physical phenomena were metamorphosed into allegorical mythology, the indifference to morality, which was obvious in nature, became ascribed as a matter of course to gods which were but nature in a personal disguise. Zoroaster, like Moses, saw behind the physical forces into the deeper laws of right and wrong. He supposed himself to discover two antagonist powers, contending in the heart of man as well as in the outward universe—a spirit of light and a spirit of darkness, a spirit of truth and a spirit of falsehood, a spirit life-giving and beautiful, a spirit poisonous and deadly. To one or other of these powers man was necessarily in servitude. As the follower of Ormuzd, he became enrolled in the celestial armies, whose business was to fight against sin and misery, against wrong-doing and impurity, against injustice and lies and baseness of all sorts and kinds ; and every one with a soul in him to prefer good to evil was summoned to the holy wars, which would end at last after ages in the final overthrow of Ahriman.

The Persians caught rapidly Zoroaster's spirit. Uncorrupted by luxury, they responded eagerly to a voice which they recognized as speaking truth to them. They have been called the Puritans of the Old World. Never any people, it is said, hated idolatry as they hated it, and for the simple reason that they hated lies. A Persian lad, Herodotus tells us, was educated in three especial accomplishments. He was taught to ride, to

shoot, and to speak the truth—that is to say, he was brought up to be brave, active, valiant, and upright. When a man speaks the truth, you may count pretty surely that he possesses most other virtues. Half the vices in the world rise out of cowardice, and one who is afraid of lying is usually afraid of nothing else. Speech is an article of trade in which we are all dealers, and the one beyond all others where we are most bound to provide honest wares :

*ἔχθρός μοι κάκεινος ὁμῶς Ἀἰδαο πυλαῖσιν
ὅς θ' ἑτερόν μιν κευθῆ ἐνὶ φρέσιν ἄλλο δὲ εἰπῆ*

This seems to have been the Persian temperament, and in virtue of it they were chosen as the instruments—clearly recognized as such by the Prophet Isaiah for one—which were to sweep the earth clean of abominations, which had grown to an intolerable height. Bel bowed down, and Nebo had to stoop before them. Babylon, the lady of kingdoms, was laid in the dust, and ‘her star-gazers and her astrologers and her monthly prognosticators’ could not save her with all their skill. They and she were borne away together. Egypt’s turn followed. Retribution had been long delayed, but her cup ran over at last. The palm-groves were flung into the river, the temples polluted, the idols mutilated. The precious Apis, for all its godhood, was led with a halter before the Persian king, and stabbed in the sight of the world by Persian steel.

‘Profane!’ exclaimed the priests, as pious persons, on like occasions, have exclaimed a thousand times : ‘these Puritans have no reverence for holy things.’

Rather it is because they do reverence things which deserve reverence that they loathe and abhor the counterfeit. What does an ascertained imposture deserve but to be denied, exposed, insulted, trampled under-foot, danced upon, if nothing less will serve, till the very geese take courage and venture to hiss derision? Are we to wreath aureoles round the brows of phantasms lest we shock the sensibilities of the idiots who have believed them to be divine? Was the Prophet Isaiah so tender in his way of treating such matters?

Who hath formed a god, or molten a graven image that is profitable for nothing? He heweth him down cedars. He taketh the cypress and the oak from the trees of the forest. He burneth part thereof in the fire, with part thereof he eateth flesh. He roasteth roast, and is satisfied. yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire. and the residue thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image. he falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me; for thou art my god.

Enter into the rock, and hide thee in the dust, for fear of the Lord, for the glory of His majesty when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth. In that day a man shall cast his idols of silver and gold, which they made each one for himself to worship, to the moles and the bats.

Again events glide on. Persia runs the usual course. Virtue and truth produced strength, strength dominion, dominion riches, riches luxury, and luxury weakness and collapse—fatal sequence repeated so often, yet to so little purpose. The hardy warrior of the mountains degenerated into a vulgar sybarite. His manliness became effeminacy; his piety a ritual of priests; himself a liar, a coward, and a slave. The Greeks conquered the Persians, copied their manners, and fell in turn

before the Romans We count little more than 500 years from the fall of Babylon, and the entire known world was lying at the feet of a great military despotism. Coming originally themselves from the East, the classic nations had brought with them also the primæval nature-worship of Asia The Greek imagination had woven the Eastern metaphors into a singular mythology, in which the gods were represented as beings possessing in a splendid degree physical beauty, physical strength, with the kind of awfulness which belonged to their origin; the fitful, wanton, changeable, yet also terrible powers of the elemental world. Translated into the language of humanity, the actions and adventures thus ascribed to the gods became in process of time impossible to be believed. Intellect expanded; moral sense grew more vigorous, and with it the conviction that if the national traditions were true man must be more just than his Maker. In Æschylus and Sophocles, in Pindar and Plato, you see conscience asserting its sovereignty over the most sacred beliefs—instinctive reverence and piety struggling sometimes to express themselves under the names and forms of the past, sometimes bursting out uncontrollably into indignant abhorrence:

Ἐμοὶ δ' ἄπορα γαστρίμαργον
 Μακάρων τιν' εἰπεῖν
 Ἀφίσταμαι . . .
 καὶ πού τι καὶ βροτῶν φρένας
 ὑπὲρ τὸν ἀλαθῆ λόγον
 δεδαιδάλμενοι ψεύδεσι ποικίλο
 ἔξαπατῶντι μύθοι.
 Χάρισδ' ἔπερ ἅπαντ' αἰεὶ

τὰ μείλιχα θνατοῖς
 ἐπιφέρουσα τιμάν
 καὶ ἀπίστον ἐμήσατο πίστον
 ἐμμεναι τὸ πόλλακις.

To me 'twere strange indeed
 To chaige the blessed gods with greed,
 I dare not do it . . .

Myths too oft,
 With quantly coloured lies enwrought,
 To stray from truth have mortals brought.
 And Art, which round all things below
 A charm of loveliness can throw,
 Has robed the false in honour's hue,
 And made the incredible seem true

'All religions,' says Gibbon, 'are to the vulgar equally true, to the philosopher equally false, and to the statesman equally useful.' thus scornfully summing up the theory of the matter which he found to be held by the politicians of the age which he was describing, and perhaps of his own. Religion, as a moral force, died away with the establishment of the Roman Empire, and with it died probity, patriotism, and human dignity, and all that men had learnt in nobler ages to honour and to value as good. Order reigned unbroken under the control of the legions. Industry flourished, and natural science, and most of the elements of what we now call civilization. Ships covered the seas. Huge towns adorned the Imperial provinces. The manners of men became more artificial, and in a certain sense more humane. Religion was a State establishment—a decent acknowledgment of a power or powers which, if they existed at all, amused themselves in the depths of space, careless, so their deity was not denied, of the woe or

weal of humanity · the living fact, supreme in Church and State, being the wearer of the purple, who, as the practical realization of authority, assumed the name as well as the substance. The one god immediately known to man was thenceforth the Divus Cæsar, whose throne in the sky was waiting empty for him till his earthly exile was ended, and it pleased him to join or rejoin his kindred divinities.

It was the era of atheism—atheism such as this earth never witnessed before or since. You who have read Tacitus know the practical fruits of it, as they appeared at the heart of the system in the second Babylon, the proud city of the seven hills. You will remember how, for the crime of a single slave, the entire household of a Roman patrician, four hundred innocent human beings, were led in chains across the Forum and murdered by what was called law. You will remember the exquisite Nero, who, in his love of art, to throw himself more fully into the genius of Greek tragedy, committed incest with his mother that he might be a second Œdipus, and assassinated her that he might realize the sensations of Orestes. You will recall one scene which Tacitus describes, not as exceptional or standing alone, but merely, he says, ‘*quas ut exemplum referam ne sæpius eadem prodigèntia narranda sit*’—the hymeneal night-banquet on Agrippa’s lake, graced by the presence of the wives and daughters of the Roman senators, where amidst blazing fireworks and music and cloth-of-gold pavilions and naked prostitutes, the majesty of the Cæsars celebrated his nuptials with a boy.

There, I conceive, was the visible product of material civilization, where there was no fear of God in the middle of it—the final outcome of wealth and prosperity and art and culture, raised aloft as a sign for all ages to look upon.

But it is not to this, nor to the fire of hell which in due time burst out to consume it, that I desire now to draw your attention. I have to point out to you two purifying movements which were at work in the midst of the pollution, one of which came to nothing and survives only in books, the second a force which was to mould for ages the future history of man. Both require our notice, for both singularly contained the particular feature which is called the reproach of Calvinism.

The blackest night is never utterly dark. When mankind seem most abandoned there are always a seven thousand somewhere who have not bowed the knee to the fashionable opinions of the hour. Among the great Roman families a certain number remained republican in feeling and republican in habit. The State religion was as incredible to them as to every one else. They could not persuade themselves that they could discover the will of Heaven in the colour of a calf's liver or in the appetite of the sacred chickens; but they had retained the moral instincts of their citizen ancestors. They knew nothing of God or the gods, but they had something in themselves which made sensuality nauseating instead of pleasant to them. They had an austere sense of the meaning of the word 'duty.' They could distinguish and reverence the nobler possibilities of their

nature They disdained what was base and effeminate, and, though religion failed them, they constructed out of philosophy a rule which would serve to live by Stoicism is a not unnatural refuge of thoughtful men in confused and sceptical ages It adheres rigidly to morality. It offers no easy Epicurean explanation of the origin of man, which resolves him into an organization of particles, and dismisses him again into nothingness. It recognizes only that men who are the slaves of their passions are miserable and impotent, and insists that personal inclinations shall be subordinated to conscience. It prescribes plainness of life, that the number of our necessities may be as few as possible; and in placing the business of life in intellectual and moral action it destroys the temptation to sensual gratifications. It teaches a contempt of death so complete that it can be encountered without a flutter of the pulse; and while it raises men above the suffering which makes others miserable, generates a proud submissiveness to sorrow which noblest natures feel most keenly, by representing this huge scene and the shows which it presents as the work of some unknown but irresistible force, against which it is vain to struggle and childish to repine

As with Calvinism, a theoretic belief in an overruling will or destiny was not only compatible with but seemed naturally to issue in the control of the animal appetites. The Stoic did not argue that, 'as fate governs all things, I can do no wrong, and therefore I will take my pleasure:' but rather, 'The moral law

within me is the noblest part of my being and compels me to submit to it.' He did not withdraw from the world like the Christian anchorite. He remained at his post in the senate, the Forum, or the army. A Stoic in Marcus Aurelius gave a passing dignity to the dishonoured purple. In Tacitus, Stoicism has left an external evidence how grand a creature man may be, though unassisted by conscious dependence on external spiritual help, through steady disdain of what is base, steady reverence for all that deserves to be revered, and inflexible integrity in word and deed.

But Stoicism could under no circumstances be a regenerating power in the general world. It was a position only tenable to the educated; it was without hope and without enthusiasm. From a contempt of the objects which mankind most desired, the step was short and inevitable to contempt of mankind themselves. Wrapped in mournful self-dependence, the Stoic could face calmly for himself whatever lot the fates might send:

*Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.*

But, natural as such a creed might be in a Roman noble under the Empire, natural perhaps as it may always be in corrupted ages and amidst disorganized beliefs, the very sternness of Stoicism was repellent. It carried no consolation to the hearts of the suffering millions, who were in no danger of being led away by luxury, because their whole lives were passed in poverty and wretchedness. It was individual, not missionary. The

Stoic declared no active war against corruption. He stood alone, protesting scornfully in silent example against evils which he was without power to cure. Like Cæsar, he folded himself in his mantle. The world might do its worst. He would keep his own soul unstained.

Place beside the Stoics their contemporaries the Galilean fishermen and the tent-maker of Tarsus. I am not about to sketch in a few paragraphs the rise of Christianity. I mean only to point to the principles on which the small knot of men gathered themselves together who were about to lay the foundations of a vast spiritual revolution. The guilt and wretchedness in which the world was steeped St Paul felt as keenly as Tacitus. Like Tacitus, too, he believed that the wild and miserable scene which he beheld was no result of accident, but had been ordained so to be, and was the direct expression of an all-mastering Power. But he saw also that this Power was no blind necessity or iron chain of connected cause and effect, but a perfectly just, perfectly wise being, who governed all things by the everlasting immutable laws of his own nature; that when these laws were resisted or forgotten they wrought ruin and confusion and slavery to death and sin; that when they were recognized and obeyed the curse would be taken away, and freedom and manliness come back again. Whence the disobedience had first risen was a problem which St Paul solved in a manner not all unlike the Persians. There was a rebellious spirit in the universe, penetrating into men's hearts, and prompting

them to disloyalty and revolt. It removed the question a step further back without answering it, but the fact was plain as the sunlight. Men had neglected the laws of their Maker. In neglecting them they had brought universal ruin, not on themselves only, but on all society, and if the world was to be saved from destruction they must be persuaded or forced back into their allegiance. The law itself had been once more revealed on the mountains of Palestine, and in the person and example of one who had lived and died to make it known; and those who had heard and known Him, being possessed with His spirit, felt themselves commissioned as a missionary legion to publish the truth to mankind. They were not, like the Israelites or the Persians, to fight with the sword—not even in their own defence. The sword can take life, but not give it; and the command to the Apostles was to sow the invisible seed in the hotbed of corruption, and feed and foster it, and water it, with the blood, not of others, but themselves. Their own wills, ambitions, hopes, desires, emotions, were swallowed up in the will to which they had surrendered themselves. They were soldiers. It was St Paul's metaphor, and no other is so appropriate. They claimed no merit through their calling; they were too conscious of their own sins to indulge in the poisonous reflection that they were not as other men. They were summoned out on their allegiance, and armed with the spiritual strength which belongs to the consciousness of a just cause. If they indulged any personal hope, it was only that their

weaknesses would not be remembered against them—that, having been chosen for a work in which the victory was assured, they would be made themselves worthy of their calling, and, though they might slide, would not be allowed to fall. Many mysteries remained unsolved. Man was as clay in the potter's hand—one vessel was made to honour and another to dishonour. Why, who could tell? This only they knew, that they must themselves do no dishonour to the spirit that was in them—gain others, gain all who would join them for their common purpose, and fight with all their souls against ignorance and sin.

The fishermen of Gennesaret planted Christianity, and many a winter and many a summer have since rolled over it. More than once it has shed its leaves and seemed to be dying, and when the buds burst again the colour of the foliage was changed. The theory of it which is taught to-day in the theological schools of St Andrew's would have sounded strange from the pulpit of your once proud cathedral. As the same thought expresses itself in many languages, so spiritual truths assume ever-varying forms. The garment fades—the moths devour it—the woven fibres disintegrate and turn to dust. The idea only is immortal, and never fades. The hermit who made his cell below the cliff where the cathedral stands, the monkish architect who designed the plan of it, the princes who brought it to perfection, the Protestants who shattered it into ruin, the preacher of last Sunday at the University church, would have many a quarrel

were they to meet now before they would understand each other. But at the bottom of the minds of all the same thought would be predominant—that they were soldiers of the Almighty, commissioned to fight with lies and selfishness, and that all alike, they and those against whom they were contending, were in his hands, to deal with after his own pleasure.

Again six centuries go by. Christianity becomes the religion of the Roman Empire. The Empire divides, and the Church is divided with it. Europe is overrun by the Northern nations. The power of the Western Cæsars breaks in pieces, but the Western Church stands erect, makes its way into the hearts of the conquerors, penetrates the German forests, opens a path into Britain and Ireland. By the noble Gothic nations it is welcomed with passionate enthusiasm. The warriors of Odin are transformed into a Christian chivalry, and the wild Valhalla into a Christian Heaven. Fiery passionate nations are not tamed in a generation or a century, but a new conception of what was praiseworthy and excellent had taken hold of their imagination and the understanding. Kings, when their day of toil was over, laid down crown and sword, and retired into cloisters, to pass what remained of life to them in prayers and meditations on eternity. The supreme object of reverence was no longer the hero of the battle-field, but the barefoot missionary who was carrying the Gospel among the tribes that were still untaught. So beautiful in their conception of him was the character of one of these wandering priests that

their stories formed a new mythology. So vast were the real miracles which they were working on men's souls that wonders of a more ordinary sort were assigned to them as a matter of course. They raised the dead, they healed the sick, they cast out devils with a word or with the sign of the cross. Plain facts were too poor for the enthusiasm of German piety; and noble human figures were exhibited, as it were, in the resplendent light of a painted window in the effort to do them exaggerated honour.

It was pity, for truth only smells sweet for ever, and illusions, however innocent, are deadly as the canker-worm. Long cycles had to pass before the fruit of these poison-seeds would ripen. The practical result meanwhile was to substitute in the minds of the sovereign races which were to take the lead in the coming era the principles of the moral law for the law of force and the sword.

The Eastern branch of the divided Church experienced meanwhile a less happy fortune. In the East there was no virgin soil like the great noble Teutonic peoples. Asia was a worn-out stage on which drama after drama of history had been played and played out. Languid luxury only was there, huge aggregation of wealth in particular localities, and the no less inevitable shadow attached to luxury by the necessities of things, oppression and misery and squalor. Christianity and the world had come to terms after the established fashion—the world to be let alone in its pleasures and its sins; the Church relegated to opinion, with free

liberty to split doctrinal hairs to the end of time. The work of the Church's degradation had begun, even before it accepted the tainted hand of Constantine. Already in the third century speculative Christianity had become the fashionable creed of Alexandria, and had purchased the favour of patrician congregations, if not by open tolerance of vice, yet by leaving it to grow unresisted. St Clement details contemptuously the inventory of the boudoir of a fine lady of his flock, the list of essences on her toilet-table, the shoes, sandals, and slippers with which her dainty feet were decorated in endless variety. He describes her as she ascends the steps of the βασιλική, to which she was going for what she called her prayers, with a page lifting up her train. He paints her as she walks along the street, her petticoats projecting with some horsehair arrangement behind, and the street boys jeering at her as she passes.

All that Christianity was meant to do in making life simple and habits pure was left undone, while, with a few exceptions, like that of St Clement himself, the intellectual energy of its bishops and teachers was exhausted in spinning endless cobwebs of metaphysical theology. Human life at the best is enveloped in darkness; we know not what we are or whither we are bound. Religion is the light by which we are to see our way along the moral pathways without straying into the brake or the morass. We are not to look at religion itself, but at surrounding things with the help of religion. If we fasten our attention upon the light

itself, analyzing it into its component rays, speculating on the union and composition of the substances of which it is composed, not only will it no longer serve us for a guide, but our dazzled senses lose their natural powers; we should grope our way more safely in conscious blindness.

When the light within you is darkness, how great is that darkness

In the place of the old material idolatry we erect a new idolatry of words and phrases. Our duty is no longer to be true, and honest, and brave, and self-denying, and pure, but to be exact in our formulas, to hold accurately some nice and curious proposition, to place damnation in straying a hair's breadth from some symbol which exults in being unintelligible, and salvation in the skill with which the mind can balance itself on some intellectual tightrope.

There is no more instructive phenomenon in history than the ease and rapidity with which the Arabian caliphs lopped off the fairest provinces of the Eastern Empire. When nations are easily conquered, we may be sure that they have first lost their moral self-respect. When their religions, as they call them, go down at a breath, those religions have become already but bubbles of vapour. The laws of Heaven are long-enduring, but their patience comes to an end at last. Because justice is not executed speedily men persuade themselves that there is no such thing as justice. But the lame foot, as the Greek proverb said, overtakes the

swift one in the end ; and the longer the forbearance the sharper the retribution when it comes

As the Greek theology was one of the most complicated accounts ever offered of the nature of God and His relation to man, so the message of Mahomet, when he first unfolded the green banner, was one of the most simple. There is no god but God God is King, and you must and shall obey His will This was Islam, as it was first offered at the sword's point to people who had lost the power of understanding any other argument. Your images are wood and stone, your metaphysics are words without understanding, the world lies in wickedness and wretchedness because you have forgotten the statutes of your Master, and you shall go back to those ; you shall fulfil the purpose for which you were set to live upon the earth, or you shall not live at all.

Tremendous inroad upon the liberties of conscience ! What right, it is asked, have those people that you have been calling soldiers of the Almighty to interfere by force with the opinions of others ? Let them leave us alone ; we meddle not with them. Let them, if they please, obey those laws they talk of ; we have other notions of such things ; we will obey ours, and let the result judge between us. The result was judging between them. The meek Apostle with no weapon but his word and his example, and winning victories by himself submitting to be killed, is a fairer object than a fierce Kaled, calling himself the sword of the Almighty. But we cannot order for ourselves in what

way these things shall be. The caitiff Damascenes to whom Kaled gave the alternative of the Koran or death were men themselves, who had hands to hold a sword with if they had heart to use it, or a creed for which they cared to risk their lives. In such a quarrel superior strength and courage are the signs of the presence of a nobler conviction.

To the question, 'What right have you to interfere with us?' there is in exceptional times of convulsion but one answer. 'We must. These things which we tell you are true; and in your hearts you know it; your own cowardice convicts you. The moral laws of your Maker are written in your consciences as well as in ours. If you disobey them you bring disaster not only on your own wretched selves, but on all around you. It is our common concern, and if you will not submit, in the name of our Master we will compel you.'

Any fanatic, it will be said, might use the same language. Is not history full of instances of dreamers or impostors, 'boasting themselves to be somebody,' who for some wild illusion, or for their own ambition, have thrown the world into convulsions? Is not Mahomet himself a signal—the most signal—illustration of it? I should say rather that when men have risen in arms for a false cause the event has proved it by the cause coming to nothing. The world is not so constituted that courage, and strength, and endurance, and organization, and success long sustained are to be obtained in the service of falsehood. If I could think

that, I should lose the most convincing reason for believing that we are governed by a moral power. The moral laws of our being execute themselves through the instrumentality of men; and in those great movements which determine the moral condition of many nations through many centuries, the stronger side, it seems to me, has uniformly been the better side, and stronger because it has been better.

I am not upholding Mahomet as if he had been a perfect man, or the Koran as a second Bible. The crescent was no sun, nor even a complete moon reigning full-orbed in the night heaven. The light there was in it was but reflected from the sacred books of the Jews and the Arab traditions. The morality of it was defective. The detailed conception of man's duties inferior, far inferior, to what St Martin and St Patrick, St Columba and St Augustine were teaching or had taught in Western Europe. Mahometanism rapidly degenerated. The first caliphs stood far above Saladin. The descent from Saladin to a modern Moslem despot is like a fall over a precipice. All established things, nations, constitutions, all established things which have life in them, have also the seeds of death. They grow, they have their day of usefulness, they decay and pass away, 'lest one good custom should corrupt the world.'

But the light which there was in the Moslem creed was real. It taught the omnipotence and omnipresence of one eternal Spirit, the Maker and Ruler of all things, by whose everlasting purpose all things were, and

whose will all things must obey; and this central truth, to which later experience and broader knowledge can add nothing, it has taught so clearly and so simply that in Islam there has been no room for heresy, and scarcely for schism.

The Koran has been accused of countenancing sensual vice. Rather it bridled and brought within limits a sensuality which before was unbounded. It forbade and has absolutely extinguished, wherever Islam is professed, the bestial drunkenness which is the disgrace of our Christian English and Scottish towns. Even now, after centuries of decay, the Mussulman probably governs his life by the Koran more accurately than most Christians obey the Sermon on the Mount or the Ten Commandments. In our own India, where the Moslem creed retains its relative superiority to the superstitions of the native races, the Mussulman is a higher order of being. Were the English to withdraw he would retake the sovereignty of the peninsula by natural right—not because he has larger bones and sinews, but by superiority of intellect and heart; in other words, because he has a truer faith.

I said that while Christianity degenerated in the East with extreme rapidity, in the West it retained its firmer characters. It became the vitalizing spirit of a new organization of society. All that we call modern civilization in a sense which deserves the name is the visible expression of the transforming power of the Gospel.

I said also that by the side of the healthy influ-

ences of regeneration there were sown along with it the germs of evil to come. All living ideas, from the necessity of things, take up into their constitutions whatever forces are already working round them. The most ardent aspirations after truth will not anticipate knowledge, and the errors of the imagination become consecrated as surely as the purest impulses of conscience. So long as the laws of the physical world remain a mystery, the action of all uncomprehended phenomena, the movements of the heavenly bodies, the winds and storms, famines, murrains, and human epidemics, are ascribed to the voluntary interference of supernatural beings. The belief in witches and fairies, in spells and talismans, could not be dispelled by science, for science did not exist. The Church therefore entered into competition with her evil rivals on their own ground. The saint came into the field against the enchanters. The powers of charms and amulets were eclipsed by martyrs' relics, sacraments, and holy water. The magician, with the devil at his back, was made to yield to the divine powers imparted to priests by spiritual descent in the imposition of hands.

Thus a gigantic system of supernaturalism overspread the entire Western world. There was no deliberate imposition. The clergy were as ignorant as the people of true relations between natural cause and effect. Their business, so far as they were conscious of their purpose, was to contend against the works of the devil. They saw practically that they were able to

convert men from violence and impurity to piety and self-restraint. Their very humility forbade them to attribute such wonderful results to their own teaching. When it was universally believed that human beings could make covenants with Satan by signing their names in blood, what more natural than that they should assume, for instance, that the sprinkling of water, the inaugurating ceremony of the purer and better life, should exert a mysterious mechanical influence upon the character?

If regeneration by baptism, however, with its kindred imaginations, was not true, innocence of intention could not prevent the natural consequences of falsehood. Time went on, knowledge increased; doubt stole in, and with doubt the passionate determination to preserve beliefs at all hazards which had grown too dear to superstition to be parted with. In the twelfth century the mystery called transubstantiation had come to be regarded with widespread misgiving. To encounter scepticism, there then arose for the first time what have been called pious frauds. It was not perceived that men who lend themselves consciously to lies, with however excellent an intention, will become eventually deliberate rogues. The clergy doubtless believed that in the consecration of the elements an invisible change was really and truly effected. But to produce an effect on the secular mind the invisible had to be made visible. A general practice sprung up to pretend that in the breaking of the wafer real blood had gushed out; that real pieces of flesh

were found between the fingers. The precious things thus produced were awfully preserved, and with the Pope's blessing were deposited in shrines for the strengthening of faith and the confutation of the presumptuous unbeliever.

When a start has once been made on the road of deception, the after progress is a rapid one. The desired effect was not produced. Incredulity increased. Imposture ran a race with unbelief in the vain hope of silencing inquiry, and with imposture all genuine love for spiritual or moral truth disappeared.

You all know to what condition the Catholic Church had sunk at the beginning of the sixteenth century. An insolent hierarchy, with an army of priests behind them, dominated every country in Europe. The Church was like a hard nutshell round a shrivelled kernel. The priests in parting with their sincerity had lost the control over their own appetites which only sincerity can give. Profligate in their own lives, they extended to the laity the same easy latitude which they asserted for their own conduct. Religious duty no longer consisted in leading a virtuous life, but in purchasing immunity for self-indulgence by one of the thousand remedies which Church officials were ever ready to dispense at an adequate price.

The pleasant arrangement came to an end—a sudden and terrible one. Christianity had not been upon the earth for nothing. The spiritual organization of the Church was corrupt to the core; but in the general awakening of Europe it was impossible to conceal the

contrast between the doctrines taught in the Catholic pulpits and the creed of which they were the counterfeit. Again and again the gathering indignation sputtered out to be savagely repressed. At last it pleased Pope Leo, who wanted money to finish St Peter's, to send about spiritual hawkers with wares which were called indulgences—notes to be presented at the gates of purgatory as passports to the easiest places there—and then Luther spoke and the whirlwind burst.

I can but glance at the Reformation in Germany. Luther himself was one of the grandest men that ever lived on earth. Never was any one more loyal to the light that was in him, braver, truer, or wider-minded in the noblest sense of the word. The share of the work which fell to him Luther accomplished most perfectly. But he was exceptionally fortunate in one way, that in Saxony he had his sovereign on his side, and the enemy, however furious, could not reach him with fleshly weapons, and could but grind his teeth and curse. Other nations who had caught Luther's spirit had to win their liberty on harder terms, and the Catholic churchmen were able to add to their other crimes the cruelty of fiends. Princes and politicians, who had state reasons for disliking popular outbursts, sided with the established spiritual authorities. Heresy was assailed with fire and sword, and a spirit harsher than Luther's was needed to steel the converts' hearts for the trials which came upon them. Lutheranism, when Luther himself was gone, and the thing which we in

England know as Anglicanism, were inclined to temporizing and half-measures. The Lutheran congregations were but half-emancipated from superstition, and shrank from pressing the struggle to extremities ; and half-measures meant half-heartedness, convictions which were but half-convictions, and truth with an alloy of falsehood. Half-measures, however, would not quench the bonfires of Philip of Spain, or raise men in France or Scotland who would meet crest to crest the Princes of the House of Lorraine. The Reformers required a position more sharply defined, and a sterner leader, and that leader they found in John Calvin.

There is no occasion to say much of Calvin's personal history. His name is now associated only with gloom and austerity. It may be true enough that he rarely laughed. He had none of Luther's genial and sunny humour. Could they have exchanged conditions, Luther's temper might have been somewhat grimmer, but he would never have been entirely like Calvin. Nevertheless, for hard times hard men are needed, and intellects which can pierce to the roots where truth and lies part company. It fares ill with the soldiers of religion when 'the accursed thing' is in their camp. And this is to be said of Calvin, that so far as the state of knowledge permitted, no eye could have detected more keenly the unsound spots in the received creed of the Church, nor was there reformer in Europe so resolute to excise, tear out, and destroy what was distinctly seen to be false—so resolute to establish what was true

in its place, and make truth to the last fibre of it the rule of practical life.

Calvinism as it existed at Geneva, and as it endeavoured to be wherever it took root for a century and a half after him, was not a system of opinion, but an attempt to make the will of God as revealed in the Bible an authoritative guide for social as well as personal direction. Men wonder why the Calvinists, being so doctrinal, yet seemed to dwell so much and so emphatically on the Old Testament. It was because in the Old Testament they found, or thought they found, a divine example of national government, a distinct indication of the laws which men were ordered to follow, with visible and immediate punishments attached to disobedience. At Geneva, as for a time in Scotland, moral sins were treated after the example of the Mosaic law, as crimes to be punished by the magistrate. 'Elsewhere,' said Knox, speaking of Geneva, 'the Word of God is taught as purely, but never anywhere have I seen God obeyed as faithfully' ¹

If it was a dream, it was at least a noble one. The Calvinists have been called intolerant. Intolerance of an enemy who is trying to kill you seems to me a pardonable state of mind. It is no easy matter to tolerate

¹ In burning witches the Calvinists followed their model too exactly, but it is to be remembered that they really believed these poor creatures to have made a compact with Satan. And, as regards morality, it may be doubted whether

inviting spirit-wrappers to dinner, and allowing them to pretend to consult our dead relations, is very much more innocent. The first method is but excess of indignation with evil, the second is complacent toying with it.

lies clearly convicted of being lies under any circumstances; specially it is not easy to tolerate lies which strut about in the name of religion; but there is no reason to suppose that the Calvinists at the beginning would have thought of meddling with the Church if they had been themselves let alone. They would have formed communities apart. Like the Israelites whom they wished to resemble, they would have withdrawn into the wilderness—the Pilgrim Fathers actually did so withdraw into the wilderness of New England—to worship the God of their fathers, and would have left argument and example to work their natural effect. Norman Leslie did not kill Cardinal Beaton down in the castle yonder because he was a Catholic, but because he was a murderer. The Catholics chose to add to their already incredible creed a fresh article, that they were entitled to hang and burn those who differed from them; and in this quarrel the Calvinists, Bible in hand, appealed to the God of battles. They grew harsher, fiercer—if you please—more fanatical. It was extremely natural that they should. They dwelt, as pious men are apt to dwell in suffering and sorrow, on the all-disposing power of Providence. Their burden grew lighter as they considered that God had so determined that they must bear it. But they attracted to their ranks almost every man in Western Europe that ‘hated a lie.’ They were crushed down, but they rose again. They were splintered and torn, but no power could bend or melt them. They had many faults; let him that is without sin cast a stone at them.

They abhorred as no body of men ever more abhorred all conscious mendacity, all impurity, all moral wrong of every kind so far as they could recognize it. Whatever exists at this moment in England and Scotland of conscientious fear of doing evil is the remnant of the convictions which were branded by the Calvinists into the people's hearts. Though they failed to destroy Romanism, though it survives and may survive long as an opinion, they drew its fangs; they forced it to abandon that detestable principle, that it was entitled to murder those who dissented from it. Nay, it may be said that by having shamed Romanism out of its practical corruption the Calvinists enabled it to revive.

Why, it is asked, were they so dogmatic? Why could they not be contented to teach men reasonably and quietly that to be wicked was to be miserable, that in the indulgence of immoderate passions they would find less happiness than in adhering to the rules of justice, or yielding to the impulses of more generous emotions? And, for the rest, why could they not let fools be fools, and leave opinion free about matters of which neither they nor others could know anything certain at all?

I reply that it is not true that goodness is synonymous with happiness. The most perfect being who ever trod the soil of this planet was called the Man of Sorrows. If happiness means absence of care and inexperience of painful emotion, the best securities for it are a hard heart and a good digestion. If morality has no better foundation than a tendency to promote

happiness, its sanction is but a feeble uncertainty. If it be recognized as part of the constitution of the world, it carries with it its right to command ; and those who see clearly what it is, will insist on submission to it, and derive authority from the distinctness of their recognition, to enforce submission where their power extends. Philosophy goes no further than probabilities, and in every assertion keeps a doubt in reserve. Compare the remonstrance of the casual passer-by if a mob of ruffians are fighting in the street, with the downright energy of the policeman who strikes in fearlessly, one against a dozen, as a minister of the law. There is the same difference through life between the man who has a sure conviction and him whose thoughts never rise beyond a ' perhaps.'

Every fanatic may say as much, it is again answered, for the wildest madness. But the elementary principles of morality are not forms of madness. No one pretends that it is uncertain whether truth is better than falsehood, or justice than injustice. Speculation can eat away the sanction, superstition can erect rival duties, but neither one nor the other pretends to touch the fact that these principles exist, and the very essence and life of all great religious movements is the recognition of them as of authority and as part of the eternal framework of things.

There is, however, it must be allowed, something in what these objectors say. The power of Calvinism has waned. The discipline which it once aspired to maintain has fallen slack. Desire for ease and self-

indulgence drag for ever in quiet times at the heel of noble aspirations, while the shadow struggles to remain and preserve its outline when the substance is passing away. The argumentative and logical side of Calvin's mind has created once more a fatal opportunity for a separation between opinion and morality. We have learnt, as we say, to make the best of both worlds, to take political economy for the rule of our conduct, and to relegate religion into the profession of orthodox doctrines. Systems have been invented to explain the inexplicable. Metaphors have been translated into formulas, and paradoxes intelligible to emotion have been thrust upon the acceptance of the reason; while duty, the loftiest of all sensations which we are permitted to experience, has been resolved into the acceptance of a scheme of salvation for the individual human soul. Was it not written long ago, 'He that will save his soul shall lose it?' If we think of religion only as a means of escaping what we call the wrath to come, we shall not escape it; we are already under it, we are under the burden of death, for we care only for ourselves.

This was not the religion of your fathers; this was not the Calvinism which overthrew spiritual wickedness, and hurled kings from their thrones, and purged England and Scotland, for a time at least, of lies and charlatanry. Calvinism was the spirit which rises in revolt against untruth; the spirit which, as I have shown you, has appeared, and reappeared, and in due time will appear again, unless God be a delusion and

man be as the beasts that perish For it is but the inflashing upon the conscience with overwhelming force of the nature and origin of the laws by which mankind are governed—laws which exist, whether we acknowledge them or whether we deny them, and will have their way, to our weal or woe, according to the attitude in which we please to place ourselves towards them—inherent, like electricity, in the nature of things, not made by us, not to be altered by us, but to be discerned and obeyed by us at our everlasting peril

Nay, rather electricity is but a property of material things, and matter and all that belongs to it may one day fade away like a cloud and vanish. The moral law is inherent in eternity. 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away.' The law is the expression of the will of the Spirit of the Universe. The spirit in man which corresponds to and perceives the Eternal Spirit is part of its essence, and immortal as it is immortal. The Calvinists called the eye within us the Inspiration of the Almighty. Aristotle could see that it was not of earth, or any creature of space and time :

ὁ γὰρ νοῦς (he says) οὐσία τις οὐσα ἔοικεν
ἐγγίγνεσθαι καὶ οὐ φθείρεσθαι

What the thing is which we call ourselves we know not. It may be true—I for one care not if it be—that the descent of our mortal bodies may be traced through an ascending series to some glutinous organism on the rocks of the primeval ocean. It is nothing to me how

the Maker of me has been pleased to construct the perishable frame which I call my body. It is *mine*, but it is not *me*. The *voûs*, the intellectual spirit, being an *οὐσία*—an essence—we believe to be an incorruptible something which has been engendered in us from another source. As Wordsworth says :

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ,
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere had its setting,
And cometh from afar ·
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come,
From heaven, which is our home.

A BISHOP OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

TO the sceptical student of the nineteenth century the ecclesiastical biographies of mediæval Europe are for the most part unprofitable studies. The writers of them were generally monks. The object for which they were composed was either the edification of the brethren of the convent, or the glorifying of its founder or benefactor. The Holy See, considering a claim to canonization disregarded the ordinary details of character and conduct. It dwelt exclusively on the exceptional and the wonderful, and the noblest of lives possessed but little interest for it unless accompanied by evidences of miracles, performed directly by the candidate while on earth or by his relics after his departure. Instead of pictures of real men the biographers present us with glorified images of what,

¹ *Magna Vita S Hugonis Episcopi Lincolnensis* From MSS in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and the Imperial Library Paris. Edited by the Rev. James F Dimock, M A, Rector of Bamburgh, Yorkshire.

in their opinion, the Church heroes ought to have been. St Cuthbert becomes as legendary as Theseus, and the authentic figure is swathed in an embroidered envelope of legends through which usually no trace of the genuine lineaments is allowed to penetrate.

It happens however, occasionally, that in the midst of the imaginative rubbish which has thus come down to us, we encounter something of a character entirely different. We find ourselves in the hands of writers who themselves saw what they describe, who knew as well as we know the distinction between truth and falsehood, and who could notice and appreciate genuine human qualities. Amidst the obscure forms of mediæval history we are brought face to face with authentic flesh and blood, and we are able to see in clear sunlight the sort of person who, in those ages, was considered especially admirable, and, alive or dead, was held up to the reverence of mankind. To one of these I propose in the present article to draw some brief attention. It is the life of St Hugo of Avalon, a monk of the Grand Chartreuse, who was invited by Henry II. into England, became Bishop of Lincoln, and was the designer, and in part builder, of Lincoln Cathedral. The biographer was his chaplain and constant companion—Brother Adam—a monk like himself, though of another order, who became afterwards Abbot of Ensham; and having learnt, perhaps from the Bishop himself, the detestableness of lying, has executed his task with simple and scrupulous fidelity. The readers whose interests he was considering were, as usual, the inmates of convents.

He omits, as he himself tells us, many of the outer and more secular incidents of the Bishop's life, as unsuited to his audience. We have glimpses of kings, courts, and great councils, with other high matters of national moment. The years which the Bishop spent in England were rich in events. There was the conquest of Ireland; there were Welsh and French wars; the long struggle of Henry II and his sons; and, when Henry passed away, there was the Grand Crusade. Then followed the captivity of Cœur de Lion and the treachery of John; and Hugo's work, it is easy to see, was not confined to the management of his diocese. On all this, however, Abbot Adam observes entire silence, not considering our curiosity, but the concerns of the souls of his own monks, whom he would not distract by too lively representations of the world which they had abandoned.

The book however, as it stands, is so rare a treasure that we will waste no time in describing what it is not. Within its own compass it contains the most vivid picture which has come down to us of England as it then was, and of the first Plantagenet kings.

Bishop Hugo came into the world in the mountainous country near Grenoble, on the borders of Savoy. Abbot Adam dwells with a certain pride upon his patron's parentage. He tells us indeed, sententiously, that it is better to be noble in morals than to be noble in blood—that to be born undistinguished is a less misfortune than to live so—but he regards a noble family only as an honourable setting for a nature which was

noble in itself. The Bishop was one of three children of a Lord of Avalon, and was born in a castle near Pontcharra. His mother died when he was eight years old; and his father having lost the chief interest which bound him to life, divided his estates between his two other sons, and withdrew with the little one into an adjoining monastery. There was a college attached to it, where the children of many of the neighbouring barons were educated. Hugo, however, was from the first designed for a religious life, and mixed little with the other boys. 'You, my little fellow,' his tutor said to him, 'I am bringing up for Christ: you must not learn to play or trifle.' The old Lord became a monk. Hugo grew up beside him in the convent, waiting on him as he became infirm, and smoothing the downward road; and meanwhile learning whatever of knowledge and practical piety his preceptors were able to provide. The life, it is likely, was not wanting in austerity, but the comparatively easy rule did not satisfy Hugo's aspirations. The theory of 'religion,' as the conventual system in all its forms was termed, was the conquest of self, the reduction of the entire nature to the control of the better part of it; and as the seat of self lay in the body, as temptation to do wrong, then as always, lay, directly or indirectly, in the desire for some bodily indulgence, or the dread of some bodily pain, the method pursued was the muring of the body to the hardest fare, and the producing indifference to cold, hunger, pain, or any other calamity which the chances of life could inflict upon it. Men so trained could play their part

in life, whether high or low, with wonderful advantage. Wealth had no attraction for them. The world could give them nothing which they had learnt to desire, and take nothing from them which they cared to lose. The orders, however, differed in severity; and at this time the highest discipline, moral and bodily, was to be found only among the Carthusians. An incidental visit with the prior of his own convent to the Grande Chartreuse, determined Hugo to seek admission into this extraordinary society

It was no light thing which he was undertaking. The majestic situation of the Grande Chartreuse itself, the loneliness, the seclusion, the atmosphere of sanctity, which hung around it, the mysterious beings who had made their home there, fascinated his imagination. A stern old monk, to whom he first communicated his intention, supposing that he was led away by a passing fancy, looked grimly at his pale face and delicate limbs, and roughly told him that he was a fool. 'Young man,' the monk said to him, 'the men who inhabit these rocks are hard as the rocks themselves. They have no mercy on their own bodies and none on others. The dress will scrape the flesh from your bones. The discipline will tear the bones themselves out of such frail limbs as yours'

The Carthusians combined in themselves the severities of the hermits and of the regular orders. Each member of the fraternity lived in his solitary cell in the rock, meeting his companions only in the chapel, or for instruction, or for the business of the house. They ate

no meat. A loaf of bread was given to every brother on Sunday morning at the refectory door, which was to last him through the week. An occasional mess of gruel was all that was allowed in addition. His bedding was a horse-cloth, a pillow, and a skin. His dress was a horsehair shirt, covered *outside* with linen, which was worn night and day, and the white cloak of the order, generally a sheepskin, and unlined—all else was bare. He was bound by vows of the strictest obedience. The order had business in all parts of the world. Now some captive was to be rescued from the Moors; now some earl or king had been treading on the Church's privileges, a brother was chosen to interpose in the name of the Chartreuse. he received his credentials and had to depart on the instant, with no furniture but his stick, to walk, it might be, to the furthest corner of Europe.

A singular instance of the kind occurs incidentally in the present narrative. A certain brother Einard, who came ultimately to England, had been sent to Spain, to Granada, to Africa itself. Returning through Provence he fell in with some of the Albigenses, who spoke slightly of the sacraments. The hard Carthusian saw but one course to follow with men he deemed rebels to his Lord. He was the first to urge the crusade which ended in their destruction. He roused the nearest orthodox nobles to arms, and Hugo's biographer tells delightedly how the first invasions were followed up by others on a larger scale, and 'the brute and pestilent race, unworthy of the name of men, were cut

away by the toil of the faithful, and by God's mercy destroyed.'

'Pitiless to themselves,' as the old monk said, 'they had no pity on any other man,' as Einard afterwards was himself to feel. Even Hugo at times disapproved of their extreme severity. 'God,' he said, alluding to some cruel action of the society, 'God tempers his anger with compassion. When he drove Adam from Paradise, he at least gave him a coat of skins: man knows not what mercy means.'

Einard, after this Albigensian affair, was ordered in the midst of a bitter winter to repair to Denmark. He was a very aged man—a hundred years old, his brother monks believed—broken at any rate with age and toil. He shrank from the journey, he begged to be spared, and when the command was persisted in, he refused obedience. He was instantly expelled. Half-clad, amidst the ice and snow, he wandered from one religious house to another. In all he was refused admission. At last, one bitter frosty night he appeared penitent at the gate of the Chartreuse, and prayed to be forgiven. The porter was forbidden to open to him till morning, but left the old man to shiver in the snow through the darkness.

'By my troth, brother,' Einard said the next day to him, 'had you been a bean last night, between my teeth, they would have chopped you in pieces in spite of me.'

Such were the monks of the Chartreuse, among whom the son of the Avalon noble desired to be en-

rolled, as the highest favour which could be shown him upon earth. His petition was entertained. He was allowed to enlist in the spiritual army, in which he rapidly distinguished himself, and at the end of twenty years he had acquired a name through France as the ablest member of the world-famed fraternity.

It was at this time, somewhere about 1174, that Henry II. conceived the notion of introducing the Carthusians into England. In the premature struggle to which he had committed himself with the Church, he had been hopelessly worsted. The Constitutions of Clarendon had been torn in pieces. He had himself, of his own accord, done penance at the shrine of the murdered Becket. The haughty sovereign of England, as a symbol of the sincerity of his submission, had knelt in the Chapter-house of Canterbury, presenting voluntarily there his bare shoulders to be flogged by the monks. His humiliation, so far from degrading him, had restored him to the affection of his subjects, and his endeavour thenceforward was to purify and reinvigorate the proud institution against which he had too rashly matched his strength.

In pursuance of his policy he had applied to the Chartreuse for assistance, and half a dozen monks, among them brother Einarð, whose Denmark mission was exchanged for the English, had been sent over and established at Witham, a village not far from Frome in Somersetshire. Sufficient pains had not been taken to prepare for their reception. The Carthusians were a solitary order and required exclusive possession of the

estates set apart for their use. The Saxon population were still in occupation of their holdings, and being Crown tenants, saw themselves threatened with eviction in favour of foreigners. Quarrels had arisen and ill-feeling, and the Carthusians, proud as the proudest of nobles, and considering that in coming to England they were rather conferring favours than receiving them, resented the being compelled to struggle for tenements which they had not sought or desired. The first prior threw up his office and returned to the Chartreuse. The second died immediately after of chagrin and disgust; and the King, who was then in Normandy, heard to his extreme mortification that the remaining brethren were threatening to take staff in hand and march back to their homes. The Count de Maurienne to whom he communicated his distress mentioned Hugo's name to him. It was determined to send for Hugo, and Fitzjocelyn, Bishop of Bath, with other venerable persons carried the invitation to the Chartreuse.

To Hugo himself, meanwhile, as if in preparation for the destiny which was before him, a singular experience was at that moment occurring. He was now about forty years old. It is needless to say that he had duly practised the usual austerities prescribed by his rule. Whatever discipline could do to kill the carnal nature in him had been carried out to its utmost harshness. He was a man, however, of great physical strength. His flesh was not entirely dead, and he was going where superiority to worldly temptation would be specially required. Just before Fitzjocelyn arrived

he was assailed suddenly by emotions so extremely violent that he said he would rather face the pains of Gehenna than encounter them again. His mind was unaffected, but the devil had him at advantage in his sleep. He prayed, he flogged himself, he fasted, he confessed; still Satan was allowed to buffet him, and though he had no fear for his soul, he thought his body would die in the struggle. One night in particular the agony reached its crisis. He lay tossing on his uneasy pallet, the angel of darkness trying with all his allurements to tempt his conscience into acquiescence in evil. An angel from above appeared to enter the cell as a spectator of the conflict. Hugo imagined that he sprung to him, clutched him, and wrestled like Jacob with him to extort a blessing but could not succeed, and at last he sank exhausted on the ground. In the sleep or the unconsciousness which followed, an aged prior of the Chartreuse who had admitted him as a boy to the order, had died and had since been canonized, seemed to lean over him as he lay and inquired the cause of his distress. He said that he was afflicted to agony by the law of sin that was in his members, and unless some one aided him he would perish. The saint drew from his breast what appeared to be a knife, opened his body, drew a fiery mass of something from the bowels, and flung it out of the door. He awoke and found that it was morning and that he was perfectly cured.

‘Did you never feel a return of these motions of the flesh?’ asked Adam, when Hugo related the story to him

'Not never,' Hugo answered, 'but never to a degree that gave me the slightest trouble.'

'I have been particular,' wrote Adam afterwards, 'to relate this exactly as it happened, a false account of it having gone abroad that it was the Blessed Virgin who appeared instead of the prior,' and that Hugo was relieved by an operation of a less honourable kind.

Visionary nonsense the impatient reader may say ; and had Hugo become a dreamer of the cloister, a persecutor like St Dominic, or a hysterical fanatic like Ignatius Loyola, we might pass by it as a morbid illusion. But there never lived a man to whom the word morbid could be applied with less propriety. In the Hugo of Avalon with whom we are now to become acquainted, we shall see nothing but the sunniest cheerfulness, strong masculine sense, inflexible purpose, uprightness in word and deed, with an ever-flowing stream of genial and buoyant humour.

In the story of the temptation, therefore, we do but see the final conquest of the selfish nature in him, which left his nobler qualities free to act, wherever he might find himself.

Fitzjocelyn anticipating difficulty had brought with him the Bishop of Grenoble to support his petition. He was received at first with universal clamour. Hugo was the brightest jewel of the order ; Hugo could not be parted with for any prince on earth. He himself, entirely happy where he was, anticipated nothing but trouble, but left his superiors to decide for him. At length sense of duty prevailed. The brethren felt that he was

a shining light, of which the world must not be deprived. The Bishop of Grenoble reminded them that Christ had left heaven and come to earth for sinners' souls, and that his example ought to be imitated. It was arranged that Hugo was to go, and a few weeks later he was at Witham.

He was welcomed there as an angel from heaven. He found everything in confusion, the few monks living in wattled huts in the forest, the village still in possession of its old occupants, and bad blood and discontent on all hands. The first difficulty was to enter upon the lands without wrong to the people, and the history of a large eviction in the twelfth century will not be without its instructiveness even at the present day. One thing Hugo was at once decided upon, that the foundation would not flourish if it was built upon injustice. He repaired to Henry, and as a first step induced him to offer the tenants (Crown serfs or villeins) either entire enfranchisement or farms of equal value, or any other of the royal manors, to be selected by themselves. Some chose one, some the other. The next thing was compensation for improvements, houses, farm-buildings, and fences erected by the people at their own expense. The Crown, if it resumed possession, must pay for these or wrong would be done. 'Unless your Majesty satisfy these poor men to the last obol,' said Hugo to Henry, 'we cannot take possession.'

The King consented, and the people, when the Prior carried back the news of the arrangement, were satisfied to go

But this was not all. Many of them were removing no great distance, and could carry with them the materials of their houses. Hugo resolved that they should keep these things, and again marched off to the court.

‘My Lord,’ said Hugo, ‘I am but a new comer in your realm, and I have already enriched your Majesty with a quantity of cottages and farm-steadings’

‘Riches I could well have spared,’ said Henry, laughing. ‘You have almost made a beggar of me. What am I to do with old huts and rotten timber?’

‘Perhaps your Majesty will give them to me,’ said Hugo. ‘It is but a trifle,’ he added, when the King hesitated. ‘It is my first request, and only a small one.’

‘This is a terrible fellow that we have brought among us,’ laughed the King, ‘if he is so powerful with his persuasions, what will he do if he tries force? Let it be as he says. We must not drive him to extremities’

Thus, with the good will of all parties, and no wrong done to any man, the first obstacles were overcome. The villagers went away happy. The monks entered upon their lands amidst prayers and blessings, the King himself being as pleased as any one at his first experience of the character of Prior Hugo.

Henry had soon occasion to see more of him. He had promised to build the monks a house and chapel, but between Ireland, and Wales, and Scotland, and his dominions in France, and his three mutinous sons, he

had many troubles on his hands. Time passed and the building was not begun, and Hugo's flock grew mutinous once more; twice he sent Henry a reminder, twice came back fair words and nothing more. The brethren began to hint that the Prior was afraid of the powers of this world, and dared not speak plainly; and one of them, Brother Gerard, an old monk with high blood in his veins, declared that he would himself go and tell Henry some unpleasant truths. Hugo had discovered in his interviews with him that the King was no ordinary man, '*vir sagacis ingenii, et inscrutabilis fere animi*' He made no opposition, but he proposed to go himself along with this passionate gentleman, and he, Gerard, and the aged Einard, who was mentioned above, went together as a deputation.

The King received them as '*cœlestes angelos*,'—angels from heaven. He professed the deepest reverence for their characters, and the greatest anxiety to please them, but he said nothing precise and determined, and the fiery Gerard burst out as he intended Carthusian monks, it seems, considered themselves entitled to speak to kings on entirely equal terms 'Finish your work or leave it, my Lord King,' the proud Burgundian said 'It shall no more be any concern to me. You have a pleasant realm here in England, but for myself I prefer to take my leave of you and go back to my desert Chartreuse. You give us bread, and you think you are doing a great thing for us. We do not need your bread. It is better for us to return to our Alps. You count money lost which you

spend on your soul's health; keep it then, since you love it so dearly. Or rather, you cannot keep it; for you must die and let it go to others who will not thank you.'

Hugo tried to check the stream of words, but Gerard and Einard were both older than he, and refused to be restrained.

'*Regem videres philosophantem*:' the King was apparently meditating. His face did not alter, nor did he speak a word till the Carthusian had done.

'And what do you think, my good fellow,' he said at last, after a pause, looking up and turning to Hugo 'will you forsake me too?'

'My Lord,' said Hugo, 'I am less desperate than my brothers. You have much work upon your hands, and I can feel for you. When God shall please you will have leisure to attend to us.'

'By my soul,' Henry answered, 'you are one that I will never part with while I live.'

He sent workmen at once to Witham. Cells and chapel were duly built. The trouble finally passed away, and the Carthusian priory taking root became the English nursery of the order, which rapidly spread.

Hugo himself continued there for eleven years, leaving it from time to time on business of the Church, or summoned, as happened more and more frequently, to Henry's presence. The King, who had seen his value, who knew that he could depend upon him to speak the truth, consulted him on the most serious affairs of state, and beginning with respect, became

familiarly and ardently attached to him. Witham however remained his home, and he returned to it always as to a retreat of perfect enjoyment. His cell and his dole of weekly bread gave him as entire satisfaction as the most luxuriously furnished villa could afford to one of ourselves ; and long after, when he was called elsewhere, and the cares of the great world fell more heavily upon him, he looked to an annual month at Witham for rest of mind and body, and on coming there he would pitch away his grand dress and jump into his sheepskin as we moderns put on our shooting jackets

While he remained Prior he lived in perfect simplicity and unbroken health of mind and body. The fame of his order spread fast, and with its light the inseparable shadow of superstition. Witham became a place of pilgrimage, miracles were said to be worked by involuntary effluences from its occupants. Then and always Hugo thought little of miracles, turned his back on them for the most part, and discouraged them if not as illusions yet as matters of no consequence. St Paul thought one intelligible sentence containing truth in it was better than a hundred in an unknown tongue. The Prior of Witham considered that the only miracle worth speaking of was holiness of life. 'Little I,' writes Adam (*parvulus ego*), 'observed that he worked many miracles himself, but he paid no attention to them.' Thus he lived for eleven years with as much rational happiness as, in his opinion, human nature was capable of experiencing. When he lay

down upon his horse-rug he slept like a child, undisturbed, save that at intervals, as if he was praying, he muttered a composed Amen. When he awoke he rose and went about his ordinary business : cleaning up dirt, washing dishes and such like, being his favourite early occupation.

The Powers, however — who, according to the Greeks, are jealous of human felicity—thought proper, in due time, to disturb the Prior of Witham. Towards the end of 1183 Walter de Coutances was promoted from the Bishopric of Lincoln to the Archbishopric of Rouen. The see lay vacant for two years and a half, and a successor had now to be provided. A great council was sitting at Ensham on business of the realm ; the King riding over every morning from Woodstock. A deputation of canons from Lincoln came to learn his pleasure for the filling up the vacancy. The canons were directed to make a choice for themselves and were unable to agree, for the not unnatural reason that each canon considered the fittest person to be himself. Some one (Adam does not mention the name) suggested, as a way out of the difficulty, the election of Hugo of Witham. The canons being rich, well to do, and of the modern easy-going sort, laughed at the suggestion of the poor Carthusian. They found to their surprise, however, that the King was emphatically of the same opinion, and that Hugo and nobody else was the person that he intended for them.

The King's pleasure was theirs. They gave their votes, and despatched a deputation over the downs to

command the Prior's instant presence at Ensham.

A difficulty rose where it was least expected. Not only was the 'Nolo episcopari' in Hugo's case a genuine feeling, not only did he regard worldly promotion as a thing not in the least attractive to him ; but, in spite of his regard for Henry, he did not believe that the King was a proper person to nominate the prelates of the Church. He told the canons that the election was void. They must return to their own cathedral, call the chapter together, invoke the Holy Spirit, put the King of England out of their minds, and consider rather the King of kings ; and so, and not otherwise, proceed with their choice.

The canons, wide-eyed with so unexpected a reception, retired with their answer. Whether they complied with the spirit of Hugo's direction may perhaps be doubted. They, however, assembled at Lincoln with the proper forms, and repeated the election with the external conditions which he had prescribed. As a last hope of escape he appealed to the Chartreuse, declaring himself unable to accept any office without orders from his superiors ; but the authorities there forbade him to decline ; and a fresh deputation of canons having come for his escort, he mounted his mule with a heavy heart and set out in their company for Winchester, where the King was then residing.

A glimpse of the party we are able to catch upon their journey. Though it was seven hundred years since, the English September was probably much like what it is at present, and the down country cannot have

materially altered. The canons had their palfreys richly caparisoned with gilt saddle-cloths, and servants and sumpter horses. The Bishop elect strapped his wardrobe, his blanket and sheep-skin, at the back of his saddle. He rode in this way resisting remonstrance till close to Winchester, when the canons, afraid of the ridicule of the Court, slit the leathers without his knowing it, and passed his baggage to the servants.

Consecration and installation duly followed, and it was supposed that Hugo, a humble monk, owing his promotion to the King, would be becomingly grateful, that he would become just a Bishop, like anybody else, complying with established customs, moving in the regular route, and keeping the waters smooth.

All parties were disagreeably, or rather, as it turned out ultimately, agreeably, surprised. The first intimation which he gave that he had a will of his own followed instantly upon his admission. Corruption or quasi-corruption had gathered already round ecclesiastical appointments. The Archdeacon of Canterbury put in a claim for consecration fees, things in themselves without meaning or justice, but implying that a bishopric was a prize, the lucky winner of which was expected to be generous.

The new prelate held no such estimate of the nature of his appointment—he said he would give as much for his cathedral as he had given for his mitre, and left the Archdeacon to his reflections.

No sooner was he established and had looked about him, than from the poor tenants of estates of the see he

heard complaints of that most ancient of English grievances—the game laws. Hugo, who himself touched no meat, was not likely to have cared for the chase. He was informed that venison must be provided for his installation feast. He told his people to take from his park what was necessary—three hundred stags if they pleased, so little he cared for preserving them; but neither was he a man to have interfered needlessly with the recognized amusements of other people. There must have been a case of real oppression, or he would not have meddled with such things. The offender was no less a person than the head forester of the King himself. Hugo, failing to bring him to reason with mild methods, excommunicated him, and left him to carry his complaints to Henry. It happened that a rich stall was at the moment vacant at Lincoln. The King wanted it for one of his courtiers, and gave the Bishop an opportunity of redeeming his first offence by asking for it as a favour to himself. Henry was at Woodstock; the Bishop, at the moment, was at Dorchester, a place in his diocese thirteen miles off. On receiving Henry's letter the Bishop bade the messenger carry back for answer that prebendal stalls were not for courtiers but for priests. The King must find other means of rewarding temporal services. Henry, with some experience of the pride of ecclesiastics, was unprepared for so abrupt a message—Becket himself had been less insolent—and as he had been personally kind to Hugo, he was hurt as well as offended. He sent again to desire him to come to Woodstock, and prepared,

when he arrived, to show him that he was seriously displeased. Then followed one of the most singular scenes in English history—a thing veritably true, which oaks still standing in Woodstock Park may have witnessed. As soon as word was brought that the Bishop was at the park gate, Henry mounted his horse, rode with his retinue into a glade in the forest, where he alighted, sat down upon the ground with his people, and in this position prepared to receive the criminal. The Bishop approached—no one rose or spoke. He saluted the King; there was no answer. Pausing for a moment, he approached, pushed aside gently an earl who was sitting at Henry's side, and himself took his place. Silence still continued. At last Henry, looking up, called for a needle and thread; he had hurt a finger of his left hand. It was wrapped with a strip of linen rag, the end was loose, and he began to sew. The Bishop watched him through a few stitches, and then, with the utmost composure, said to him—'*Quam similis es modo cognatis tuis de Falesiâ*'—'your Highness now reminds me of your cousins of Falaise.' The words sounded innocent enough—indeed, entirely unmeaning. Alone of the party, Henry understood the allusion; and, overwhelmed by the astonishing impertinence, he clenched his hands, struggled hard to contain himself, and then rolled on the ground in convulsions of laughter.

'Did you hear,' he said to his people when at last he found words, 'did you hear how this wretch insulted us? The blood of my ancestor the Conqueror, as you know, was none of the purest. His mother was of

Falaise, which is famous for its leather work, and when this mocking gentleman saw me stitching my finger, he said I was showing my parentage.'

'My good sir,' he continued, turning to Hugo, 'what do you mean by excommunicating my head forester, and when I make a small request of you, why is it that you not only do not come to see me, but do not send me so much as a civil answer?'

'I know myself,' answered Hugo, gravely, 'to be indebted to your Highness for my late promotion. I considered that your Highness's soul would be in danger if I was found wanting in the discharge of my duties; and therefore it was that I used the censures of the Church when I held them necessary, and that I resisted an improper attempt on your part upon a stall in my cathedral. To wait on you on such a subject I thought superfluous, since your Highness approves, as a matter of course, of whatever is rightly ordered in your realm.'

What could be done with such a Bishop? No one knew better than Henry the truth of what Hugo was saying, or the worth of such a man to himself. He bade Hugo proceed with the forester as he pleased. Hugo had him publicly whipped, then absolved him, and gave him his blessing, and found in him ever after a fast and faithful friend. The courtiers asked for no more stalls, and all was well.

In Church matters in his own diocese he equally took his own way. Nothing could be more unlike than Hugo to the canons whom he found in possession; yet he somehow bent them all to his will, or carried their

wills with his own. 'Never since I came to the diocese,' he said to his chaplain, 'have I had a quarrel with my chapter. It is not that I am easy-going—sum enim reverâ pipere mordacior: pepper is not more biting than I can be. I often fly out for small causes; but they take me as they find me. There is not one who distrusts my love for him, nor one by whom I do not believe myself to be loved.'

At table this hardest of monks was the most agreeable of companions. Though no one had practised abstinence more severe, no one less valued it for its own sake, or had less superstition or foolish sentiment about it. It was, and is, considered sacrilege in the Church of Rome to taste food before saying mass. Hugo, if he saw a priest who was to officiate exhausted for want of support, and likely to find a difficulty in getting through his work, would order him to eat as a point of duty, and lectured him for want of faith if he affected to be horrified.

Like all genuine men, the Bishop was an object of special attraction to children and animals. The little ones in every house that he entered were always found clinging about his legs. Of the attachment of other creatures to him, there was one very singular instance. About the time of his installation there appeared on the mere at Stow Manor, eight miles from Lincoln, a swan of unusual size, which drove the other male birds from off the water. Abbot Adam, who frequently saw the bird, says that he was curiously marked. The bill was saffron instead of black, with a saffron tint on the

plumage of the head and neck ; and the Abbot adds, he was as much larger than other swans as a swan is larger than a goose. This bird, on the occasion of the Bishop's first visit to the manor, was brought to him to be seen as a curiosity. He was usually unmanageable and savage ; but the Bishop knew the way to his heart ; fed him, and taught him to poke his head into the pockets of his frock to look for bread crumbs, which he did not fail to find there. Ever after he seemed to know instinctively when the Bishop was expected, flew trumpeting up and down the lake, slapping the water with his wings ; when the horses approached, he would march out upon the grass to meet them ; strutted at the Bishop's side, and would sometimes follow him upstairs.

It was a miracle of course to the general mind, though explicable enough to those who have observed the physical charm which men who take pains to understand animals are able to exercise over them.

To relate, or even to sketch, Bishop Hugo's public life in the fourteen years that he was at Lincoln, would be beyond the compass of a magazine article. The materials indeed do not exist ; for Abbot Adam's life is but a collection of anecdotes, and out of them it is only possible here to select a few at random. King Henry died two years after the scene at Woodstock ; then came the accession of Cœur de Lion, the Crusade, the King's imprisonment in Austria, and the conspiracy of John. Glances can be caught of the Bishop in these stormy times quelling insurgent mobs—in

Holland, perhaps Holland in Lincolnshire, with his brother William of Avalon, encountering a military insurrection; single-handed and unarmed, overawing a rising at Northampton, when the citizens took possession of the great church, and swords were flashing, and his attendant chaplains fled terrified, and hid themselves behind the altars.

These things however, glad as we should be to know more of them, the Abbot merely hints at, confining himself to subjects more interesting to the convent recluses for whose edification he was writing

But in whatever circumstances he lets us see the Bishop, it is always the same simple, brave, unpretending, wise figure, one to whom nature had been lavish of her fairest gifts, and whose training, to modern eyes so unpromising, had brought out all that was best in him.

Among the most deadly disorders which at that time prevailed in England was leprosy. The wretched creatures afflicted with so loathsome a disease were regarded with a superstitious terror: as the objects in some special way of the wrath of God. They were outlawed from the fellowship of mankind, and left to perish in misery.

The Bishop, who had clearer views of the nature and causes of human suffering, established hospitals on his estate for these poor victims of undeserved misery, whose misfortunes appeared to him to demand special care and sympathy. To the horror of his attendants, he persisted in visiting them himself; he washed their

sores with his own hands, kissed them, prayed over them, and consoled them.

‘Pardon, blessed Jesus,’ exclaims Adam, ‘the unhappy soul of him who tells the story! when I saw my master touch those bloated and livid faces; when I saw him kiss the bleared eyes or eyeless sockets, I shuddered with disgust. But Hugo said to me that these afflicted ones were flowers of Paradise, pearls in the coronet of the Eternal King waiting for the coming of their Lord, who in His own time would change their forlorn bodies into the likeness of his own glory.’

He never altered his own monastic habits. He never parted with his hair shirt, or varied from the hardness of the Carthusian rule; but he refused to allow that it possessed any particular sanctity. Men of the world affected regret sometimes to him that they were held by duty to a secular life when they would have preferred to retire into a monastery. The kingdom of God, he used to answer, was not made up of monks and hermits. God, at the day of judgment, would not ask a man why he had not been a monk, but why he had not been a Christian. Charity in the heart, truth in the tongue, chastity in the body, were the virtues which God demanded. and chastity, to the astonishment of his clergy, he insisted, was to be found as well among the married as the unmarried. The wife was as honourable as the virgin. He allowed women (Adam’s pen trembles as he records it) to sit at his side at dinner; and had been known to touch and even to embrace them. ‘Woman,’ he once said re-

markably, 'has been admitted to a higher privilege than man. It has not been given to man to be the father of God To woman it has been given to be God's mother'

Another curious feature about him was his eagerness to be present, whenever possible, at the burial of the dead. He never allowed any one of his priests to bury a corpse if he were himself within reach. If a man had been good, he said, he deserved to be honoured. If he had been a sinner, there was the more reason to help him. He would allow nothing to interfere with a duty of this kind; and in great cities he would spend whole days by the side of graves. At Rouen once he was engaged to dinner with King Richard himself, and kept the King and the Court waiting for him while he was busy in the cemetery. A courtier came to fetch him. 'The King needn't wait,' he only said. 'Let him go to dinner in the name of God. Better the King dine without my company, than that I leave my Master's work undone.'

Gentle and affectionate as he shows himself in such traits as these, still, as he said, he was *pipere mordacior*—more biting than pepper. When there was occasion for anger there was fierce lightning in him, he was not afraid of the highest in the land.

The cause for which Becket died was no less dear to Hugo. On no pretext would he permit innovation on the Church's privileges, and he had many a sharp engagement with the primate, Archbishop Hubert, who was too complaisant to the secular power. An

instance or two may be taken at random. There was a certain Richard de Wavre in his diocese, a younger son of a noble house, who was in deacon's orders, but, the elder brother having died childless, was hoping to relapse into the lay estate. This Richard in some one of the many political quarrels of the day brought a charge of treason against Sir Reginald de Argentun, one of the Bishop's knights. As he was a clerk in orders the Bishop forbade him to appear as prosecutor in a secular court or cause. Cœur de Lion and Archbishop Hubert ordered him to go on. The Bishop suspended him for contumacy, the Archbishop removed the suspension. The Bishop pronounced sentence of excommunication; the Archbishop, as primate and legate, issued letters of absolution, which Richard flourished triumphantly in the Bishop's face.

'If my Lord Archbishop absolve you a hundred times,' was Hugo's answer, 'a hundred times I will excommunicate you again. Regard my judgment as you will, I hold you bound while you remain impenitent.' Death ended the dispute. The wretched Richard was murdered by one of his servants.

Another analogous exploit throws curious light on the habits of the times. Riding once through St Albans he met the sheriff with the *posse comitatus* escorting a felon to the gallows. The prisoner threw himself before the Bishop and claimed protection. The Bishop reined in his horse and asked who the man was.

'My Lord,' said the sheriff shortly, 'it is no affair of yours; let us pass and do our duty.'

‘Eh!’ then said Hugo. ‘Blessed be God; we will see about that; make over the man to me; and go back and tell the judges that I have taken him from you.’

‘My lords judges,’ he said, when they came to remonstrate, ‘I need not remind you of the Church’s privilege of sanctuary; understand that where the Bishop is, the Church is. He who can consecrate the sanctuary carries with him the sacredness of the sanctuary.’

The humiliation of an English king at Becket’s tomb had been a lesson too severe and too recent to be forgotten. ‘We may not dispute with you,’ the judges replied; ‘if you choose to let this man go we shall not oppose you, but you must answer for it to the King’s Highness.’

‘So be it,’ answered Hugo, ‘you have spoken well. I charge myself with your prisoner. The responsibility be mine.’

There was probably something more in the case than appears on the surface. The sanctuary system worked in mitigation of a law which in itself was frightfully cruel, and there may have been good reason why the life of the poor wretch should have been spared. The Bishop set him free. It is to be hoped that ‘he sinned no more.’

The common-sense view which the Bishop took of miracles has been already spoken of, but we may give one or two other illustrations of it. Doubtless, he did not disbelieve in the possibility of miracles, but he

knew how much imposture passed current under the name, and whether true or false he never missed a chance of checking or affronting superstition.

Stopping once in a country town on a journey from Paris to Troyes, he invited the parish priest to dine with him. The priest declined, but came in the evening to sit and talk with the chaplains. He was a lean old man, dry and shrivelled to the bones, and he told them a marvellous story which he bade them report to their master.

Long ago, he said, when he was first ordained priest, he fell into mortal sin, and without having confessed or done penance he had presumed to officiate at the altar. He was sceptical too, it seemed, a premature Voltairian. 'Is it credible,' he had said to himself when consecrating the host, 'that I, a miserable sinner, can manufacture and handle and eat the body and blood of God?' He was breaking the wafer at the moment; blood flowed at the fracture—the part which was in his hand became flesh. He dropped it terrified into the chalice, and the wine turned instantly into blood. The precious things were preserved. The priest went to Rome, confessed to the Pope himself, and received absolution. The faithful now flocked from all parts of France to adore the mysterious substances which were to be seen in the parish church; and the priest trusted that he might be honoured on the following day by the presence of Bishop Hugo and his retinue.

The chaplains rushed to the Bishop open-mouthed,

eager to be allowed to refresh their souls on so divine a spectacle.

‘In the name of God,’ he said quietly, ‘let unbelievers go rushing after signs and wonders. What have we to do with such things who partake every day of the heavenly sacrifice? He dismissed the Priest with his blessing, giving him the benefit of a doubt, though he probably suspected him to be a rogue, and forbade his chaplains most strictly to yield to idle curiosity.

He was naturally extremely humorous, and humour in such men will show itself sometimes in playing with things, in the sacredness of which they may believe fully notwithstanding. It has been said, indeed, that no one has any real faith if he cannot afford to play with it.

Among the relics at Fécamp, in Normandy, was a so-called bone of Mary Magdalene. This precious jewel was kept with jealous care. It was deposited in a case, and within the case was double wrapped in silk. Bishop Hugo was taken to look at it in the presence of a crowd of monks, abbots, and other dignitaries; mass had been said first as a preparation; the thing was then taken out of its box and exhibited, so far it could be seen through its envelope. The Bishop asked to look at the bone itself; and no one venturing to touch it, he borrowed a knife and calmly slit the covering. He took it up, whatever it may have been, gazed at it, raised it to his lips as if to kiss it, and then suddenly with a strong grip of his teeth bit a morsel out of its side. A

shriek of sacrilege rang through the church. Looking round quietly the Bishop said, 'Just now we were handling in our unworthy fingers the body of the Holy One of all. We passed Him between our teeth and down into our stomach; why may we not do the like with the members of his saints?'

We have left to the last the most curious of all the stories connected with this singular man. We have seen him with King Henry; we will now follow him into the presence of Cœur de Lion.

Richard, it will be remembered, on his return from his captivity plunged into war with Philip of France, carrying out a quarrel which had commenced in the Holy Land. The King, in distress for money, had played tricks with Church patronage which Hugo had firmly resisted. Afterwards an old claim on Lincoln diocese for some annual services was suddenly revived, which had been pretermitted for sixty years. The arrears for all that time were called for and exacted, and the clergy had to raise among themselves 3000 marks: hard measure of this kind perhaps induced Hugo to look closely into further demands.

In 1197, when Richard was in Normandy, a pressing message came home from him for supplies. A council was held at Oxford, when Archbishop Hubert, who was Chancellor, required each prelate and great nobleman in the King's name to provide three hundred knights at his own cost to serve in the war. The Bishop of London supported the primate. The Bishop of Lincoln followed. Being a stranger, he said, and ignorant on

his arrival of English laws, he had made it his business to study them. The see of Lincoln, he was aware, was bound to military service, but it was service in England and not abroad. The demand of the King was against the liberties which he had sworn to defend, and he would rather die than betray them.

The Bishop of Salisbury, gathering courage from Hugo's resistance, took the same side. The council broke up in confusion, and the Archbishop wrote to Richard to say that he was unable to raise the required force, and that the Bishop of Lincoln was the cause. Richard, who, with most noble qualities, had the temper of a fiend, replied instantly with an order to seize and confiscate the property of the rebellious prelates. The Bishop of Salisbury was brought upon his knees, but Hugo, fearless as ever, swore that he would excommunicate any man who dared to execute the King's command; and as it was known that he would keep his word, the royal officers hesitated to act. The King wrote a second time more fiercely, threatening death if they disobeyed, and the Bishop, not wishing to expose them to trouble on his account, determined to go over and encounter the tempest in person.

At Rouen, on his way to Roche d'Andeli, where Richard was lying, he was encountered by the Earl Marshal and Lord Albemarle, who implored him to send some conciliatory message by them, as the King was so furious that they feared he might provoke the anger of God by some violent act.

The Bishop declined their assistance. He desired

them merely to tell the King that he was coming. They hurried back, and he followed at his leisure. The scene that ensued was even stranger than the interview already described with Henry in the park at Woodstock.

Cœur de Lion, when he arrived at Roche d'Andeli, was hearing mass in the church. He was sitting in a great chair at the opening into the choir, with the Bishops of Durham and Ely on either side. Church ceremonials must have been conducted with less stiff propriety than at present. Hugo advanced calmly and made the usual obeisance. Richard said nothing, but frowned, looked sternly at him for a moment, and turned away.

'Kiss me, my Lord King,' said the Bishop. It was the ordinary greeting between the sovereign and the spiritual peers. The King averted his face still further.

'Kiss me, my Lord,' said Hugo again, and he caught Cœur de Lion by the vest and shook him, Abbot Adam standing shivering behind.

'Non meruisti—thou hast not deserved it,' growled Richard.

'I have deserved it,' replied Hugo, and shook him harder.

Had he shown fear, Cœur de Lion would probably have trampled on him, but who could resist such marvellous audacity? The kiss was given. The Bishop passed up to the altar and became absorbed in the service, Cœur de Lion curiously watching him.

When mass was over there was a formal audience, but the result of it was decided already. Hugo declared his loyalty in everything, save what touched his duty to God. The King yielded, and threw the blame of the quarrel on the too complaisant primate.

Even this was not all. The Bishop afterwards requested a private interview. He told Richard solemnly that he was uneasy for his soul, and admonished him, if he had anything on his conscience, to confess it.

The King said he was conscious of no sin, save of a certain rage against his French enemies.

‘Obey God!’ the Bishop said, ‘and God will humble your enemies for you—and you for your part take heed you offend not Him or hurt your neighbour. I speak in sadness, but rumour says you are unfaithful to your queen.’

The lion was tamed for the moment. The King acknowledged nothing but restrained his passion, only observing afterwards, ‘If all bishops were like my Lord of Lincoln, not a prince among us could lift his head against them.’

The trouble was not over. Hugo returned to England to find his diocese in confusion. A bailiff of the Earl of Leicester had taken a man out of sanctuary in Lincoln and had hung him. Instant excommunication followed. The Bishop compelled every one who had been concerned in the sacrilege to repair, stripped naked to the waist, to the spot where the body was buried, to dig it up, putrid as it was, and carry it on their shoul-

ders round the town, to halt at each church door to be flogged by the priests belonging to the place, and then with their own hands to rebury the man in the cemetery from which he had been originally carried off.

Fresh demands for money in another, but no less irregular, form followed from the King. There was again a council in London. The Archbishop insisted that Hugo should levy a subsidy upon his clergy.

‘Do you not know, my Lord,’ the primate said, ‘that the King is as thirsty for money as a man with the dropsy for water?’

‘His Majesty may be dropsical for all that I know,’ Hugo answered, ‘but I will not be the water for him to swallow.’

Once more he started for Normandy, but not a second time to try the effect of his presence on Cœur de Lion. On approaching Angers he was met by Sir Gilbert de Lacy with the news that the Lion-heart was cold. Richard had been struck by an arrow in the trenches at Chaluz. The wound had mortified and he was dead. He was to be buried at Fontevrault, but the country was in the wildest confusion. The roads were patrolled by banditti, and de Lacy strongly advised the Bishop to proceed no further.

Hugo’s estimate of danger was unlike de Lacy’s. ‘I have more fear,’ he said, ‘of failing through cowardice in my duty to my lord and prince. If the thieves take my horse and clothes from me, I can walk, and walk the lighter. If they tie me fast, I cannot help myself.’

Paying a brief visit to Queen Berengaria, at Beaufort Abbey, on the way, he reached Fontevrault on Palm Sunday, the day of the funeral, and was in time to pay the last honours to the sovereign whom he had defied and yet loved so dearly.

His own time was also nearly out, and this hurried sketch must also haste to its end. One more scene, however, remains to be described.

To Henry and Richard, notwithstanding their many faults, the Bishop was ardently attached. For their sakes, and for his country's, he did what lay in him to influence for good the brother who was to succeed to the throne.

At the time of Richard's death, John was with his nephew Arthur in Brittany. That John and not Arthur must take Richard's place the Bishop seems to have assumed as unavoidable; Arthur was but ten years old and the times were too rough for a regency. John made haste to Fontevrault, receiving on his way the allegiance of many of the barons. After the funeral he made a profusion of promises to the Bishop of Lincoln as to his future conduct.

The Bishop had no liking for John. He knew him to have been paltry, false, and selfish.

'I trust you mean what you say,' he said in reply. 'Nostis quia satis aversor mendacium,—you know that I hate lying'

John produced an amulet which he wore round his neck with a chain. That he seemed to think would help him to walk straight

The Bishop looked at it scornfully. 'Do you trust in a senseless stone?' he said. 'Trust in the living rock in heaven—the Lord Jesus Christ. Anchor your hopes in Him and He will direct you.'

On one side of the church at Fontevrault was a celebrated sculpture of the day of judgment. The Judge was on his throne; on his left were a group of crowned kings led away by devils to be hurled into the smoking pit. Hugo pointed significantly to them. 'Understand,' he said, 'that those men are going into unending torture. Think of it, and let your wisdom teach you the prospects of princes who, while they govern men, are unable to rule themselves, and become slaves in hell through eternity. Fear this, I say, while there is time. The hour will come when it will have been too late.'

John affected to smile, pointed to the good kings on the other side, and declared, with infinite volubility, that he would be found one of those.

The fool's nature, however, soon showed itself. Hugo took leave of him with a foreboding heart, paid one more bright brief visit in the following year to his birthplace in the south, and then returned to England to die. He had held his see but fourteen years, and was no more than sixty-five. His asceticism had not impaired his strength. At his last visit to the Chartreuse he had distanced all his companions on the steep hill-side, but illness overtook him on his way home. He arrived in London, at his house in the Old Temple, in the middle of September, to feel that he was rapidly

dying. Of death itself, it is needless to say, he had no kind of fear. 'By the holy nut,' he used to say, in his queer way ('per sanctam nucem,¹ sic enim vice jurenti ad formationem verbi interdum loquebatur'), 'by the holy nut, we should be worse off if we were not allowed to die at all.'

He prepared with his unvarying composure. As his illness increased, and he was confined to his bed, his hair shirt hurt him. Twisting into knots, as he shifted from side to side, it bruised and wounded his skin. The rules of the order would have allowed him to dispense with it, but he could not be induced to let it go, but he took animal food, which the doctor prescribed as good for him, and quietly and kindly submitted to whatever else was ordered for him. He knew, however, that his life was over, and with constant confession held himself ready for the change. Great people came about him. John himself came, but he received him coldly. Archbishop Hubert came once; he did not care, perhaps, to return a second time.

The Archbishop, sitting by his bed, after the usual condolences, suggested that the Bishop of Lincoln might like to use the opportunity to repent of any sharp expressions which he had occasionally been betrayed into using. As the hint was not taken, he referred especially to himself as one of those who had something to complain of.

'Indeed, your Grace,' replied Hugo, 'there have

¹ Perhaps for 'crucem,' as we say 'by *Gad*,' to avoid the actual word

been passages of words between us, and I have much to regret in relation to them. It is not, however, what I have said to your Grace, but what I have omitted to say. I have more feared to offend your Grace than to offend my Father in heaven. I have withheld words which I ought to have spoken, and I have thus sinned against your Grace and desire your forgiveness. Should it please God to spare my life I purpose to amend that fault.'

As his time drew near, he gave directions for the disposition of his body, named the place in Lincoln Cathedral where he was to be buried, and bade his chaplain make a cross of ashes on the floor of his room, lift him from his bed at the moment of departure, and place him upon it.

It was a November afternoon. The choristers of St Paul's were sent for to chant the compline to him for the last time. He gave a sign when they were half through. They lifted him and laid him on the ashes. The choristers sang on, and as they began the *Nunc Dimittis* he died.

So parted one of the most beautiful spirits that was ever incarnated in human clay. Never was man more widely mourned over, or more honoured in his death. He was taken down to Lincoln, and the highest and the lowest alike had poured out to meet the body. A company of poor Jews, the offscouring of mankind, for whom rack and gridiron were considered generally too easy couches, came to mourn over one whose justice had sheltered even them.

John was at Lincoln at the time, and William of Scotland with him ; and on the hill, a mile from the town, two kings, three archbishops, fourteen bishops, a hundred abbots, and as many earls and barons, were waiting to receive the sad procession.

King John and the archbishops took the bier upon their shoulders, and waded knee-deep through the mud to the cathedral. The King of Scotland stood apart in tears.

It was no vain pomp or unmeaning ceremony, but the genuine healthful recognition of human worth. The story of Hugo of Lincoln has been too long unknown to us. It deserves a place in every biography of English Worthies. It ought to be familiar to every English boy. Such men as he were the true builders of our nation's greatness. Like the 'well-tempered mortar' in old English walls, which is hard as the stone itself, their actions and their thoughts are the cement of our national organization, and bind together yet such parts of it as still are allowed to stand

FATHER NEWMAN ON 'THE GRAMMAR OF ASSENT.'¹

THIRTY years ago, when the tendencies Romewards of the English High Churchmen were first becoming visible, Dr Arnold expressed his own opinion of the reasonableness of the movement in the brief sentence, 'Believe in the Pope! I would as soon believe in Jupiter.' Whether belief in Jupiter may hereafter become possible, time will show. Necromancy has been revived in spirit-rapping. We have converts to Islam among us, and England is the chosen recruiting ground of the Mormon Apostles, while this book before us is an attempt on the part of one of the ablest of living men, to prove that there is no reasonable standing ground between Atheism and submission to the Holy See—submission not outwardly only, or partially, or conditionally, as to an authority which has historical claims upon us, and may possibly or probably deserve

¹ *An Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent* By John Henry Newman, D.D., of the Oratory. London Burns, Oates & Co. 1870.

our allegiance; but submission complete and entire, the unreserved resignation of our moral and spiritual intelligence. The Church of Rome, and indeed all religious dogmatic systems, are not content with insisting that there is a high probability in their favour. They call themselves infallible. They demand on our part an absolute certainty that they are right, and although they disagree among themselves and cannot all be right, and although points on which those competent to form an opinion differ, in all other things we agree to hold doubtful, they tell us that doubt is a sin, that we can be and ought to be entirely certain, that a complete and utter acquiescence which excludes the possibility of mistake, is a frame of mind at once possible and philosophically just.

It is this seeming paradox which Dr Newman undertakes to prove. His book is composed with elaborate art, which is the more striking the more frequently we peruse it. Every line, every word tells, from the opening sentence to the last.

His object, from the beginning to the end, is to combat and overthrow the position of Locke, that reasonable assent is proportioned to evidence, and in its nature, therefore, admits of degrees.

He commences with an analysis of the elementary mental processes. He divides 'assent' into 'notional' and 'real'. He calls notional 'assent' that which we give to general propositions, scientific, literary, or philosophical; real assent, the conclusions which we form in matters of fact, either in our sensible percep-

tions, or in the application of principles to details. He professes to show how, from our intellectual constitution, we are unable to rest in probabilities, and rightly or wrongly pass on to a sensation of certainty; how, notwithstanding exceptions which cannot wholly be got over, the conviction that we have hold of the truth is an evidence to us that we have hold of it in reality. Our beliefs are borne in upon our minds, we know not how, directly, indirectly, by reason, by experience, by emotion, imagination, and all the countless parts of our complicated nature. We may not be able to analyze the grounds of our faith, but the faith is none the less justifiable. And thus, after being led by the hand through an intricate series of mental phenomena, we are landed in the Catholic religion as the body of truth which completely commends itself to the undistorted intellectual perception.

The argument is extremely subtle, and often difficult to follow, but the difficulty is in the subject rather than in the treatment. Dr Newman has watched and analyzed the processes of the mind with as much care and minuteness as Ehrenberg the organization of animalculæ. The knotted and tangled skein is disengaged and combed out till every fibre of it can be taken up separately and examined at leisure; while all along, hints are let fall from time to time, expressions, seemingly casual, illustrations, or notices of emotional peculiarities, every one of which has its purpose, and, to the careful reader, is a sign-post of the road on which he is travelling.

Yet we never read a book, unless the *Ethics* of Spinoza be an exception, which is less convincing in proportion to its ability. You feel that you are in the hands of a thinker of the very highest powers; yet they are the powers rather of an intellectual conjuror than of a teacher who commands your confidence. You are astonished at the skill which is displayed, and unable to explain away the results; but you are conscious all the time that you are played with; you are perplexed but you are not attracted; and unless you bring a Catholic conclusion ready made with you to the study, you certainly will not arrive at it. For it is not a simple acknowledgment that Catholicism may perhaps be true that is required of us, or even that it is probably true, and that a reasonable person might see cause for joining the Roman communion. This is not conviction at all, nor is it related in any way to a religious frame of mind. We are expected rather to feel Catholicism to be absolutely necessary and completely true—true, not as an inference from argument, but as imposed by a spiritual command—true, in a sense which allows no possibility of error, and cannot and ought not to endure contradiction. ‘The highest opinion of Protestants in religion,’ he says, ‘is, generally speaking, assent to a probability, as even Butler has been understood or misunderstood to teach, and therefore consistent with the toleration of its contradictory.’ The creed, therefore, which we are to accept is the Romanism with which we are familiar in history; persecuting from the necessity of the case, for it cannot, where it has the power, permit

opposition. No heterodox opinion can be borne with, or be even heard in its own defence. 'Since mere argument,' Father Newman says elsewhere, is not the measure of assent, no one can be called certain of a proposition whose mind does not spontaneously and promptly reject on their first suggestion, as idle, as impertinent, as sophistical, any objections which are directed against its truth. No man is certain of a truth who can endure the thought of its contradictory existing or occurring, and that not from any set purpose or effort to reject it, but, as I have said, by the spontaneous action of the intellect. What is contradictory to it with its apparatus of argument, fades out of the mind as fast as it enters it.

We are familiar with this mode of thought, but it is not characteristic of intelligent persons. The Irish magistrate having listened to one side of a question declared himself satisfied; he had heard enough, he said, and anything further was either superfluous or perplexed his judgment. In a criminal trial, when the facts have been known and discussed beforehand, both judge and jury, from the constitution of their minds, must have formed an opinion on the merits of the case, which must have amounted often to certainty; but when the prisoner comes before them it becomes their duty to dismiss out of their minds every prepossession which they may have entertained. Instead of rejecting suggestions inconsistent with such prepossessions they are bound to welcome them, and to look for them, with the most scrupulous impartiality. The man of science

is unworthy of his name if he disdains to listen to objections to a favourite theory. It is through a conviction of the inadequacy of all formulas to cover the facts of nature, it is by a constant recollection of the fallibility of the best-instructed intelligence, and by an unintermittent scepticism which goes out of its way to look for difficulties, that scientific progress has been made possible. So long as Father Newman's method prevailed in Europe, every branch of practical knowledge was doomed to barrenness. Why are we to fall back upon it now, in the one department in which, according to theologians, error is most dangerous?

To give a sketch of his argument.

We entertain propositions, he tells us, in three ways—we doubt, we draw inferences, and we assent. Doubt is, of course, the opposite of certainty. Inferences being from premises to conclusions are still conditional, for our premises may be incorrect or inadequate. Assent, on the other hand, is in its nature unconditional; it means that we are quite certain, and know that we cannot be wrong.

We assent notionally when we accept a general proposition as undoubtedly true, as that the whole is greater than its part, or that the planets move in ellipses, or again, when we read a book and intellectually go along with its meaning without personally or particularly applying it. We assent really to anything which comes home in detail to our feelings or our senses, and is directly recognized as true by ourselves. Dr Newman gives a beautiful illustration:

Let us consider, too, how differently young and old are affected by the words of some classic author, such as Homer or Horace. Passages, which to a boy are but rhetorical commonplaces, neither better nor worse than a hundred others which any clever writer might supply, which he gets by heart and thinks very fine, and imitates, as he thinks, successfully, in his own flowing versification, at length come home to him, when long years have passed, and he has had experience of life, and pierce him as if he had never before known them, with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness. Then he comes to understand how it is that lines, the birth of some chance morning or evening at an Ionian festival, or among the Sabine hills, have lasted generation after generation, for thousands of years, with a power over the mind, and a charm, which the current literature of his own day, with all its obvious advantages, is utterly unable to rival.

The history, the occupations, the studies of every man provide him with a multitude of assents of this kind. Proverbs become as it were realized when we feel the application of them. Opinions taken up as notions acquire the stamp of certainty, and men are only properly themselves when their thoughts thus acquire stability and they are no longer blown about by gusts of argument. Then only they learn to step out firmly with confidence and self-reliance.

Assents, Dr Newman repeats, differ in kind from inferences. We may infer from observation the probable existence of an intelligent Creator, but we are still far from the conviction which is required for practical service, and life is not long enough for a religion built on speculative conclusions. Life is for action. We cannot wait for proof or we shall never begin to obey. 'If we insist on proof for everything we shall never come to action. . . To act we must assume, and

that assumption is faith. . . . If we commence with scientific knowledge and argumentative proof, or lay any great stress upon it as the basis of personal Christianity, or attempt to make men moral or religious by libraries and museums, let us in consistency take chemists for our cooks and mineralogists for our masons.'

This is perfectly true as regards individual persons. The clerk in Eastcheap, as Mr Carlyle says, cannot be for ever verifying his ready reckoner. Yet the conclusions on which we act are nevertheless resting on producible evidence somewhere, if we cannot each of us produce it ourselves. They are the results of past experience and intellectual thought, which are tested, enlarged, or modified by the practice of successive generations. We accept them confidently, not from any internal conviction that they are necessarily true, but from an inference of another kind, that if not true they would have been disproved. The believer at first hand can always give a reason for the faith that is in him. He believes, and he knows why he believes, and he can produce his reasons in a form which shall be convincing to others. The believer at second hand believes in his teacher, and can give a reason for regarding that teacher as an authority. The mason need not himself be a mineralogist, but if the master builder who employs him knows nothing of the properties of stone, his labour will be thrown away. The cook inherits the traditionary rules of his art, but if he introduces novelties in food he must either call in the chemist to advise him, or he will try his experiments at the risk of our lives.

We have not yet reached a point where we differ from Father Newman essentially; but we are already on our guard against his method. His aim is to make us acknowledge that in common things we feel a certainty disproportioned to the evidence which can be produced to justify it. It appears to us, on the contrary, that Locke's position remains unshaken; that every sound conviction which we have can be traced ultimately to experience, and that the tenacity with which we hold it is, or ought to be, proportioned to the uniformity of that experience.

From real assents in general we pass to assents in matters of religion.

'What is a dogma of faith?' Father Newman asks, 'and what is to believe it? A dogma is a proposition. It stands for a notion or a thing, and to believe it is to give the assent of the mind to it as standing for one or the other. To give a real assent to it is an act of religion; to give a notional is a theological act. It is discerned, rested in, and appropriated as a reality by the religious imagination. It is held as a truth by the theological intellect.'

The first of such dogmas or propositions contains 'belief in God.' Father Newman disclaims necessarily the intention of proving the reasonableness of this belief. He denies belief to be the result of argument, and therefore he will not argue. He proposes rather to investigate the mental process which the words 'I believe in God' imply. Yet he cannot escape from the conditions of human thought; and while he will not

allow belief to be an inference, he argues like anybody else that it follows irresistibly from the phenomena of our nature. Nowhere in the English language will be found the reasons for believing in a moral power as the supreme ruling force in the universe, drawn out more clearly or more persuasively. There are no gratuitous assumptions—no appeals to the imagination. He lays the facts of personal experience before us. He indicates the conclusion at which they point and when the conclusion is conceded, the obligations of obedience follow. He draws the inference though he will not allow it to be an inference. ‘Inference,’ he seems to say, ‘has no power of persuasion and involves no duties.’ Inference is but a graduated probability, and involves the toleration of an opposite opinion. But probability, as Butler says, is the guide of our lives, and may involve duties as completely as certainty. Has a child no duties to his father because it is possible, though infinitely unlikely, that his mother may have been unfaithful to her vows?

The argument itself stands thus. We regret to do injustice by compression to its singular lucidity.

‘Can we,’ Father Newman asks, ‘give a real assent to the proposition that there is one God—not an *anima mundi* merely or an initial force, but God as the word is understood by the Theist and the Christian, a personal God, the Author and Sustainer of all things—the Moral Governor of the world?’ He says that we can, and that we can be certain of it—that it is a truth which every reasonable person is able and ought to

acknowledge He does not look for what has been called scornfully 'a clock-making Divinity.' The evidences of a contriving intellect in nature, of the adaptation of means to ends, weigh but little with him. There is no morality in the physical constitution of things. The elements know nothing of good and evil; and we can arrive on this road only at a power adequate to the effects which we witness. The water will not rise higher than its source. The created world is finite, and can tell us nothing of an Infinite Creator. The root of religious belief lies in the conscience and in the sense of moral obligation.

I assume (says Father Newman) that Conscience has a legitimate place among our mental acts, as really so as the action of memory, of reasoning, of imagination, or as the sense of the beautiful, that, as there are objects which, when presented to the mind, cause it to feel grief, regret, joy, or desire, so there are things which excite in us approbation or blame, and which we in consequence call right or wrong; and which, experienced in ourselves, kindle in us the specific sense of pleasure or pain, which goes by the name of a good or bad conscience. This being taken for granted, I shall attempt to show that in this special feeling, which follows on the commission of what we call right and wrong, lie the materials for the real apprehension of a Divine Sovereign and Judge.

The feeling of conscience being, I repeat, a certain keen sensibility, pleasant or painful,—self-approval and hope, or compunction and fear,—attendant on certain of our actions, which in consequence we call right or wrong, is twofold—it is a moral sense, and a sense of duty, a judgment of the reason and a magisterial dictate.

Conscience, it is evident, does not furnish a rule of right conduct. It has sometimes been the sanction of crime. Sometimes it is at a loss to decide. Sometimes it gives contradictory answers. Conscience made St

Paul into a persecutor. Conscience has made kings into tyrants, and subjects into rebels. It is not a rule of right conduct, but it is a sanction of right conduct. It assures us that there is such a thing as right, and that when we know what it is we are bound to do it. 'Half the world would be puzzled to know what is meant by the moral sense, but every one knows what is meant by a good or bad conscience. Conscience is ever forcing on us by threats and by promises, that we must follow the right and avoid the wrong. so far it is one and the same in the mind of every one, whatever be its particular errors in particular minds as to the acts which it orders to be done or to be avoided. . . . It does not repose in itself like the sense of beauty. . . . It vaguely reaches forward to something beyond self, and dimly discerns a sanction higher than self for its decisions, as evidenced in that keen sense of obligation and responsibility which informs them. And hence it is that we are accustomed to speak of conscience as a voice, a term which we never should think of applying to the sense of the beautiful: and moreover a voice or the echo of a voice imperative and constraining, like no other dictate in the whole of our experience.'

Now what does this imply? Father Newman introduces a subtle distinction of which we hesitate to acknowledge the force. Conscience, he says, differs from the intellectual senses, from common sense, from taste, from sense of expedience, and the like, in being always 'emotional.' 'Affections are correlative with persons, and always involve the recognition of a living

object towards which they are directed.' This is to infer too much; there is such a thing as love of good for its own sake. But leaving refinements and looking at these phenomena as facts of experience, they seem to us to carry Father Newman's main conclusion with them. The presence of a moral sense in ourselves presumes a moral nature in the power which has called us into existence. It is impossible to conceive, as Mr Carlyle says, 'that these high faculties should have been put into us by a Being that had none of its own.'

Father Newman continues :

If, as is the case, we feel responsibility, are ashamed, are frightened, at transgressing the voice of conscience, this implies that there is One to whom we are responsible, before whom we are ashamed, whose claims upon us we fear. If, on doing wrong, we feel the same tearful, broken-hearted sorrow which overwhelms us on hurting a mother, if, on doing right, we enjoy the same sunny serenity of mind, the same soothing, satisfactory delight which follows on our receiving praise from a father, we certainly have within us the image of some person, to whom our love and veneration look, in whose smile we find our happiness, for whom we yearn, towards whom we direct our pleadings, in whose anger we are troubled and waste away. These feelings in us are such as require for their exciting cause an intelligent being: we are not affectionate towards a stone, nor do we feel shame before a horse or a dog, we have no remorse or compunction on breaking mere human law. yet, so it is, conscience excites all these painful emotions, confusion, foreboding, self-condemnation; and, on the other hand, it sheds upon us a deep peace, a sense of security, a resignation, and a hope, which there is no sensible, no earthly object to elicit. 'The wicked flees, when no one pursueth;' then why does he flee? whence his terror? Who is it that he sees in solitude, in darkness, in the hidden chambers of his heart? If the cause of these emotions does not belong to this visible world, the Object to which his perception is directed must be Supernatural and Divine, and thus the phenomena of Conscience, as a dictate, avail to

impress the imagination with the picture of a Supreme Governor, a Judge, holy, just, powerful, all-seeing, retributive, and is the creative principle of religion, as the moral sense is the principle of ethics

As it is here that our acquiescence in Father Newman's reasoning comes to an end, and we henceforth part company with him, we add one more extract on the same subject, an illustration of the growth of religious feeling, from the history of the mind of a child :

The child keenly understands that there is a difference between right and wrong, and when he has done what he believes to be wrong, he is conscious that he is offending One to whom he is amenable, whom he does not see, who sees him. His mind reaches forward with a strong presentiment to the thought of a Moral Governor, sovereign over him, mindful, and just. It comes to him like an impulse of nature to entertain it.

It is my wish to take an ordinary child, but one who is safe from influences destructive of his religious instincts. Supposing he has offended his parents, he will all alone and without effort, as if it were the most natural of acts, place himself in the presence of God, and beg of Him to set him right with them. Let us consider how much is contained in this simple act. First, it involves the impression on his mind of an unseen Being with whom he is in immediate relation, and that relation so familiar that he can address Him whenever he himself chooses, next, of One whose goodwill towards him he is assured of, and can take for granted—nay, who loves him better, and is nearer to him, than his parents, further, of One who can hear him, wherever he happens to be, and who can read his thoughts, for his prayer need not be vocal, lastly, of One who can effect a critical change in the state of feeling of others towards him. That is, we shall not be wrong in holding that this child has in his mind the image of an Invisible Being, who exercises a particular providence among us, who is present everywhere, who is heart-reading, heart-changing, ever-accessible, open to impetration. What a strong and intimate vision of God must he have already attained. if, as I have supposed, an ordinary trouble of mind has the spontaneous effect of leading him for consolation and aid to an Invisible Personal Power!

Moreover, this image brought before his mental vision is the image of One who by implicit threat and promise commands certain things which he, the same child, coincidently, by the same act of his mind approves ; which receives the adhesion of his moral sense and judgment as right and good. It is the image of One who is good, inasmuch as enjoining and enforcing what is right and good, and who, in consequence, not only excites in the child hope and fear—nay (it may be added), gratitude towards Him, as giving a law and maintaining it by reward and punishment,—but kindles in him love towards Him, as giving Him a good law, and therefore as being good Himself, for it is the property of goodness to kindle love, or rather the very object of love is goodness ; and all those distinct elements of the moral law, which the typical child, whom I am supposing, more or less consciously loves and approves,—truth, purity, justice, kindness, and the like,—are but shapes and aspects of goodness. And having in his degree a sensibility towards them all, for the sake of them all he is moved to love the Lawgiver, who enjoins them upon him. And, as he can contemplate these qualities and their manifestations under the common name of goodness, he is prepared to think of them as indivisible, correlative, supplementary of each other in one and the same Personality, so that there is no aspect of goodness which God is not, and that the more, because the notion of a perfection embracing all possible excellences, both moral and intellectual, is especially congenial to the mind, and there are in fact intellectual attributes, as well as moral, included in the child's image of God, as above represented

Such is the apprehension which even a child may have of his Sovereign, Lawgiver, and Judge, which is possible in the case of children, because, at least, some children possess it, whether others possess it or no ; and which, when it is found in children, is found to act promptly and keenly, by reason of the paucity of their ideas. It is an image of the good God, good in Himself, good relatively to the child, with whatever incompleteness, an image before it has been reflected on, and before it is recognized by him as a notion. Though he cannot explain or define the word 'God,' when told to use it, his acts show that to him it is far more than a word. He listens, indeed, with wonder and interest to fables or tales ; he has a dim, shadowy sense of what he hears about persons and matters of this world, but he has that within him which actually vibrates, responds, and gives

deep meaning to the lessons of his first teachers about the will and the providence of God.

So far, with some differences which are perhaps but differences of nomenclature, we have gone heartily along with Father Newman. His book is a counterpart to Butler's *Analogy*, and as the first part of the *Analogy* has been in these bad times a support to many of us, when the formulas of the established creeds have crumbled away, so we give cordial welcome to this addition to our stock of religious philosophy, which addresses itself to the intellect of the nineteenth century as Butler addressed that of its predecessor. But just as with Butler, when we pass from his treatment of the facts of nature to the defence of the dogmatic system of Christianity, we exchange the philosopher for the special pleader, so Father Newman at the same transition point equally ceases to convince. Assumption takes the place of reasoning. Facts are no longer looked in the face, and objections are either ignored altogether or are caricatured in order to be answered. Hitherto he has been pleading the cause of religion as it has existed in all ages and under countless varieties of form. We are now led across the morasses of technical theology. We spring from tuft to tuft and hummock to hummock. The ground shakes about us, and we are allowed no breathing time to pause, lest it give way under our feet altogether. The promised land lies before us, the land of absolute repose in the decisions of the Infallible Church. Once there we may rest for ever; and we are swung along towards it, guided, if

we may use the word for an absolute surrender of reason, by the obscure emotions and half-realized perceptions of what is called the imaginative intellect. We leave behind us as misleading the apparatus of faculties which conduct us successfully through ordinary life. We are told to believe, and accept it on Father Newman's authority, that we are not after all chasing a will-o'-the-wisp, and that the other side to which he points the way is really solid ground, and not a mere fog-bank.

There are two roads on which it is possible to travel, after starting from conscience and the acknowledgment of a God to whom we owe obedience. There is the theological road, and there is the road of experience and fact. To those who choose the second of these courses conscience is the sanction of right action, while experience and observation show us in what right action consists. The moral laws are inherent in nature like the laws of the material universe, and our business is to discover what they are. If we obey them, it is well with us; if we disobey them we fail, and ruin ourselves internally in our characters, and sooner or later in our external fortunes. These laws are not arbitrarily imposed from without, but are interfused in the constitution of things. Conscience insists that they must be obeyed, for they form the condition on which society holds together, and in obedience to them lies the essence of all genuine religion.

From this point of view the religious history of mankind is the history of the efforts which men have made to discover the moral law, and enforce it so far as

it is known. If we are asked why the moral laws, being of so much consequence to the well-being of mankind, were not made clear from the beginning, we can but answer that we do not know. The fact has been that they have been left to human energy to discover, like the law of gravitation; our knowledge of them has been progressive, like our knowledge in every other department of nature; and religious theories exhibit the same early imperfections, and the same gradual advance, as astronomy or medicine.

A second phenomenon is no less apparent on the most cursory as well as the most careful study of religious history. To obey the moral law has been always difficult; to practise particular rites, or to profess particular opinions, is comparatively easy. Religions, therefore, as their initial fervour dies away, have uniformly shown a tendency to stiffen into ceremonial or superstitious observances, or else into theological theories. Duty has been made to consist in the compliance with particular creeds, or in practices of outward devotion; and a compromise has been thus arrived at, by which men have been enabled to believe themselves religious, without parting from their private self-indulgence. Religion has had two parts,—the inward moral and spiritual, the outward ritualistic, or speculative; and the division between them, and the history of their effects upon mankind, when one or the other has preponderated, is the most signal testimony to their real character, and to the relations in which they stand to each other and to the world. Where the

moral element has been foremost, where men have been chiefly bent upon contending with practical evil, and making so much as they can understand of the law of God the rule of their dealings among themselves, there the religion has spread over the earth like water for the purifying the nations. Where the superstitious or theological element has been in the ascendant, where charity has been second to orthodoxy, and religion has been an affair of temples and sacrifices and devotional refinements, there as uniformly it has lost its beneficent powers, it has fraternized with the blackest and darkest of human passions, and has carried with it as its shadow, division and hatred and cruelty. The power in the universe, whatever it be, which envies human happiness, has laid hold of conscience and distracted it from its proper function. Instead of looking any more for our duties to our neighbours, we go astray, and quarrel with each other over imaginary speculative theories. We wonder at the failure of Christianity, at the small progress which it has made in comparison with the brilliancy of its rise · but if men had shown as much fanaticism in carrying into practice the Sermon on the Mount as in disputing the least of the thousand dogmatic definitions which have superseded the Gospel, we should not be now lamenting with Father Newman that ‘God’s control over the world is so indirect, and His action so obscure.’

The theological tendency, nevertheless, remains in possession; opinions are still looked upon as the test whether we are on the right road or the wrong; and

it is in this direction and not the other that Father Newman would have us travel if our condition is to be mended.

Devotion must have its objects, he tells us ; and they must be set before the mind as propositions, with which the intellect must be fed till it is saturated ; the intellect in return will then guarantee that they are true by the tenacity with which it holds these propositions.

He gives an instance of what he means in the use which he prescribes for the book of Psalms. 'The exercise of the affections strengthens our apprehension of the object of them,' he says, 'and it is impossible to exaggerate the influence exerted on the religious imagination, by a book of devotions so sublime, so penetrating, so full of deep instruction as the Psalter.' We are to take the Psalter, however, as a whole ; we may not inquire what part of it is authentic, or whether David, whose acts were of so mixed a character, was always divinely guided in his words. If we take the forty-second Psalm, we must take the hundred-and-ninth ; and those who accept the hundred-and-ninth as the word of God, are already far on their way towards auto-da-fés and massacres of St Bartholomew

When the mind is thus devotionally pervaded, the Catholic theology will be developed by the theological intellect as naturally as geometrical theorems from the elementary axioms and propositions. The difficulty is with the preparation of the soil ; and if we find Father Newman unpersuasive, the fault may be simply in our-

selves. Persuasiveness implies agreement in first principles between the teacher and the taught. It is possible that we may be colour blind, or be without ear to follow the harmony of the theological variations. The Catholic doctrines may carry conviction only to the elect. Those who are chosen to inherit the blessing, may alone have grace to apprehend its conditions. If it be so, we are beyond help; but we claim for the present to belong to those who believe in God and in the moral laws, and to those, therefore, to whom Father Newman says that his book is addressed. In this character we have a right to speak, and when he fails to convince us, to give reasons for withholding our assent.

Having chosen his course, he commences characteristically with an exulting eulogy on the Athanasian Creed. No one, he seems to admit, can understand what the Creed means. 'The pure indivisible light,' he says, 'is seen only by the blessed inhabitants of Heaven.' The rays come to us on earth, 'broken into their constituent colours;' and when we attempt to combine them 'we produce only a dirty white.' Each ray, nevertheless, comes direct to us from above. It can be separately admired and adored for its particular beauty; and, when intelligence fails, faith steps in. So with the million developments of theological subtlety. Simple-minded people cannot enter into these refinements; the terminology itself is unintelligible without a special and scientific education. But simple-minded men are not required to understand them. Their duty

is merely to feel certain that every proposition laid down by the Church is true, and they are able to do it in virtue of a comprehensive acceptance of the authority of the Church itself. The Church says so and so, and therefore it is indisputably certain that the truth is so and so.

The difficulty is removed by the dogma of the Church's infallibility, and of the consequent duty of 'implicit faith' in her word. The 'One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church' is an article of the creed, and an article which, inclusive of her infallibility, all men, high and low, can easily master and accept with a real and operative assent. It stands in the place of all abstruse propositions in a Catholic's mind, for to believe in her word is virtually to believe in them all. Even what he cannot understand, at least he can believe to be true; and he believes it to be true because he believes in the Church.

The next question of course is, How we can be certain that the Church is infallible? and to understand this we are carried back once more into the metaphysics of conviction. For the infallibility of the Church, or any truth, to produce an animating effect upon us, we must assent to it unconditionally; and Father Newman has first to prove in general, as against Locke and the inductive philosophy, that a state of undoubting assurance on these abstruse subjects is itself legitimate.

'Assent,' he says, is a distinct act of the mind which declares that it is made up. 'It resembles the striking of a clock.' . . . It is an intimation that argument is over, the conclusion accepted, and the possibility of error no longer entertained. Numberless propositions are, in fact, held in this way in ordinary life. Each of us, for instance, holds with undoubting certainty, the

proposition that 'I shall die,' or again, that 'England is an island.' 'The fact of our death is in the future, and therefore in its nature contingent. We may have never ourselves personally sailed round England. Yet, in neither case, have we any doubt, or can a person of ordinary intelligence admit that there is room for doubt.'

The appeal to ordinary intelligence corresponds to the appeal at a later stage of the argument to the religious instincts of barbarous nations. Ordinary intelligence jumps hastily to conclusions. It is as often wrong as right, and the strength with which it holds a particular opinion may only be an index of want of thought. The proposition that 'I shall die' seems at the first blush as indisputable as that the whole is greater than its part. But those who accept the infallibility of St Paul believe that, at the last trumpet, those that are alive will be caught up into the air without dying at all. The last day, they are warned, will come like a thief in the night, and they are charged to be on the watch for it. The thought, therefore, that it may come in their time will present itself not as a probability, but certainly as something not utterly impossible. Ordinary intelligence again is similarly absolutely certain that England is an island. The man of science is certain of it too, but in the sense of the word which Father Newman quarrels with. Sudden geographical changes are extremely rare; but the time has been when England was not an island, and the time may come when it will be re-attached to the continent. The Channel is shallow, not much deeper anywhere than

the towers of Westminster Abbey. Extensive tracts of the globe have been rapidly depressed and rapidly raised again. It is therefore possible, though very unlikely, that there may be, at some point or other in the Channel, at any moment, a sudden upheaval

‘Certanty,’ Father Newman insists, is the same in kind wherever and by whomsoever it is experienced. The gravely and cautiously formed conclusion of the scientific investigator, and the determination of the school-girl, that the weather is going to be fine, do not differ from each other so far as they are acts of the mind. And the school-girl has *pro tanto* an evidence in her conviction that the fact will be as she believes. Nay, rather the laborious inference hesitatingly held after patient and sceptical examination, Father Newman considers inferior in character, and likely to be less productive of fruit than assent more impulsively yielded.

In such instances of certitude, the previous labour of coming to a conclusion, and that repose of mind which I have above described as attendant on an assent to its truth, often counteracts whatever of lively sensation the fact thus concluded is in itself adapted to excite; so that what is gained in depth and exactness of belief is lost as regards freshness and vigour. Hence it is that literary or scientific men, who may have investigated some difficult point of history, philosophy, or physics, and have come to their own settled conclusion about it, having had a perfect right to form one, are far more disposed to be silent as to their convictions, and to let others alone, than partisans on either side of the question, who take it up with less thought and seriousness. And so again, in the religious world, no one seems to look for any great devotion or fervour in controversialists, writers on Christian Evidences, theologians, and the like, it being taken for granted, rightly or wrongly, that such men

are too intellectual to be spiritual, and are more occupied with the truth of doctrine than with its reality. If, on the other hand, we would see what the force of simple assent can be, viewed apart from its reflex confirmation, we have but to look at the generous and uncalculating energy of faith as exemplified in the primitive Martyrs, in the youths who defied the pagan tyrant, or the maidens who were silent under his tortures. It is assent, pure and simple, which is the motive cause of great achievements; it is confidence, growing out of instincts rather than arguments, stayed upon a vivid apprehension, and animated by a transcendent logic, more concentrated in will and in deed for the very reason that it has not been subjected to any intellectual development.

Nothing can be more true than this, as applied to moral obligation; nothing more illusory if extended to doctrine or external fact. I may think myself right, but there is still a bridge to be crossed between my thought and the reality. My own experience assures me too painfully of my fallibility. I have experienced equally the fallibility of others. No one can seriously maintain that a consciousness of certitude is an evidence of facts on which I can rely. Yet Father Newman clings to the belief that in some sense or other it is a legitimate proof to any man of the truth of any opinion which he peremptorily holds. 'It is characteristic of certitude,' he says, 'that its object is a truth, a truth as such, a proposition as true. There are right and wrong convictions, and certitude is a right conviction; if it is not right with a consciousness of being right, it is not certitude. Now, truth cannot change; what is once truth is always truth; and the human mind is made for truth, and so rests in truth, as it cannot rest in falsehood. When then it once becomes possessed of a truth, what is to dispossess it?'

It is open to Father Newman to distinguish, if he pleases, between certitude and conviction. He may say that we may be convinced of what is false, but only certain of what is true. But this is nothing to the purpose, so long as we have no criterion to distinguish one from the other as an internal impression. Father Newman is certain that the Pope is Vicar of Christ. Luther was no less certain that the Pope was Antichrist. Father Newman believes that the substance of bread is taken away in the act of consecration. The Protestant martyrs died rather than admit that bread could cease to be bread when a priest mumbled a charm over it. Who or what is to decide between these several acts of consciousness, which was certitude and which conviction?

The Church evidently is the true *Deus ex machinâ*. The Church, in virtue of its infallibility, will resolve this and all other difficulties; and the infallibility, it seems, is somehow or other its own witness, and proves itself as Spinoza demonstrated the existence of God. 'I form a conception,' Spinoza says, 'of an absolutely perfect being. But existence is a mode of perfection; a non-existent being is an imperfect being; and therefore God's existence is involved in the Idea of Him.' Father Newman similarly appears to say that the mind is made for truth, and demands it as a natural right. Of the elementary truth that the Church is infallible it can be as sure as that Victoria is Queen of England; and this once established it has all that it requires. It is true that we have made mistakes; but *usum non tollit*

abusus. That we have been often wrong does not imply that we may not be right at last. Our faculties have a correspondence with truth. ~~They were given to us~~ **ALLAHABAD** to lead us into truth, and though they fail many times they may bring us right at last. Once established in certitude we have nothing more to fear, and may defy argument thenceforth. Our past mistakes may after all have been only apparent. We have called ourselves certain, when we had only a strong presumption, an opinion, or an intellectual inference. Or again, we may fancy that we have changed our minds when in fact we have not changed our convictions but only developed them; as a Theist remains a Theist though he add to his Theism a faith in revelation; and a Protestant continues to hold the Athanasian Creed though he pass into a Catholic. St Paul is admitted to be a difficulty, St Paul indisputably did once hold that Christianity was an illusion; but St Paul is got rid of by being made an exceptional person. 'His conversion, as also his after life, was miraculous.'

Any way, when once possessed of certitude, we cannot lose it. No evidence, however clear, can shake us thenceforward. 'Certitude ought to stand all trials or it is not certitude.' Its very office is to cherish and maintain its object, and its very lot and duty is to sustain such shocks in maintenance of it without being damaged by them. Father Newman takes an example, and it is an extremely significant one.

Let us suppose we are told on an unimpeachable authority, that a man whom we saw die is now alive again and at his work, as it

was his wont to be; let us suppose we actually see him and converse with him, what will become of our certitude of his death? I do not think we should give it up; how could we, when we actually saw him die? At first, indeed, we should be thrown into an astonishment and confusion so great, that the world would seem to reel round us, and we should be ready to give up the use of our senses and of our memory, of our reflective powers, and of our reason, and even to deny our power of thinking, and our existence itself. Such confidence have we in the doctrine that when life goes it never returns. Nor would our bewilderment be less, when the first blow was over, but our reason would rally, and with our reason our certitude would come back to us. Whatever came of it, we should never cease to know and to confess to ourselves both of the contrary facts, that we saw him die, and that after dying we saw him alive again. The overpowering strangeness of our experience would have no power to shake our certitude in the facts which created it.

No better illustration could have been given of the difference between what is called in commendation 'a believing mind,' and a mind trained to careful and precise observation. In such a case as Father Newman supposes, a jury of modern physicians would indisputably conclude that life had never been really extinct, that the symptoms had been mistaken, and the phenomena of catalepsy had been confounded with the phenomena of death. If catalepsy was impossible, if the man had appeared, for instance, to lose his head on the scaffold, they would assume that there had been a substitution of persons, or that the observers had been taken in by some skilful optical trick. Father Newman may, perhaps, go further and suppose that they had themselves seen the man tied to a gun and blown to pieces beyond possibility of deception. But a man of science would reply that such a case could not occur. That

men once dead do not return to life again has been revealed by an experience too uniform to allow its opposite to be entertained even as a hypothesis

Catholic certitude involving the acceptance of miracles, the development of the subject brings up naturally the famous argument of Hume. Father Newman is more candid in his statement of it than Butler. Butler, perhaps, had not read Hume's Essay or he could hardly have evaded so completely the point of the objection. Men suppose, Butler says, that there is an antecedent presumption against miracles; and he answers that there is a strong presumption against half the facts of ordinary experience. There are fifty ways which I may go after I leave my door. The odds are forty-nine to one against my taking any particular way that can be mentioned, yet when a person says that he saw me go that way and not another, his evidence is accepted without difficulty, and the fact is taken to be proved. But this is entirely to leave out of sight the difference between occurrences which are contrary to experience, and therefore improbable in themselves, and occurrences which have no inherent unlikelihood about them. That a notorious liar should have perjured himself in a court of justice would excite no surprise in itself, and would be believed on moderate evidence. That a notoriously noble and upright man should have consciously done a base action for a selfish object would be so incredible to us, that scarcely any accumulation of proof would persuade us that it was true.

Dr Newman states the argument more justly, though we cannot think he succeeds in meeting it.

‘It is argued by Hume,’ he says, ‘against the actual occurrence of the Jewish and Christian miracles, that, whereas “it is experience only which gives authority to human testimony, and it is the same experience which assures us of the laws of nature,” therefore, “when these two kinds of experience are contrary” to each other, “we are bound to subtract the one from the other;” and, in consequence, since we have no experience of a violation of natural laws, and much experience of the violation of truth, “we may establish it as a maxim, that no human testimony can have such force as to prove a miracle, and make it a just foundation for any system of religion.”’

This is Hume’s real argument accurately though briefly stated. How does Dr Newman answer it?

‘I will accept the general proposition,’ he says, ‘but I resist its application. Doubtless, it is abstractedly more likely that men should lie than that the order of nature should be infringed; but what is abstract reasoning to a question of concrete fact? To arrive at the fact of any matter, we must eschew generalities, and take things as they stand, with all their circumstances. . . . The question is not about miracles in general, or men in general, but definitely, whether these particular miracles, ascribed to the particular Peter, James, and John, are more likely to have been than not.’

‘More likely to have been than not’ is a widely dif-

ferent thing from absolute certainty, and verges on the balancing of probability which elsewhere is so severely disclaimed. But after a man has accepted the general proposition, how in reason can he ask what it has to do with concrete fact? What else should it have to do with? It is not an axiom of pure mathematics or a formula made up of symbols. It professes to be and it is a generalization from concrete experience. It calls itself, rightly or wrongly, an expression of a universal truth, and being such, must therefore govern every particular instance which can be brought under it. Had Hume said simply that miracles were improbable, and that more evidence was required to establish them than to establish ordinary facts, the answer would have been to the purpose; but the gist of Hume's argument is that no evidence whatever can prove a miracle, and to accept the premiss and to refuse its application on the plea that it is an abstract proposition, is to fly in the face of logic and common sense. Catholics, in fact, do not and cannot feel the improbability of miracles. An invisible but definite miracle is worked whenever a mass is said. In Catholic countries miracles, real or imaginary, are things of daily occurrence. Under 'particular circumstances' they are more likely to occur than not, and therefore any, even the slightest and most indirect, testimony is sufficient to make credible any given instance of miracle.

Prejudices, prepossessions, 'trifles light as air,' irregular emotions, implicit reasons, 'such as we feel,

but which for some cause or other, because they are too subtle or too circuitous, we cannot put into words so as to satisfy logic,' these, and such as these, in matters of religion, are genuine evidences to which, we are told, a reasonable man is expected to defer. Having once passed the line where evidence can be produced and tested, we are at the mercy of imagination, and the reader who has thus committed himself can now be led forward blindfold through the analytical labyrinth. The intellectual faculties, 'looking before and after,' are touched as it were by a torpedo. Our criteria of truth leave us. One thing seems as reasonable as another. We strike our flag and surrender. We 'consent,' as Father Newman advises us, 'to take things as they are and resign ourselves to what we find; instead of devising, which cannot be, some sufficient science of reasoning which may compel certitude in concrete conclusions; to confess that there is no ultimate test of truth besides the testimony borne to the truth by the mind itself, and that this phenomenon, perplexing as we may find it, is a normal and inevitable characteristic of the mental constitution of a being like man on a stage such as the world.'

In this condition we are invited to recognize the claims of the Catholic Church upon us. 'The Catholic religion,' we are told, 'is reached by inquirers from all points of the compass, as if it mattered not where a man began so that he had an eye and heart for the truth.' Before 'the miserable deeds of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries' 'the visible Church was the

light of the world, conspicuous as the sun in the heavens. The creed was written on her forehead,' in accordance with the text, 'Who is she that looks forth at the dawn, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array?' 'Clouds have now come over the sky, but what the Church has lost in her appeal to the imagination she has gained in philosophical cogency by the evidence of her persistent vitality. She is as vigorous in her age as in her youth, and has upon her *primâ facie* signs of divinity.'

Whether the Church has really gained in philosophical cogency by the Reformation and its consequences is a matter on which Father Newman has a right to his opinion, but others have also a right to theirs, which will probably be different. To ourselves it appears that what vitality she possesses is proportioned to the degree in which she has adopted the principles of her enemies, that so far as she retains her own she becomes every hour more powerless to act upon them. If it be vitality to have lost her hold on nine-tenths of the educated laymen in her own communion; if it be vitality to have compelled every Catholic Government to take from her the last fibre of secular and civil authority, to deprive her even of her control over education, and relegate her to the domain of mere opinion; if it be a sign of vigour that her once world-wide temporal authority is now limited to a single state, and supported there by the bayonets of a stranger,¹ then indeed the evidence of her divinity may

¹ Written in the spring of 1870.

be said to have gained strength. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Church destroyed by sword and fire many hundreds of thousands of men and women in the effort to recover her dominion. She still professes intolerance, and Father Newman himself claims it as her right. Let her lay her hand upon one single heretic and dispose of him, as she used to do, at the stake; let but one man, now on the occasion of this brilliant Council, be publicly burnt in Rome for want of orthodoxy; and who does not know that the whole ecclesiastical fabric would be torn to pieces by the indignation of mankind?

Yet to Father Newman the position of the Church is so splendid, she is so visibly the representative of the majesty of God, that she challenges comparison with every other religious institution, and has a claim in the fact of her existence to universal submission.

He now passes on to show in detail how the Church in her teaching and character corresponds with the demands of our nature. Returning to natural religion, but henceforward in another relation to it, he appeals to the primitive traditions of our race, and to the present beliefs and practices of savage nations, for the elementary and instinctive principles of devotion.

The condition of the savage from the point of view of history, is simple and intelligible. Ignorant of the nature of the forces which surround him, ignorant that the movements of the stars, the revolution of the seasons, the phenomena of growth and decay, and sickness and health, are the result of agencies constant

in their operation and discoverable by observation, he attributes them to the capricious will of beings like himself, and differing from him only in power. He makes God or gods after his own image, and knowing that he himself is alternately generous and benevolent, and vindictive and passionate, treats his divinities as he is himself treated by his own slaves, regards them with a combination of love and terror, and prays to them, flatters them, and sacrifices to them, to win their favour to himself, and bribe them to look kindly on his enterprises. Ill fortune affecting him more keenly than prosperity, he attributes to them uniformly a disposition of envy, if not of malignity. He concludes that they bear a grudge against human happiness, and must be propitiated if their jealousy is to be appeased. He passes over without attention the ordinary occurrences of life. He dwells on the exceptions. He shudders at the eclipse, the thunder-storm, or the epidemic. He is excited by coincidents and accidents. He looks for God, not in nature, but in what seem to him to be interferences with nature, and according as they affect his own fortunes, he believes that supernatural beings are watching over him for good or for evil.

Tendencies which result manifestly from ignorance of natural causes, and yield everywhere before attention to facts, are to Father Newman the first trustworthy exhibition of the spiritual instincts of mankind. The religion of cultivation, the clearer insight which has been obtained by science into the system under which the world is really governed, he sets aside as unworthy

of consideration—as beside the question—as a mode of thought developed by intellect alone to the exclusion of conscience. He despises modern ideas on these and kindred matters so entirely that he cannot treat them with the fairness which his argument demands, for he challenges comparison for the Catholic Church with every rival belief, and he will not allow it to be compared with the creed which now divides the educated world with her. The savage is his spiritual ancestor, from whom he glories in being the visible descendant. He might as well say that the science of astronomy ought not to be gathered from actual observation of the movements of the heavenly bodies, but should be developed rather from the primitive ideas of the early races, which saw in the stars and constellations of stars the monuments of the loves of the gods or the trophies of their wars.

He dwells with especial satisfaction on the cruel element of most heathen creeds, particularly on the propitiatory sacrifices. He insists on the vindictive character of Divine punishment—vindictive as distinct from corrective—and in his passion for retribution forgets or obliterates justice. That an offence be followed by retaliation is the first necessity to him. That the criminal himself should be the person to suffer is only the second. Civilized nations endeavour imperfectly to limit the consequences of bad actions to the perpetrators themselves. We consider governments to be good or bad as men receive under them the just reward of their conduct. Father Newman's sense of

equity is satisfied with vicarious penalties; and as he prefers the fetish of the savage to the philosophy of the man of science, we presume that he would consider the criminal system of China nearer than that of Europe to the general order of Providence. In China, when a murder has been committed, the law demands life for life; but Chinese justice is satisfied with the punishment of somebody, and the criminal is permitted to find a substitute. Father Newman says: 'Since all human suffering is in its last resolution the punishment of sin, and punishment implies a rule and a rule of justice, he who undergoes the punishment of another in his stead may be said in a certain sense to satisfy the claims of justice towards that other in his own person.' We should rather say that when the innocent suffers for the guilty a second wrong has been added to the first and although, in the imperfection of human things, justice often misses its mark, and in the confusion and whirl of life the penalties of evil deeds are distributed unequally and unfairly, the function of human society is to redress these inequalities rather than acquiesce in them and sanction them; and a government stands high or low in its claim to honour and respect, according as it adjusts punishments to the shoulders on which they legitimately ought to fall.

Modern ideas on these and similar subjects are here characterized, however, as 'simply false.' 'inasmuch as they contradict the primary teaching of nature in the human race, wherever a religion is found and its workings can be ascertained.' Father Newman's views

are, in one respect, consistent. He admits that these religions, to which he pays so much honour, 'in the corrupt state in which they appear in history, are little better than schools of imposture, cruelty, and impurity,' and inasmuch as he considers that 'God is sanctity, truth, and love, and the three offences against His majesty are impurity, untruth, and cruelty,' the acknowledgment seriously impairs their value as authorities. The Church, however, it must be confessed, has in this respect made good its kindred with them. The monasteries in the sixteenth century were found to be nests of unnatural crime. The claims of the Holy See were built on forged decretals, the Bible was supplanted by legends of saints, and the bloody customs of Dahomey are less atrocious than the Paris frenzy on the day of St Bartholomew, for which Gregory XIII. ordered a *Te Deum*.

If the corrupt early religions are notwithstanding more trustworthy than philosophy, it is but reasonable to maintain that the Church may have committed the same crimes, and retain in spite of them its divine claims to our admiration.

The dominant Catholic Church (he continues) aimed at the benefit of all nations by the spiritual conquest of all, . . . its successes have on the whole been of extreme benefit to the human race. It has imparted an intelligent notion about the Supreme God among millions who would have lived and died in irreligion. It has raised the tone of morality wherever it has come, has abolished great social anomalies and miseries, has raised the female sex to its proper dignity, has protected the poorer classes, has destroyed slavery, encouraged literature and philosophy, and had a principal part in that civilization

of the human kind, which with some evils still has on the whole been productive of far greater good’

This is hardy, to say the least of it. When the Church was in the plenitude of its power, the notion taught by it of the Supreme God was that of a being who looked approvingly on an *auto-da-fé*, who could be bribed to remit the penalties of sin by masses purchased with money; who, though all-wise and all-good, could be turned aside from His purpose by the entreaties or remonstrances of the saints. The same notion is still evidently held by Father Newman himself, who has submitted to a Church whose voice he regards as the voice of the Holy Spirit, yet whose impending decision he ventures to deprecate and dread. He argues as if the Holy Spirit were about to dictate a decree the effects of which had been imperfectly considered. He tells us that he prays to Augustine, Ambrose, and Jerome, Athanasius, Chrysostom, and Basil, to avert the great calamity; and, as if the Supreme Power were indifferent or blind, believes, or affects to believe, ‘that their intercession would decide the matter.’ Of all theories ever proposed by man on the government of the universe, this seems to us to be about the maddest.¹

As for the other achievements which he claims for Romanism, history would say that the abolition of social anomalies had commenced with the revolt of the sixteenth century, and had progressed side by side with

¹ The allusion is to a letter of Father Newman's, published while the Council was sitting in Rome, and before it had decided the ‘Infallibility.’

the intellectual movement which he detests and despises. The Spaniards, the most Catholic of nations, were the most ruthless in their conquests, and have been the last to part with their slaves. The extinction of serfdom in England was coincident with the Reformation. The tyranny of the French aristocracy survived unmolested while the Church was predominant, and fell with its fall. As to encouragement of literature, what one distinguished man of letters in the last three centuries has owed anything to the patronage of Rome?

Father Newman pays an unwilling compliment to the Reformation in claiming the effects of it for the body to which he belongs. An analogous deference to the modern spirit appears still more singularly in the following ingenious passage —

Eternity or endlessness is in itself only a negative idea, though punishment is positive. Its fearful force, as added to punishment, lies in what it is not. It means no change of state, no annihilation, no restoration, but it cannot become a quality of punishment any more than a man's living seventy years is a quality of his mind, or enters into the idea of his virtues or talents. If punishment be attended by continuity, or by sense of succession, this must be because it is endless and something more. Such inflictions are an addition to its endlessness, and do not necessarily belong to it because it is endless. As I have already said, the great mystery is not that evil has no end, but that it had a beginning. But I remit the whole subject to the Theological School.

The time has been when the fathers of the Church conceived that a principal source of the happiness of the blessed would be the contemplation of the torments of the damned. We cannot jump off our shadows, and as little can we escape the influence of the society in

which we live Father Newman is as unable as the most tender-hearted liberal to contemplate without horror the never-ending conscious agony of a human soul.

To draw these remarks to a conclusion. What has been said is from the nature of the case no more than a series of imperfectly connected criticisms. To do justice to a book so closely written and so delicately organized would require a volume as long as itself and a skill equal to its author's. We have been able only to indicate the line of its purpose, and to take objections to the successive positions which are assumed as the argument develops itself.

The conclusion contains a beautiful sketch of the rise of Christianity, with an analysis of the causes assigned by Gibbon in explanation of its spread and an exhibition of their insufficiency. We are not concerned to defend Gibbon, whose reasoning on this subject has always appeared to us singularly unconvincing. Still less do we wish to question the nature of the power which enabled Christianity to diffuse itself; though we may mean by Christianity something else than Father Newman means, and by the power which enabled it to grow, a spiritual influence working from mind to mind, rather than an external supernatural force. Father Newman identifies Christianity with the complex doctrinal system embodied in the formulas and represented in the constitution of the Catholic Church. We mean by it the code of moral duties which were taught by our Lord upon the Mount, and which, as the type of human perfection, He illustrated

in His own character. In so far as the Catholic Church has adhered to the original pattern, in so far as it has addressed itself to the moral sense, and has aimed rather at making men good than at furnishing their intellects with orthodox formulas, so far it has fulfilled its function of regenerating mankind. Under this aspect the spread of it ceases to be a mystery. The Roman world was sunk in lies, insincere idolatry, and the coarsest and most revolting profligacy. There is something in human nature, in all times and in all countries, which instinctively recoils against such things, something which says that lies are to be abhorred, and that purity is nobler than bestiality; and when the bad side of things is at its worst the nobler sort of men refuse to put up with it longer. The Roman government offered to the devotion of the empire a Divus Nero or a Divus Domitianus. The image of a peasant of Palestine, a being of stainless integrity, appeared simultaneously, pointing to a Father in heaven and requiring men in His name to lead pure and self-sacrificing lives; and if it be true that man is more than a beast, and that conscious and moral sense are a part of his natural constitution, we require no miracles to explain why millions of men and women with such alternatives before them were found to choose the better part.

Father Newman thinks it unexampled: if he will study the history of the Reformation he will find its exact counterpart among 'the miserable deeds' of the sixteenth century.

The great mass of Christians were to be found in those classes which were of no account in the world, whether on the score of rank or of education.

We all know this was the case with our Lord and His Apostles. It seems almost irreverent to speak of their temporal employments, when we are so simply accustomed to consider them in their spiritual association, but it is profitable to remind ourselves that our Lord Himself was a sort of smith, and made ploughs and cattle-yokes. Four apostles were fishermen, one a petty tax-collector, two husbandmen, one is said to have been a coachman, and another a market-gardener. When Peter and John were brought before the Council, they are spoken of as being, in a secular point of view, 'illiterate men, and of the lower sort,' and thus they are spoken of in a later age by the fathers.

That their converts were of the same rank as themselves is reported, in their favour or to their discredit, by friends and enemies, for four centuries. 'If a man be educated,' says Celsus in mockery, 'let him keep clear of us Christians, we want no men of wisdom, no men of sense. We account all such as evil. No, but, if there be one who is inexperienced, or stupid, or untaught, or a fool, let him come with good heart.' 'They are weavers,' he says elsewhere, 'shoemakers, fullers, illiterate, clowns.' 'Fools, low-born fellows,' says Trypho. 'The greater part of you,' says Cæcilius, 'are worn with want, cold, toil, and famine, men collected from the lowest dregs of the people, ignorant, credulous women;' 'unpolished, bores, illiterate, ignorant even of the sordid arts of life, they do not understand even civil matters, how can they understand divine?' 'They have left their tongs, mallets, and anvils, to preach about the things of heaven,' says Libanius. 'They deceive women, servants, and slaves,' says Julian. The author of *Philopatris* speaks of them as 'poor creatures, blocks, withered old fellows, men of downcast and pale visages.' As to their religion, it had the reputation popularly, according to various fathers, of being an idle superstition, the discovery of old women, a joke, a madness, an infatuation, an absurdity, a fanaticism.

For Celsus and Julian write the Jesuit Campaign, and we have exactly the language which was applied to English Protestantism. Protestantism, like Chris-

tianity itself, began from below. The Marian martyrs were nine-tenths of them petty tradesmen and mechanics. The Christian brothers who first imported Tyn-dal's New Testament were weavers, carpenters, and cobblers; and the Catholic missionaries who came over in Elizabeth's time to re-conquer England declared that their only opponents were to be found among the vilest of the people.

The Catholic Religion in the sixteenth century had become like the heathen religions in the first. It had forgotten moral duty in the development of its theology. The service of God had become a juggler's game, the only visible fruits of it were tyranny and simony and lasciviousness: and the uncorrupted part of Europe rose in indignation and declared that they would remain in it no longer; that God was a Spirit, and those who worshipped Him should worship in spirit and in truth. The Church treated them as the Roman Empire had treated the Church in its infancy. They suffered martyrdom like the early Christians in defence of the same principles, and like them they conquered.

If we are now perplexed and disheartened, if some of us are looking back into Egypt and others are staggering into Atheism, it is because Protestants themselves have struck in turn into the same miserable course. They too have mistaken theology for religion, and strangled themselves in dogmatic formulas. The Catholic turned religion into ritual, the Protestant has made it consist in holding particular opinions, and at once has become an idolater like the other. He has

grown afraid of intelligence. He has shrunk from facts, and prefers a pious belief to the recognition of obvious truths. He has lost his horror of falsehood, and with it the secret of his strength. But as Christianity was in the beginning, so Protestantism was when it rose in its first revolt. The resources of it were no greater, yet its story was the same. The parallel which Father Newman looks for in vain he will find there if he cares to seek for it, and it is fatal to his own theory.

CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF PROTESTANTISM.

IN one of the western counties, the writer of this paper was recently present at an evening Evangelical prayer-meeting. The congregation were partly church-goers, partly dissenters of various denominations, united for the time by the still active revivalist excitement. Some were highly educated men and women: farmers, tradesmen, servants, sailors, and fishermen made up the rest: all were representative specimens of Evangelical Christians, passionate doctrinalists, convinced that they, and only they, possessed the 'Open Sesame' of heaven, but doing credit to their faith by inoffensive, if not useful, lives. One of them, who took a leading part in the proceedings, was a person of large fortune, who was devoting his money, time, and talents to what he called the truth. Another was well known through two counties as a hard-headed, shrewd, effective man of business; a stern, but on the whole, and as times went, beneficent despot over many thousands of unmanageable people.

The services consisted of a series of addresses from different speakers, interchanged with extempore prayers, directed rather to the audience than to the Deity. At intervals, the congregation sung hymns, and sung them particularly well. The teaching was of the ordinary kind expressed only with more than usual distinctness. We were told that the business of each individual man and woman in the world was to save his or her soul; that we were all sinners together—all equally guilty, hopeless, lost, accursed children, unable to stir a finger or do a thing to help ourselves. Happily, we were not required to stir a finger; rather, we were forbidden to attempt it. An antidote had been provided for our sins, and a substitute for our obedience. Everything had been done for us. We had but to lay hold of the perfect righteousness which had been fulfilled in our behalf. We had but to put on the vesture provided for our wearing, and our safety was assured. The reproaches of conscience were silenced. We were perfectly happy in this world, and certain to be blessed in the next. If, on the other hand, we neglected the offered grace; if, through carelessness, or intellectual perverseness, or any other cause, we did not apprehend it in the proper manner; if we tried to please God ourselves by ‘works of righteousness,’ the sacrifice would then cease to avail us. It mattered nothing whether, in the common acceptation of the word, we were good or bad; we were lost all the same, condemned by perfect justice to everlasting torture.

It is, of course, impossible for human creatures to

act towards one another on these principles. The man of business on week days deals with those whom he employs on week-day rules. He gives them work to do, and he expects them to do it. He knows the meaning of good desert as well as of ill desert. He promises and he threatens. He praises and he blames. He will not hear of vicarious labour. He rewards the honest and industrious. He punishes the lazy and the vicious. He finds society so constructed that it cannot exist unless men treat one another as responsible for their actions, and as able to do right as well as wrong.

And, again, one remembered that the Christian's life on earth used to be represented as a warfare; that the soldier who went into battle considering only how he could save his own life, would do little credit to the cause he was fighting for; and that there were other things besides and before saving their souls which earnest men used to think about.

The listeners, however, seemed delighted. They were hearing what they had come to hear—what they had heard a thousand times before, and would hear with equal ardour a thousand times again—the gospel in a nutshell; the magic formulas which would cheat the devil of his due. However antinomian the theory might sound, it was not abused by anybody present for purposes of self-indulgence. While they said that it was impossible for men to lead good lives, they were, most of them, contradicting their words by their practice. While they professed to be thinking only of

their personal salvation, they were benevolent, generous, and self-forgotten. People may express themselves in what formulas they please; but if they sincerely believe in God, they try to act uprightly and justly; and the language of theology, hovering, as it generally does, between extravagance and conventionality, must not be scanned too narrowly.

There is, indeed, attaching to all propositions, one important condition—that they are either true or false; and it is noticeable that religious people reveal unconsciously, in their way of speaking, a misgiving that the ground is insecure under them. We do not mean, of course, that they knowingly maintain what they believe may possibly be a mistake, but whatever persuasion they belong to, they do not talk about truth, but they talk about *the truth*, *the truth* being the doctrine which, for various reasons, they each prefer. Truth exists independently of them. It is searched for by observation and reason. It is tested by evidence. There is a more and a less in the degree to which men are able to arrive at it. On the other hand, for *the truth* the believer has the testimony of his heart. It suits his spiritual instincts; it answers his spiritual desires. There is no ‘perhaps’ about it; no balancing of argument. Catholics, Anglicans, Protestants are each absolutely certain that they are right. God, it would seem, makes truth; men make *the truth*; which, more or less, approaches to the other, but is not identical with it. If it were not so, these different bodies, instead of quarrelling, would agree. The measure of

approximation is the measure of the strength or usefulness of the different systems. Experience is the test. If in virtue of any creed men lead active, upright, self-denying lives, the creed itself is tolerable; and whatever its rivals may say about it, is not, and cannot be, utterly false.

It seems, however, as if the Evangelicals were painfully anxious to disclaim any such criterion. When the first address was over, the congregation sung the following singular hymn, one of a collection of which, it appeared from the title-page, that many hundred thousand copies were in circulation :

Nothing, either great or small,
Nothing, sinners, no,
Jesus did it—did it all
Long, long ago

It is finished, yes, indeed,
Finished every jot
Sinners, this is all you need,
Tell me, Is it not ?

When He from His lofty throne
Stooped to do and die,
Everything was fully done
Hearken to His cry,—

Weary, weary, burdened one,
Wherefore toil you so ?
Cease your doing, all was done
Long, long ago.

Till to Jesus' work you cling
By a simple faith,
Doing is a deadly thing,
Doing ends in death.

Cast your deadly doing down,
Down at Jesus' feet,

Stand in Him, in Him alone,
Gloriously complete

And this, we said to ourselves, is Protestantism. To do our duty has become a deadly thing. This is what, after three centuries, the creed of Knox and Luther, of Coligny and Gustavus Adolphus, has come to. The first Reformers were so anxious about what man did, that if they could they would have laid the world under a discipline as severe as that of the Roman Censors. Their modern representatives are wiser than their fathers and know better what their Maker requires of them. To the question, 'What shall I do to inherit eternal life?' the answer of old was not, 'Do nothing,' but 'Keep the commandments.' It was said by the Apostle from whose passionate metaphors Protestant theology is chiefly constructed, that 'the Gentiles, who did by nature the things contained in the law,' were on the road to the right place. But we have changed all that. We are left face to face with a creed which tells us that God has created us without the power to keep the commandments,—that He does not require us to keep them; yet at the same time that we are infinitely guilty in His eyes for not keeping them, and that we justly deserve to be tortured for ever and ever, to suffer, as we once heard an amiable excellent clergyman express it, 'to suffer the utmost pain which Omnipotence can inflict, and the creature can endure, without annihilation.'

The scene of the evening was too soothing at the time for unpleasant reflections on the paradoxes of

theology. The earnest attention, the piety, the evident warmth of belief, the certainty that those who were so loudly denouncing the worth of human endeavour would carry away with them a more ardent desire to do the works of righteousness of which they were denying the necessity—these things suggested happier conclusions on the condition of humanity: when the hearts of men are sound, the Power which made and guides us corrects the follies of our heads

Nevertheless, when we are considering the general influence for good or evil of a system or systems, the intellectual aspect of them cannot be disregarded. Religion is, or ought to be, the consecration of the whole man, of his heart, his conduct, his knowledge, and his mind, of the highest faculties which have been given in trust to him, and the highest acquirements which he has obtained for himself. When the gospel was first made generally known through the Roman Empire, it attracted and absorbed the most gifted and thoughtful men then living. Pagan philosophy of the post-Christian era has left no names which will compete on its own ground with those of Origen, Tertullian, and Clement of Alexandria. When the Reformers broke the spell of superstition in the sixteenth century, their revolt was ascribed by the Catholics to the pride of human reason. Some enchantment must now have passed over Protestantism, or over the minds of those to whom it addresses itself, when science and cultivation are falling off from it as fast as Protestantism fell away from its rival. How has a creed which had once

sounded the spiritual reveillé like the blast of the archangel's trumpet come now to proclaim in passionate childishness the 'deadliness' of human duty?

The best that every man knows dies with him; the part of him which he can leave behind in written words conveys but half his meaning even to the generation which lies nearest to him, to the men whose minds are under the same influences with his own. Later yes, when they imagine that they are following the thoughts of their forefathers, are reading their own thoughts in expressions which serve to them but as a mirror. The pale shadow called Evangelical religion clothes itself in the language of Luther and Calvin. Yet what Luther and Calvin meant is not what it means. The Protestantism of the sixteenth century commanded the allegiance of statesmen, soldiers, philosophers, and men of science. Wherever there was a man of powerful intelligence and noble heart, there was a champion of the Reformation: and the result was a revival, not of internal emotion, but of moral austerity. The passion of Evangelical teachers in every country where the Reformation made its way, was to establish, so far as the world would let them, the discipline of Geneva, to make men virtuous in spite of themselves, and to treat sins as crimes. The writings of Knox and Latimer are not more distinguished by the emphasis with which they thunder against injustice and profligacy than by their all but total silence on 'schemes of salvation'. The Protestantism of the nineteenth century has forsaken practice for opinion. It puts opinion first, and

practice second ; and in doing so it has parted company with intellect and practical force. It has become the property of the hysterical temperament which confounds extravagance with earnestness ; and even of those most under its influence, an ever-increasing number are passing back under the shadow of Catholicism, and are taking refuge in the worn-out idolatries from which their fathers set them free. What is the meaning of so singular a phenomenon ? Religion—Protestant as well as Catholic—is ceasing everywhere to control the public life of the State. Government in all countries is becoming sternly secular. The preambles of old Acts of Parliament contained usually in formal words a reference to the will of the Almighty. Legislators looked for instruction not to political economy, but to their Bibles. ‘The will of the Almighty’ is now banished to the conscience or the closet. The statesman keeps rigidly to the experienced facts of the world, and will have neither priest nor minister to interpret them for him. Political economy may contradict the sermon on the mount, but it is none the less the manual of our political leaders.

Nor does thought fare better than practice. The philosopher takes refuge in a ‘perhaps,’ and will not be driven to say things are certain which wise men cannot agree about. The man of science is supreme in his own domain, and will not permit theologians to interfere with his conclusions. Society, in its actual life, has long been atheistic. The speculative creed begins to show a tendency to follow in the track of practice.

The sovereign of modern literature—the greatest master of modern culture—says distinctly :

Wer Wissenschaft und Kunst besitzt,
 Hat auch Religion,
 Wer jene Beiden nicht besitzt,
 Der habe Religion,

On the whole public life of this age, on its politics, on its science, on its huge energetic warfare with, and conquest of, nature, might be written the inscription on the pedestal of the statue of Alexander :

Γῆν ὑπ' ἐμοῦ τίθεμαι, Ζεῦ σὺ δ' Ὀλυμπον ἔχε

That this singular estrangement should have taken place in France and Italy is no matter of surprise. The Catholic Church declared war with science when it denounced Galileo, and broke with temporal governments when it claimed a right to depose kings. It is chained to a system of doctrine which half Europe, three centuries ago, declared to be incredible, and which has received no further authentication since; while the taint is on it of the enormous crimes which it committed or prompted to sustain its failing dominion—crimes which it will not condemn and dares not acknowledge. The progress which mankind have made throughout the world in the last ten generations has been achieved in spite of a Church which could coexist with moral corruption, but shrunk from intellectual activity; which fought against reason with fire and sword, and still mumbles curses where unable longer to use force.

But why should the same phenomenon be visible

among Protestants ? Protestantism has no past to be ashamed of The prosperity of so-called Protestant nations as contrasted with Catholic, is a favourite argument with Protestant controversialists Protestantism was the creed of Burghley, of Cromwell, of Bacon, of Newton, of Berkeley. It shattered the Spanish Empire ; it fused the United Provinces into a republic, and created in its modern aspect the nationality of Scotland As a spiritual force there has been nothing equal to it since the growth of Christianity. Why has it, too, lost its power to charm ? Why has the great river which bore upon its breast the destinies of nations sunk away into the sands of modern civilization ?

The tendency of the changes in progress among us can be dimly seen, although the ultimate outcome of them is beyond the reach of prudent conjecture. The existing facts of the case become daily plainer. The positive creed has lapsed from a rule of life into a debated opinion It is no longer heard in our legislature. It is no longer respected in our philosophies. Its local spasmodic revivals resemble the convulsive movements of something which is in the agonies of death. Its threats and its promises, however clamorously uttered from the pulpits, are endured with weariness, or with the attention of resentful incredulity.

Let us follow a little further the curious phrase to which we just now alluded All religious bodies call their doctrine *the truth*—as distinguished from true. It is particularly characteristic of the Evangelicals,

who wish to be emphatic, and prefer the warmer expression. The more the words are studied, the more pregnant they appear. Truth is the same in all ages, in all languages, and to all races of men. The two sides of a triangle are greater than the third, in China as well as in England. The Professor of Astronomy at St Petersburg has no more doubt about the Newtonian theory than Le Verrier or Mr Adams. Hindoo surgeons accept and understand the circulation of the blood as easily as the students at St Thomas's. Facts once established are facts for all time; and human beings everywhere can be brought to recognize and admit them, where the evidence is properly before their eyes. There is no need of authority. There is no occasion to say 'Believe this, or you will be damned.' Truth carries its own witness with it, and an added denunciation would only suggest misgivings.

The conditions under which the propositions of a creed have found acceptance are singularly different: one man sees the force of the evidence for them; to another the evidence is no evidence at all. We are told that the heart must be in the right state, that there must be the gift of the Spirit, prevenient grace, election, conversion, assurance, and one knows not what. The phraseology points in itself to something individual, to special favour bestowed upon this or that particular soul. Yet the phenomena of the world and of history will not fit into any such formula. The doctrines of the Reformation were not accepted by this person or rejected by that; but as if by some latent

magnetism, they selected throughout Europe the Teutonic races, leaving the Celtic and Latin races, after a brief struggle, to Catholicism, and scarcely touching the Slavonic races at all. England and Scotland became Protestant; but the arguments which converted the Saxons failed to touch the Irish. When the war of freedom ended in the Low Countries, the seven Teutonic Provinces were independent and Calvinistic; while Celtic Belgium remained to Rome and Spain. France, in which Celtic and Frankish elements were combined, was convulsed for half a century. The country could not be divided, and the majority carried the day. But it is said the part taken by the great families in the wars of the League was determined by their blood: the Colignies, the Turennes, the Montgomeries, the Rochefoucaulds, all the leading Huguenots, were of German descent.

We are not to suppose that there was a second time a selection of a peculiar people. No respectable divine has ever held that the Teutonic race, as a race, were favoured with a special revelation. Nor has piety, or the peculiar grace of character which religion, and only religion, bestows, been peculiar to them or their creed. There are saints and sinners among Latins as well as Teutons. There are saints and sinners among Catholics as well as Protestants. Each only has followed a spiritual type of its own. Something else has been at work besides either divine grace or outward evidence of truth, something which, for want of a better word, we must call spiritual affinity.

Nor is this all Free-thought was once offered to the world in the form of Protestantism, but it was offered once only Those who refused it then never seem to have had a second opportunity ; and the subsequent rebellions of reason against authority have all taken the form of revolution. Protestantism has made no converts to speak of in Europe since the sixteenth century. It shot up in two generations to its full stature, and became an established creed with defined boundaries ; and the many millions who in Catholic countries proclaim their indifference to their religion, either by neglect or contempt, do not now swell the congregations of Protestant church or conventicle. Their objections to the Church of Rome are objections equally to all forms of dogmatic and doctrinal Christianity. And so it has come about, that the old enemies are becoming friends in the presence of a common foe. Catholics speak tenderly of Protestants as keeping alive a belief in the creeds, and look forward to their return to the sheep-fold ; while the old Antichrist, the Scarlet Woman on the Seven Hills, drunk with the blood of the saints, is now treated by Protestantism as an elder sister and a valiant ally in the great warfare with infidelity. The points of difference are forgotten ; the points of union are passionately dwelt upon ; and the remnants of idolatry which the more ardent English Protestants once abhorred and denounced, are now regarded as having been providentially preserved as a means of making up the quarrel and bringing back the churches into communion. The dread of Popery is

gone. The ceremonial system, once execrated as a service of Satan, is regarded as a thing at worst indifferent, perhaps in itself desirable; and even those who are conscious of no tendency to what they still call corruption, are practically forsaking the faith of their fathers, and re-establishing, so far as they can or dare, those very things which their fathers revolted against.

These phenomena seem to say that Protestantism, as a body of positive doctrine, was not a discovery or rediscovery of truth—of truth as it exists from eternity, independent of man's conception of it—but something temporary, something which the minds of men who were determined at all costs to have done with idolatry, threw out of themselves as a makeshift in the confusion—a passionate expression of their conviction that God was a spirit—to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, and not with liturgies and formularies. In the desperate struggle for emancipation, their emotion took form in vehement and imaginative metaphors; and those metaphors, full of fire and force in an age which was in harmony with them, have become gradually, as times have changed, extravagant, unmeaning, and false. The outpourings of pious enthusiasm are addressed rather to the heart than to the head, and when taken out of their connection and shaped by cold theologians into articles of faith, they cannot stand the test, and fall to pieces.

Whence, then, came the original power of Protestantism? What was there about it which once had such extraordinary attraction for great and noble-

mind men? Enthusiasm does not make heroes if it is enthusiasm for illusion. Some great genuine truth there must have been at stake in that tremendous conflagration, or it would have burnt out like a fire of straw. Something indisputably there was which the descendants of the Reformers have forgotten, and have lost their strength in forgetting it. In the Protestantism of a Latimer or a Knox there were two constituents. The positive part of it was the affirmation of the elementary truth of all religions, the obligation of obedience to the law of moral duty; the second, or negative, part was a firm refusal to believe in lies, or to conceal or disguise their disbelief. All great spiritual movements have started under the same conditions. They have their period of youth and vitality, their period of established usefulness, and in turn their period of petrification. Creeds, by the very law of their being, stiffen in time into form. Wherever external ceremonial observances are supposed to be in themselves meritorious or efficacious, the weight of the matter is sooner or later cast upon them. To sacrifice our corrupt inclinations is disagreeable and difficult. To sacrifice bulls and goats in one age, to mutter paternosters and go to a priest for absolution in another, is simple and easy. Priests themselves encourage a tendency which gives them consequence and authority. They need not be conscious rogues, but their convictions go along with their interests, and they believe easily what they desire that others should believe. So the process goes on, the moral element growing weaker and weaker, and at last

dying out altogether. Men lose their horror of sin when a private arrangement with a confessor will clear it away. Religion becomes a contrivance to enable them to live for pleasure, and to lose nothing by it ; a hocus-pocus which God is supposed to have contrived to cheat the devil—a conglomerate of half-truths buried in lies. As soon as this point is reached the catastrophe is not far off. Conscience does not sleep. The better sort of men perceive more or less clearly that they are living upon illusions. They may not see their way to anything better. They may go on for awhile in outward conformity, but sooner or later something occurs to make them speak, some unusually flagrant scandal, or some politically favourable opportunity for a change. A single voice has but to say the fitting word, and it is the voice not of one but of millions. In the hearts of all generous high-minded persons there is an instinctive hatred of falsehood : a sense that it is dreadful and horrible, and that they cannot and dare not bear with it. They had wanted bread and they were fed with stones—but the stones will not serve them longer, and they fall back on the original elementary moral certainties which are the natural food of their souls.

The negative element is usually that which at the beginning most occupies them, which constitutes at once their honour and their peril. The positive element is simple and rapidly summed up ; nor in general does it contain the points for which the battle is being fought. The Reformers' chief business always is to

destroy falsehood, to drag down the temple of imposture where idols hold the place of the Almighty.

The growth of Christianity at the beginning was precisely this. The early martyrs did not suffer for professing the name of Christ; the Emperor Adrian had no objection to placing Christ in the Pantheon; but they would not acknowledge the deities of the empire. They refused to call beings divine which were either demons or nothing. The first step in their conversion was the recognition that they were living in a lie, and the truth to which they bore witness in their deaths was not the mystery of the Incarnation, but simply that the gods of Greece and Rome were not gods at all. The thoughts of their Master and Saviour hovered before them in their tortures, and took from death its terrors; but they died, it cannot be too clearly remembered, for a negation. The last confession before the prætor, the words on which their fate depended, were not 'We do believe,' but 'We do not believe.' 'We will not to save our miserable lives take a lie between our lips, and say we think what we do not think.'

The Reformation was yet more emphatically destructive. The very name Protestant was a declaration of revolt. It commenced with the repudiation of pardons and indulgences; and the theory of the priesthood followed. The clergy professed to be a separate and sacred caste, to possess magical powers in virtue of their descent from the Apostles, and to be able to work

invisible miracles by gestures and cabalistic sentences. The war passed rapidly to the central mystery of the Catholic faith. Heaven did not interfere, so the Church fought for it, and went to work sword in hand to chastise the innovators. Where they could not resist they died; and if we look over the trials of the Protestant confessors in Holland, France, or England, we find them condemned, not for their positive doctrines of election, justification, or irresistible grace—the Church would have let them say what they pleased about curious paradoxes, which would have added but fresh propositions to the creed and furnished fresh material for faith—the Church destroyed them for insisting that bread was bread and wine was wine, and that a priest was no more a conjuror than a layman. And then to serious persons like John Frederick, and Coligny, and William the Silent, the question rose, should the Church be allowed to do this? While the debate turned on intricacies of theology, they were uncertain, and were inclined to stand still. These great men did not quarrel with transubstantiation as a mere theological opinion. They were unwilling to embroil Christendom for words. They would have left opinion free, and allowed the liberty to others which they demanded for themselves. The burnings and massacres forced them into a sterner attitude. When towns began to be sacked, and women ravished and buried alive, and men by tens of thousands hanged, shot, roasted, torn in pieces, and babies tossed upon the pikes of Romish crusaders, a cause had risen which

might well command the sympathies of every brave man ; the cause of humanity against theology, the cause of God against the devil. It is idle to say that the Catholic cruelties of the sixteenth century rose from the spirit of the age. If the plea were true, the Papacy could not be held excused, for the Papacy claims to be inspired by God, and not by the temper of the times. But the age was not cruel till the Church made it so. The Reformers, before they were persecuted, never sought or desired more for themselves than toleration ; they demanded merely permission to think and speak their own thoughts. If in isolated cases extreme fanatics followed the atrocious examples of the Catholics, it was because they had not wholly shaken off the spirit of the creed in which they had been bred. But the judicial murders which can be laid to the charge of Protestants are as units where the Church is responsible for thousands.

On obscure subjects on which certain knowledge is impossible, it is at once inevitable and desirable that men should have different opinions. Such truth as we can hope to obtain on these matters is advanced and protected by discussion, and theological schools are not to be allowed to compensate by violence for the absence or weakness of argument. That we should not be forced at the sword's point by a so-called authority to say that we believe what we do not believe, and deny the intelligence which God has given us,—this is what we have a right to demand, and Protestantism, if the same circumstances return, will again command our

allegiance as heartily as ever. But the history of it tells us the secret of its strength as well as of its weakness. When the power to persecute was taken from the Church, when Protestantism became a system of positive opinion, contending for supremacy as soon as it had achieved toleration, when it showed a disposition to revive in its own favour the methods from which it had suffered, the tide which had carried it to victory ceased to flow. From that time forward it was contending for no great principle. It was contending only for its own formulas, which may or may not be true, but which are not proved to be true; and, by parallel necessity, the weakness of the two creeds has developed side by side. As Rome ceased to tyrannize from want of power, the positive Protestant lost the noblest of his allies, and lost hold in himself of the real principles for which the battle of the Reformation had been fought.

The Reformer of the sixteenth century denied the power of the keys. It was decided that for himself and those who went with him, he had a right to say what he thought. but he obtained no right to punish by disabilities or otherwise his neighbour who continued to believe in the keys; and his own theories of justification were of little moment to those who preferred to remain in suspense on matters beyond comprehension. Luther, on the other hand, might have taught justification by faith if he would have left the priesthood alone, just as the priests might have gone on teaching their own doctrines as long as they could

get a congregation to listen to them, if the Inquisition would have left the Protestants alone. The evil element in Catholicism which made good men so detest it, was not that it held a theory of its own on the relation between God and man, but that it murdered everybody who would not agree with it. The work of the Reformation was done when speculative opinion was declared free. The lay intelligence of the world cares at all times more for justice than theology, and it left the Protestants to fight their own battles with their own arguments, as soon as it had secured them fair play.

The contrast between the negative and positive principles—the power of the first and the weakness of the second—has become increasingly apparent in every successive generation.

As long as Jesuitism continued powerful in Spain and Austria—as long as the old régime was maintained in France, and want of orthodoxy in Catholic countries was directly or indirectly treated as a crime—the cause of Protestantism was more or less the cause of liberty. The revolutions at the close of the eighteenth century completed the work of the sixteenth. The last poison fangs of the old serpent were drawn; it was left a harmless creature whose crimes were things of the past; and it became venerable to sentimentalism for its feebleness and its antiquity. Other questions arose to agitate the intellect of the thinking portion of mankind, which timid Protestants found as dangerous to their own speculations as they were dangerous to what was left of Romanism. They forgot their ancient abhorrence

of falsehood. Propositions which they came into being to deny have become more tolerable to them than a further advance on the road to freedom. They have quarrelled with their best friends. They have ceased to protest; and on many sides, and in a thousand subtle ways, they are making advances to their old antagonist, and endeavouring to unite their forces with his against 'the infidel spirit of the age.'

The sacramental system means something, or it means nothing. It is true, or it is false. The English Evangelicals used to answer in clear ringing tones for the second alternative. There was no playing with words, no sentiment, no mystification. They insisted sternly and firmly that material forms were not and could not be a connecting link between God and the human soul. The English High Churchman was less decided in his words, but scarcely less so in his practice. He was contented to use the ambiguous formulas which the Reformation left in the Liturgy; but he confined his 'celebrations' to four times a year. He regarded the Anglican ceremonial generally rather as something established by law which it was his business to carry out than as a set of rites to which he attached a meaning. High Churchmen have discovered now that the mystic body in the Eucharist is in the hands as well as the heart of the believer. They pine for more frequent communions as the food of their spiritual existence. They are gliding rapidly into the positive affirmation of the doctrine which Latimer and Ridley were executed for denying. The Evangelicals shrink from being

behindhand. They have lost confidence in themselves; they play with mysticism, and admit that things untrue in one sense may be true in another. They are patching their garments from the rags which their fathers cast away, anxious rather to maintain their party than their principles, as the Tories steal the policy of the Radicals to keep their Cabinet in office.

The predominant feature in the English Reformation was the abridgment of the special prerogatives of the clergy. From a position of almost supremacy, they were reduced into the servants of the State. They were made to feel that they were not a separate order deriving their authority from the Apostles, and raised above the laity by privileges or prerogative or special spiritual powers, but were a part of the general community, with particular duties to perform. And they had learnt their lesson. They had come at last, after many vicissitudes, to understand and accept the new order of things. Men now in middle life remember the rector of their childhood as a higher kind of squire—and often combining the two characters. He was justice of the peace; he took his share in general local business; he attended sessions and county meetings, he farmed his glebe or his estate; he was to all intents and purposes a well educated, country gentleman, with a higher moral standard than the laity round him, fulfilling admirably well the obligations of his station, and possessed of all the influence which naturally belonged to it.

The type is fast changing, and will soon be extinct

—much for the better, as we are told in newspapers and bishops' charges. The clergy of all persuasions attend now exclusively to their spiritual functions. The incumbent of —— is no longer to be seen, like his predecessors, on the board of magistrates in the next town. He is reading daily service at his church; he is at the Convocation House at Westminster; he is making speeches at a missionary meeting, or addressing his diocesan on the enormities of Bishop Colenso. He wears a long coat and a peculiar waistcoat, and curtails his shirt collars. He cuts his apparel as near as he dares after the Catholic fashion, and aspires to match the priest at his own weapons. He is once more professional. He is one of an order which he hopes to restore to its dignities, and he looks back on the secular parson, who hunted and shot and went to cricket-matches and election dinners, as a monster of the dark ages. The secular parson shared the pleasures as well as the occupations of his neighbour. He was no better than a layman. The modern clergy prefer the earlier condition, and desire to be once more a priesthood. We hear of few moral scandals among them. They are, as a class, devoted, self-sacrificing, hard-worked men, and, in an age more than ever given up to money-making, they are contented with the wages of an upper servant. But what they lose in secular position they aspire to recover in spiritual authority, and whatever else we may conjecture about their future, it is quite certain that they will not long remain members of a Church established and governed by the State. Either they must

drop their pretensions, or the Established Church will cease to be. They may preach more doctrine than their fathers; it may be that they preach more truth; but they know infinitely less of the people under their charge; and they in turn are less appreciated by their people. There are no longer independent points of contact between men who have no common occupations; and in town and country, notwithstanding the multiplication of churches, the revival of architecture, the religious newspapers and magazines, and the increased talk about religion everywhere, the practical influence of the clergy diminishes daily, and they know it is so, and know not why it is.

To those who like ourselves have no expectation of any good coming to us either from politics or science, unless statesmen and philosophers have some kind of faith in God, the outlook is not a happy one. The reaction towards Romanism, Anglo-Catholicism, or whatever it is called, is probably temporary—a mere eddy in the tide. It would not have arisen among us at all, except for the ignorance of modern history, which still accompanies our highest education. The Calvinistic and Lutheran Reformation agreed on one point at least—that the magical power supposed to belong to the clergy had no existence. It treated their absolution as imposture. It regarded their sacraments in the form which they had assumed, as mere idolatry, their whole conception of Christianity as false from the root. It is now pretended that in England the priest theory was retained in a modified form, and people who hold that

theory maintain that the English Church is a great deal nearer Rome than to the Presbyterians or continental Protestants.

It is certain, nevertheless, that however politicians for state purposes might choose to adjust the Anglican organization, there would have been no such thing as the English Reformation, except for those among us who did not believe in priests at all.

The first step of the English Parliament was to break the spine of sacerdotal assumption. They allowed its ghost to hover about the service-book, but on condition that it should never take substantial form again. Nor can England be separated in any real sense from the reformed States abroad. English, Dutch, French, Germans fought side by side for the liberties of Europe, against an enemy which neither acknowledged nor acknowledges that there is any distinction between them. If England was in any way singled out, it was as the country where the Protestant heresy had taken strongest and deepest root. Had Protestantism been trampled down in Holland and Germany, the apostolic succession of her bishops would not have saved England from the same fate; and as a feature in the religious history of mankind, the Reformation everywhere must be considered as one movement. If it was a good thing, all who broke off from Rome shared the honour; if it was an evil thing, all were equally guilty.

Are we then to believe that the Reformation was an evil thing? Let us have a plain answer. If Dr Pusey will not tell us, we must appeal to general intelligence.

Looking at the deeds that were done in the sixteenth century, and at the men who did them—looking at the character of the leaders on both sides, on the conditions of the struggle, and on the spirit in which the battle was fought out—can a doubt, we ask, be fairly entertained on which side the right was lying? A Catholic who has been bred up in the atmosphere of his creed, who has learned history from Lingard and Audin, and whose later studies have been controlled by the Index, may entertain an unshaken faith in the immaculate Church, which can err neither in judgment nor in action. A Howard or a Ker may cling to a cause for which his ancestors fought and suffered, which is identified with the traditions of his family, which at one time was the cause of the aristocracy against the Revolution. But when educated Protestants turn Romanists or Anglo-Catholics, and profess to hate the Reformation, they imply that they regard Coligny as a rebellious schismatic, and Catherine de Medici and her litter of hyæna cubs as on the side of providence and justice; they take part with a Duke of Alva against William the Silent, with Mary Stuart against Knox and Murray. And such a phenomenon, we repeat, can only be explained by the system of instruction at our English Universities, where we are taught accurately the constitution of Servius Tullius, but where we never hear of the Act of Supremacy, and find it an open question whether Latimer was not a raving fanatic, and Cranmer a sycophant and a scoundrel.

Let there be no mistake about this. Not only those

who are becoming Catholics, but those also who are setting the Church of England upon stilts, and praying for the reunion of Christendom, must equally condemn the Reformation. They regard the Continental Protestant as a schismatic, and his revolt from the Catholic Church as a crime. The Anglo-Catholics palliate the separation of their own Church of England, on the plea merely that it was kept providentially from lapsing into heresy, and they do not care to conceal their contempt and hate for the persons of the Reformers. Yet, all this time, the so-called 'horrors of the French Revolution' were a mere bagatelle, a mere summer shower, by the side of the atrocities committed in the name of religion, and with the sanction of the Catholic Church.

The Jacobin Convention of 1793-4 may serve as a measure to show how mild are the most ferocious of mere human beings when compared to an exasperated priesthood. By the September massacre, by the guillotine, by the fusillade at Lyons, and by the drownings on the Loire, five thousand men and women at the utmost suffered a comparatively easy death. Multiply the five thousand by ten, and you do not reach the number of those who were murdered in France alone in the two months of August and September, 1572. Fifty thousand Flemings and Germans are said to have been hanged, burnt, or buried alive under Charles the Fifth. Add to this the long agony of the Netherlands in the revolt from Philip, the Thirty Years' War in Germany, the ever-recurring massacres of the Huguenots, and

remember that the Catholic religion alone was at the bottom of all these horrors, that the crusades against the Huguenots especially, were solemnly sanctioned by successive popes, and that no word of censure ever issued from the Vatican except in the brief intervals when statesmen and soldiers grew weary of bloodshed, and looked for means to admit the heretics to grace.

With this infernal business before men's eyes, it requires no common intellectual courage to believe that God was on the side of the people who did such things—to believe that He allowed His cause to be defended by devils—while He permitted also good and brave men, who had originally no sympathy with Protestantism, to be driven into it by the horrible fruits of the old creed

If this be true, then indeed, as an Oxford Professor tells us, our human conceptions of justice and goodness are no measure of what those words mean when applied to God. Then indeed we are in worse case than if the throne of heaven was empty, and we had no Lord and Father there at all. 'I had rather be an atheist,' says Bacon, 'than believe in a god who devours his children.' The blackest ogre in a Negro fetish is a benevolent angel compared to a god who can be supposed to have sanctioned the massacre of St Bartholomew.

It is an old story that men make God after their own image. Their conception of his nature reflects only their own passions. Theological fury in the sixteenth century turned human creatures into fiends, and they in turn made God into a fiend also. The Neo-

Catholics of our own day, while they will not disclaim the God of Gregory XIII., have softened the outlines, but have failed to add to its dignity. The divinity of the Ritualistic imagination abandons the world and all its pursuits, cares nothing for the efforts of science to unfold the mysteries of the creation, or to remove the primeval curse by the amelioration of the condition of humanity—all these it leaves to the unconverted man. It takes delight in incense, and ceremonies, and fine churches, and an extended episcopate, and for the rest is occupied in its own world, and in helping priests to work invisible miracles. The Evangelical, far nobler than these, yet embarrassed still with his doctrines of reprobation, forms a theory which has some lineaments of superhuman beauty, but unable to rid himself of the savage element left behind by Calvin, offers us a Saviour at once all merciful and without mercy—a Saviour whose pity will not reject the darkest sinner from His grace, yet to those whose perplexed minds cannot accept as absolutely and exhaustively true the ‘scheme of salvation’ deals harder measure than the Holy Office of Seville. The heretic, in the *auto-da-fé*, endured but a few moments of agony. The Calvinist preacher consigns him without a shudder to an eternity of flames. *Faith* is the cry of all theologians, Believe with us and you will be saved; refuse to believe and you are lost. Yet they know nothing of what belief means. They dogmatize but they fail to persuade, and they are entangled in the old dilemma which faith alone can encounter and despise. ‘Aut non vult tollere malum

aut nequit Si non vult, non est bonus ; si nequit, non est omnipotens.'

In the present alienation of the higher intellect from religion it is impossible to foresee how soon or from what quarter any better order of things is to be looked for. We spoke of an eddy in the stream, but there are 'tides in the affairs of men' which run long and far. The phenomena of Spirit-rapping show us that the half-educated multitudes in England and America are ready for any superstition. Scientific culture seems inclined to run after the Will-o'-the-wisp of Positivism, and as it is certain that ordinary persons will not live without a belief of some kind, superstition has a fair field' before it, and England, if not Europe generally, may perhaps witness in the coming century some great Catholic revival. It is a possibility which the decline of Protestantism compels us to contemplate, and it is more easy to foresee the ultimate result than the means by which its returning influence can be effectually combated. Catholicism has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing. It is tolerant now because its strength is broken. It has been fighting for bare existence, and its demands at present are satisfied with fair play. But let it once have a numerical majority behind it and it will reclaim its old authority. It will again insist on controlling all departments of knowledge. The principles on which it persecuted it still professes, and persecution will grow again as naturally and necessarily as a seed in a congenial soil. Then it will once more come in collision with the secular intelligence

which now passes by it with disdain. The struggle ended in blood before ; and it will end in blood again, with further results not difficult to anticipate.

We are indulging, perhaps, in visionary fears, but if experience shows that in the long run reason will prevail, it shows also that reason has a hard fight for it ; and in the minds even of the most thoughtful rarely holds an undisputed empire. We expect no good from the theory of human things with which men of intellect at present content themselves. We look for little satisfaction to our souls from sciences which are satisfied with phenomena, or much good to our bodies from social theories of utility—utility meaning the gratification of the five senses in largest measure by the greatest number. We believe that human beings can only live and prosper together on the condition of the recognition of *duty*, and duty has no meaning and no sanction except as implying responsibility to a power above and beyond humanity. As long as the moral force bequeathed to us by Christianity remains, the idea of obligation survives in the conscience. The most emancipated philosopher is still dominated by its influence, and men continue substantially Christians while they believe themselves to be only Benthamites. But the feebleness of Protestantism will do its work of disintegration at last, and a social system which has no religion left in it will break down like an uncemented arch.

We have no hope from theologians, to whatever school they may belong. They and all belonging to them are given over to their own dreams, and they

cling to them with a passion proportionate to the weakness of their arguments.

There is yet a hope—it is but a faint one—that the laity, who are neither divines nor philosophers, may take the matter into their own hands, as they did at the Reformation. If Catholicism can revive, far more may Protestantism revive, if only it can recover the spirit which gave it birth. Religion may yet be separated from opinion, and brought back to life. For fixed opinions on questions beyond our reach, we may yet exchange the certainties of human duty; and no longer trusting ourselves to so-called economic laws, which are no more laws than it is a law that an unweeded garden becomes a wilderness of stinging nettles, we may place practical religion once more on the throne of society. There may lie before us a future of moral progress which will rival or eclipse our material splendour; or that material splendour itself may be destined to perish in revolution. Which of these two fates lies now before us depends on the attitude of the English laity towards theological controversy in the present and the next generation.

ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES.¹

DURING the last quarter of a century, nearly four million British subjects—English, Irish, and Scots—have become citizens, more or less prosperous, of the United States of America. We have no present quarrel with the Americans; we trust most heartily that we may never be involved in any quarrel with them; but undoubtedly from the day that they became independent of us, they became our rivals. They constitute the one great power whose interests and whose pretensions compete with our own, and in so far as the strength of nations depends on the number of thriving men and women composing them, the United States have been made stronger, the English empire weaker, to the extent of those millions and the children growing of them. The process is still continuing. Emigration remains the only practical remedy for the evils of Ireland. England and Scotland contain as many people

¹ *Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1870

as in the present condition of industry they can hold. The annual increase of the population has to be drafted off and disposed of elsewhere, and while the vast proportion of it continues to be directed on the shores of the Republic, those who leave us, leave us for the most part resenting the indifference with which their loss is regarded. They part from us as from a hard step-mother. They are exiles from a country which was the home of their birth; which they had no desire to leave, but which drives them from her at the alternative of starvation

England at the same time possesses dependencies of her own, not less extensive than the United States, not less rich in natural resources, not less able to provide for these expatriated swarms, where they would remain attached to her Crown, where their well-being would be our well-being, their brains and arms our brains and arms, every acre which they could reclaim from the wilderness, so much added to English soil, and themselves and their families fresh additions to our national stability.

And yet we are told by politicians—by some directly in words, by almost all in the apathy with which they stand by and look on—that the direction of our emigration is of not the slightest consequence to us, that there is no single point in which an emigrant who settles on the Murray or the St Lawrence, is of more value to us than one who prefers the Mississippi. In either case, if he does well for himself, he becomes a purchaser of English goods, and in this capacity alone is he of use to

us. Our interest in him, so far as we acknowledge an interest, is that he should go wherever he can better himself most rapidly, and consume the largest quantity of English calico and hardware in his household. It is even argued that our colonies are a burden to us, and that the sooner they are cut adrift from us the better. They are, or have been, demonstratively loyal. They are proud of their origin, conscious of the value to themselves of being part of a great empire, and willing and eager to find a home for every industrious family that we can spare. We answer impatiently that they are welcome to our people if our people choose to go to them, but whether they go to them or to America, whether the colonies themselves remain under our flag or proclaim their independence or attach themselves to some other power, is a matter which concerns themselves entirely, and to us of profound indifference.

Such an attitude of a Government towards its subjects is so strange, so unexampled in the history of mankind, that the meaning of it deserves study if only as a political curiosity. The United States have just spent six hundred millions of money and half a million lives in preserving their national unity. The Russians, when they find a pressure of population in Finland, load their ships of war with as many as desire to emigrate, and give them homes on the Amoor river. English subjects were once so precious in the eyes of our Government, that we did not allow them so much as a right to change their allegiance. When we look down the emigration tables we find only the Germans

who are doing anything in the least resembling what we are doing, and the Germans cannot help themselves for they have no colonies. America is not a rival of Germany, and the strengthening of America threatens no interest of any German State. Had Prussia settlements in one hemisphere and France in another, do we suppose the Court of Berlin would see the peasants from the Elbe and the Oder denationalize themselves without an effort to reclaim them? No intelligent person will believe it. The Spaniards and French indeed parted with tens of thousands of their artisans to England during the wars of religion, but they did not part with them willingly, nor was the result of the experiment such as to tempt a repetition of it. It used to be considered that the first of all duties in an English citizen was his duty to his country. His country in return was bound to preserve and care for him. What change has passed over us, that allegiance can now be shifted at pleasure like a suit of clothes? Is it from some proud consciousness of superabundant strength? Are our arms so irresistible that we have no longer an enemy to fear? Is our prosperity so overflowing and the continuance of it so certain, that we can now let it flow from us elsewhere because we can contain no more? Our national arrogance will scarcely presume so far? Is it that the great Powers of the world have furled their battle flags? Is the parliament of man on the way to be constituted, and is the rivalry of empires to be confined for the future to competition in the arts of peace? Never at any period in the world's history was

so large a share of the profits of industry expended upon armies and arms. Is it so certain that we shall never be entangled again in the quarrels of the Continent? Let the fresh engagements answer, into which we have been compelled to enter, guaranteeing the independence of Belgium. Let the fresh Black Sea embarrassment answer, from which we have barely escaped with honour. Is it that the experience of the results of the emigration to America so far has been so satisfactory as to convince us that we have no occasion to interfere with its direction? The Irish in Australia and New Zealand are as well-disposed towards us as the rest of the colonists. The Irish in America are our bitterest enemies. The Irish vote will be given unanimately for war with us if at any time any question between the two countries becomes critical, and their presence in America, and the influence which they are supposed to possess there, is the immediate cause of the present humour of Ireland itself. The millions who fled from the famine carried with them the belief that it was England, which, in one shape or other, was the cause of their misery; that it was England which was driving them from their homes. The land was theirs and we had taken it from them, and therefore they were starving. It was their belief then. It is their belief now. Nine parts of it may be absurd, but one part is reasonable. We had superseded Irish law and Irish methods of management by English law and English methods of management. Landlords holding under our system had allowed the population to out-

grow the legitimate resources of the country, because, while the potato lasted, subdivision increased their rents without cost to themselves, and then when the change came, and the landlords' interests lay the other way, they said to their tenants, 'There is no room for you here; you are not wanted; you are an expense and a trouble to us; and you must go.' Their removal in itself was inevitable. In many instances, perhaps in most, the cost of the removal was paid for them; but they identified the system under which they suffered with English tyranny, and they went away with hate in their hearts and curses on their lips. Those who went hated us because they were obliged to go. Those who stayed behind hate us because fathers have lost their sons and sisters brothers, and friends have been parted from friends. And now we have Fenianism upon us saying openly we dare not put it down, for America will not allow us.

We did not make the potato famine. We could not fight with nature, or alter the irreversible relation between land and food. Civilization brings with it always an overgrowth of people; for civilization means the policeman, and the policeman means that the natural increase of population shall not be held in check by murder and fighting and robbery. In all ranks families have to learn to be separated. England suffers from it as much as Ireland, and does not complain. This is quite true. But if when the famine came we had said to the Irish peasants, 'Through no fault of yours a terrible calamity has fallen upon you;

there are more of you living on the land than the land will support, and we take blame to ourselves, for we ought (or those who by our means are placed above you ought) to have prevented the multiplication of you where the decay of a single root might be your destruction ; when we look back upon our management of Ireland, we cannot acquit ourselves of being responsible for you ; and therefore, as you must go away, we will give you land elsewhere ; we will take you there and settle you, and help you to live till you can maintain yourselves,'—if we had said this, there would have been at least a consciousness that we had done our best to soften their misfortunes. The million that we might have sent to Canada or Australia would have drawn after them the millions that have followed. Our colonies would have doubled their population, and there would have been no Irish vote in America for party demagogues to flatter by threats of England, and no Fenianism at home.

We are told that Government has no business with emigration ; that emigration, like wages, prices, and profits, must be left to settle itself, according to laws of nature. Human things are as much governed by laws of nature as a farm or a garden, neither less nor more. If we cultivate a field it will yield us corn or green crops. The laws of nature will as assuredly overgrow it with docks and nettles if we leave it to govern itself. The settlement of Ulster under James I was an act of Government ; yet it was the only measure which ever did good to Ireland. The removal of a million poor

creatures to Canada and the establishment of them there, would have been under present circumstances considerably more easy. It was a question of money merely. To send them to Canada might have cost, perhaps, as much as the Abyssinian war. Had we feared they might cross the border after all into the States, and had preferred Australia or the Cape for them, it might have cost a little more, and it would have probably turned out on the whole a profitable investment. Trade follows the flag. We consider the Americans to be good customers, but they import only ten shillings' worth of our manufactures per head in proportion to the population. The imports of the Australian colonies are at the rate of 10% per head. English capital is locked up, or flowing away into Continental loans. The high rate of interest in America is due wholly to the extent of land there, which yields profits so enormous and so certain when reclaimed and cultivated. We have the same resource in no less abundance. We have land, we have capital, we have labour. Yet we seem to have neither the ability nor the desire to bring them together, and develop their results. We are told persistently by a powerful school of politicians, that the colonies as colonies are of no use to us, that we can look with entire indifference on their separation from us, and on their adoption of any future course which may seem best to themselves.

What is the meaning of so strange a conclusion?

Many explanations can be given of it. There is a certain vague cosmopolitanism growing up among us.

Patriotism is no longer recognized as the supreme virtue which once it was believed to be. 'Prejudice in favour of England,' that proud belief in England which made men ready to sacrifice themselves and all belonging to them in the interests of their country, is obsolete and out of fashion. It is not uncommon to hear Liberal politicians express an opinion without much regret, that England has had its day; that her fighting days are over, that, like the old *Téméraire*, she has nothing now to look for but to be towed into her last resting-place; that a hundred years hence her greatest achievement will be considered to be having given birth to America. A more respectable theory is that we are still sufficient for ourselves, that we have enormous resources yet undeveloped at home if Government will but let the people alone and leave trade and manufacture to take their course. There is the overwork of public men, who catch gladly at an excuse for shaking off unnecessary trouble. And there is the constitution of the Colonial Office, which undoubtedly has shown itself incapable of managing effectively our distant dependencies, the chiefs of the colonial as of all other departments being selected not for special acquaintance with the subject, but for the convenience of political parties, being changed repeatedly with changes of Government, and being unable therefore to carry out a consistent policy, or even to gain intelligent insight into their business. Again, there has been an impression that in case of war the colonies would be an embarrassment to us; that Canada as long as it is ours

is a possible cause of quarrel with the United States: and that if we were quit of it we should be at once in less danger of war, and if war came should be better able to defend ourselves.

On the whole, however, there are two main causes underlying the rest which beyond all others have alienated public opinion from our colonies generally, and have created that general apathy of which the attitude of statesmen is but a symbol.

The first is the position recently assumed towards us by some of the colonies themselves; the second an opinion deliberately conceived on the political situation of England and on the future which we should anticipate and labour for. The colonies no longer answer the purposes for which, when originally founded, we made them useful. When the States of the Union were British provinces, we sent there not so much our surplus population as those whose presence among us was inconvenient, our felons, rebels, and political and religious refugees. As they prospered, we made them profitable to us. They were the chief markets for our African Negro trade, and we paid no attention to their objections to slavery. We went on to tax them. They revolted and were lost to us. We supplied their places. In Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Cape of Good Hope, and elsewhere. we possessed ourselves of territories as valuable as those which had separated from us. In these places, or in some of them, so long as they would allow us, we continued to dispose of our convicts. Taught by experience we avoided our past

faults—we avoided them, that is, in the identical form for which we had paid so dearly—but so far as we dared we still administered their interests for our own convenience. We held their patronage, we disposed of their waste lands, we became involved in endless disputes with them, and this too came to an end. They refused to be demoralized by our felons : we submitted and kept them to ourselves. They claimed their lands, we abandoned them. They desired to fill their public offices with their own people : we parted with what had been an agreeable provision for younger brothers or political partisans. We surrendered all the privileges which had been immediately profitable, and finally, to close all disputes, we left them to govern themselves in whatever way seemed good to them. We gave them constitutions on the broadest basis which popular philosophers recommended. We limited our rights over them to the continuance of the titular sovereignty of the Crown, to the nomination of a Governor whose powers were controlled by the local legislature ; and we maintained regiments among them to fight their battles when they fell into trouble with their neighbours. The advantage now was all on their side. They became a weight upon the English taxpayer. They relieved us of our emigrants, such of them as they could get, but America was ready to take our emigrants and to ask nothing of us in return. Their Governments, the creation of universal suffrage, embroiled us in wars, putting us to expense in defence of proceedings which we neither advised nor approved.

The Canadians, while they expected us to protect them against the United States, levied duties on English manufactures for their own revenues. Relations such as these could not and cannot continue, and English politicians living from hand to mouth, and courting popularity by anxiety for English pockets, have declined to subsidize the colonies further, or relieve them of expenses or duties which they can discharge for themselves. We have told the New Zealanders that if they covet the Maoris' lands, they must raise troops of their own to take them. We have said generally that we will not undertake the defence of the colonies except in wars of our own making, and that if the colonies do not like the conditions they are welcome to sever the connection.

Undoubtedly there is much in this way of putting the case which is *primâ facie* reasonable. The colonies are offended. They declare themselves ardently attached to England. They say they are proud of belonging to us, and they call on England to reciprocate their affection, and they are astonished and hurt at what they regard as an injurious return. Rejected love, they tell us, curdles into enmity. A distinguished Australian reminds us that the Alabama quarrel is even now embittered by a remembrance of the tea duties. We ask with wonder what possible resemblance can be found between taxing colonies against their will and leaving them to the absolute disposal of their own fortunes. Still the colonies are not satisfied. They fail in any way to answer the argument, unless by reproaching us for

being blind to what they conceive to be our own interests, but there is a rankling feeling of injustice somewhere. They make common cause with one another, Australia takes up the wrongs of New Zealand, and both resent the frankness with which we discuss a probable separation of Canada. If they have to leave us in their present humour they hint that they can no longer be our friends. Affection cannot subside into indifference. The *spretæ injuriæ formæ* festers into ill will.

When there are differences of this kind the right is seldom wholly on one side. Taken literally, nothing can be more unlike than our past conduct to America, and our present attitude towards New Zealand. Yet situations never exactly repeat themselves, and the same spirit may exhibit itself in more forms than one. In our present relations with our colonies as well as in our past we are charged with considering or having considered nothing but our own immediate interest. It is true that we have never yet acknowledged that the colonies are of more than external moment to us. Till now, and especially since the establishment of Free Trade, there has been room in England itself for the expansion of the people. The colonies see or think they see that we have gone as far as we can go that way, they consider themselves infinitely important to us, and our determined blindness adds point to the offence. We taxed New England, they say, for our own convenience; for the same reason, and equally unwisely, we are throwing off them. We made use of them, while they left us their patronage and consented to be convict

stations; when we cannot use them any more in this way we bid them go about their business, although they are Englishmen like ourselves, as if Englishmen might be told prudently that if they had real or imagined grievances we did not want them, and that they were free to change their allegiance. Interest, however, is not the only bond by which nations are held together. Patriotism may be sentimentalism, but it is a sentimentalism nevertheless which lies at the root of every powerful nationality, and has been the principle of its coherence and its growth. Our practical differences with the colonies would have been found easy to set right had there been a real desire to adjust them, but we have not recognized their attachment to us as of serious consequence. We lost the North American States. The world thought that we were ruined, and we found ourselves as strong as before. We have come to believe that we are sufficient for ourselves, that we can keep our Indian empire and maintain our rank among other nations out of the resources of our own two islands. We imagine that all which our colonists can do for us is to become purchasers of our manufactures, and whether dependent or independent they will need equally shirts and blankets and Sheffield and Birmingham hardware.

The England of the future as pictured in the imagination of the sanguine Liberal statesman is to be the emporium of the world's trade, and an enormous workshop for all mankind. With supplies of the best iron or coal, which if not inexhaustible will last our

time and our children's and grand-children's, with the special aptitude of the English at once for mechanical art and for navigation, we consider that we can defy competition, and multiply indefinitely our mills and furnaces and ships. Our great cities are to grow greater; there is no visible limit to the development of our manufactures: we can rely upon them with confidence to supply a population far larger than we have at present. Our exports in 1862 were more than double what we exported in 1842. They may have doubled again twenty years hence, and once more by the end of the century. Civilization spreads with railroad speed; each year opens new markets to us; and with the special advantages which no other nation combines in equal measure we imagine that we have nothing to fear. Trade may occasionally fluctuate. There may be years when our prosperity may seem arrested or even threaten a decline—but in all instances such partial checks have been followed by a splendid rebound. The tide is still flowing in our favour, and we see no reason to fear that English commercial enterprise in any direction whatever is approaching its limits. Confident in ourselves we have thus looked with indifference on our dependencies in other continents, or on the opposite side of the globe. If they prefer to adhere to us we do not propose to drive them off. If they wish to leave us we are prepared neither to resist nor remonstrate. We make them understand that whether they go or stay they are masters of their own fortunes. They are practically self-governed, and with self-government

they must accept its responsibilities ; above all thing they must make no demands on the heavily-burdened English tax-payers.

The first question to be asked about all this is, whether our confidence is justified ; whether the late rate of increase in our trade is really likely to continue. There are symptoms which suggest, if not fear, yet at least misgiving. Success in trade on so great a scale depends on more than natural advantages : it depends on the use that is made of them : it depends on our reputation for honesty ; and English reputation, it is needless to say, is not what it used to be. The rage to become rich has infected all classes. Railway companies, banking companies, joint-stock trading companies have, within these few last years, fallen to shameful wreck, dragging thousands of families down to ruin. The investigation into the causes of these failures has brought out transactions which make ordinary people ask whither English honesty has gone. Yet there has been no adequate punishment of the principal offenders, nor does any punishment seem likely to be arrived at. The silk trade is said to be in a bad way, and the fault is laid on the French treaty. It was shown a year or two since, that fifty per cent of hemp was worked up into English silk. May not this too have had something to do with the decline ? It was proved, in the 'Lancet,' after a series of elaborate investigations, that the smaller retail trade throughout the country was soaked with falsehood through and through. Scarcely one article was sold in the shops frequented by the

poor, which was really the thing which it pretended to be. Last year there was an outcry about adulteration and false weights and measures: attention was called to the subject in the House of Commons by Lord Eustace Cecil, and perhaps, of all the moral symptoms of the age, the most significant is the answer which was given on that occasion by the President of the Board of Trade. The poor were and are the chief sufferers by fraud of this kind. Mr Bright has risen to distinction as the poor man's friend; and those and the analogous complaints, with the general approbation of the great Liberal party, he treated with impatient ridicule. He spoke of adulteration as a natural consequence of competition. He resisted inquiry 'Adulteration,' he said, 'arises from the very great, and perhaps inevitable, competition in business, and to a large extent it is promoted by the ignorance of customers.' He looked for a remedy in education, which would enable the poor to take care of themselves. The Home Secretary might as well have said that burglary was an inevitable consequence of the institution of property, that it was promoted by the weakness and cowardice of householders, and that he hoped it would be checked by a general possession of revolvers and increasing skill in the use of them. If the Liberal party will not admit the parallel, it is because they have lost the power of regarding swindling as a crime. If I buy what professes to be a silk umbrella and I find myself in possession of an umbrella which is two parts hemp, I am as much robbed as if a thief had picked my pocket. I am told that I

must take care of myself; that it is not the business of Government to save me from making a bad bargain. What is the business of Government? If *caveat emptor* is to be the rule, then why not *caveat viator*? Why the expense of maintaining a police? Many fine qualities are developed in men—courage, prudence, readiness, presence of mind, dexterity, and forethought—if they are left to defend for themselves their persons and their purses. Mr Bright's reply to Lord Eustace Cecil will not have tended to remove the misgivings with which foreign purchasers are watching the symptoms of English commercial morality.

Once more · do we see our way so clearly through the growing perils from the trades' unions? We are told on all sides that English manufacturers cannot hold their ground against foreign competitors if the unions are to dictate the wages at which the artisans are to work. Our monopoly of trade depends on our powers to undersell the foreigner in his own market: a very slight margin makes the difference. If the dictation of the unions is allowed to destroy that margin by insisting on an advance with the revival of demand, the manufacturer's profits are eaten up. His occupation passes from him to countries where men and masters can work together on terms more satisfactory to both of them. Has the solution of the problem been found so easy? Has the faintest ray of light as yet been thrown upon it? The unions and the master employers are in a state of war, either open or at best suspended; and war is the most wasteful and ruinous of all means

by which human differences can be adjusted. Every strike is a battle—a battle which determines nothing—in which there is no glory to be gained and no victory to be won which does not widen the breach more irreparably, while the destruction of property and the resulting ruin and devastation are immediate and incalculable. Where is there a sign that labour and capital are beginning to see their way to a reconciliation? Political economy is powerless; and the statesman who relies for the stability and progress of England on an indefinite expansion of trade, must either possess an insight marvellously deeper than that of common mortals, or must have faith in economic principles in which, for our part, we are unable to share.

But let us grant his conclusions. Suppose these difficulties overcome; suppose Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow swollen till they have each a million inhabitants; suppose Lancashire a universal workshop—a hundred thousand chimneys, the church spires of the commercial creed, vomiting their smoke into the new black heaven spread above them; Lancashire calico and Yorkshire woollen clothing every bare back in Asia; the knives and forks of Europe supplied from Sheffield; and Staffordshire furnishing iron for the railways of four continents. Let Sir Samuel Baker convert the interior of Africa into an enormous cotton-field, and the Nile become a highway, through which five million bales shall annually make their way into the Mersey. Let London expand to twice its present unwieldy size, its mendicancy and misery be absorbed,

and the warehouses on the Thames become the emporium in which the produce of the world is absorbed and again dispersed among mankind. Let the most sanguine dream of the most enthusiastic political economist be realized. Let us imagine our people so enlightened by education as to understand and act upon the policy of honesty, harmony be established between employers and employed on an enlightened recognition of their mutual interests; adulteration be thought as wicked as adultery, and the English brand on steel and calico once more accepted as a passport for excellence. Let us make an effort of imagination and concede that all this may be—well, and what then?

For a certain class of people—for the great merchants, great bankers, great shopkeepers, great manufacturers, whose business is to make money, whose whole thoughts are set on making money and enjoying the luxuries which money can command—no doubt, it would be a very fine world. Those who are now rich would grow richer; wealth in the modern sense of it would be enormously increased—suburban palaces would multiply, and conservatories and gardens, and further off the parks and pheasant preserves. Land would continue to rise in value, and become more and more the privilege of those who could afford the luxury of owning it. From these classes we hear already a protest against emigration. Keep our people at home, they say. we shall want them when trade revives. There may be no work for them at present. Their wives and little ones may be starving with cold and hunger. They

may be roaming the streets in vagrancy, crowding the casual wards or besieging the doors of the poor-houses ; but still keep them—all will be well by and by. Meantime let the poor-rate rise ; let the small householder in Whitechapel, himself struggling manfully for independence on the verge of beggary, pay six shillings in the pound to feed his neighbour who has sunk below the line. The tide will turn ; labour will soon be in demand again. Our profits will come back to us, and the Whitechapel householder may console himself with the certainty that his six shillings will sink again to three.

But these classes, powerful though they may be, and in Parliament a great deal too powerful, are not the people of England ; they are not a twentieth, they are not a hundredth part of it : and what sort of future is it to which under the present hypothesis the ninety-nine are to look forward ? The greatness of a nation depends upon the men whom it can breed and rear. The prosperity of it depends upon its strength, and if men are sacrificed to money, the money will not be long in following them. How is the further development of England along the road on which it has been travelling at such a rate for the last twenty years likely to affect the great mass of the inhabitants of this island ? We have conquered our present position because the English are a race of unusual vigour both of body and mind—industrious, energetic, ingenious, capable of great muscular exertion, and remarkable along with it for equally great personal courage. If we are to preserve

our place we must preserve the qualities which won it. Without them all the gold in the planet will not save us. Gold will remain only with those who are strong enough to hold it: and unless these qualities depend on conditions which cannot be calculated, and which therefore need not be considered, the statesman who attends only to what he calls the production of wealth forgets the most important half of the problem which he has to solve.

Under the conditions which I have supposed, England would become, still more than it is at present, a country of enormous cities. The industry on which its prosperity is to depend can only be carried on where large masses of people are congregated together, and the tendency already visible towards a diminution of the agricultural population would become increasingly active. Large estates are fast devouring small estates; large farms, small farms; and this process will continue. Every economist knows that it must be so. Machinery will supersede human hands. Cattle breeding, as causing less expenditure in wages, will drive out tillage. A single herdsman or a single engineer will take the place of ten or twenty of the old farm labourers. Land will rise in value. Such labourers as remain may be better paid. Such as are forced into the towns may earn five shillings where they now earn three; but as a class the village populations will dwindle away. Even now, while the increase has been so great elsewhere, their number remains stationary. The causes now at work will be more and more operative. The

people of England will be a town-bred people The country will be the luxury of the rich.

Now it is against all experience that any nation can long remain great which does not possess, or having once possessed has lost, a hardy and abundant peasantry. Athens lost her dependencies, and in two generations the sun of Athens had set. The armies which made the strength of the Roman republic were composed of the small freeholders of Latium and afterwards of Italy. When Rome became an empire, the freeholder disappeared; the great families bought up the soil and cultivated it with slaves, and the decline and fall followed by inevitable consequence. Tyre, Carthage, or if these antiquated precedents are to pass for nothing, Venice, Genoa, Florence, and afterwards the Low Countries, had their periods of commercial splendour. But their greatness was founded on sand. They had wealth, but they had no rank and file of country-bred men to fall back upon, and they sunk as they had risen. In the American civil war the enthusiastic clerks and shop-boys from the eastern cities were blown in pieces by the Virginian riflemen. Had there been no western farmers to fight the south with men of their own sort, and better than themselves, the star banner of the Confederacy would still be flying over Richmond. The life of cities brings with it certain physical consequences, for which no antidote and no preventive has yet been discovered. When vast numbers of people are crowded together, the air they

breathe becomes impure, the water polluted. The hours of work are unhealthy, occupation passed largely within doors thins the blood and wastes the muscles and creates a craving for drink, which reacts again as poison. The town child rarely sees the sunshine, and light, it is well known, is one of the chief feeders of life. What is worse, he rarely or never tastes fresh milk or butter, or even bread which is unbewitched. The rate of mortality may not be perceptibly affected. The Bolton operative may live as long as his brother on the moors, but though bred originally perhaps in the same country home he has not the same bone and stature, and the contrast between the children and grandchildren will be increasingly marked. Any one who cares to observe a gathering of operatives in Leeds or Bradford and will walk afterwards through Beverley on a market day, will see two groups which, comparing man to man, are like pigmies beside giants. A hundred labourers from the wolds would be a match for a thousand weavers. The tailor confined to his shop-board has been called the ninth part of a man. There is nothing special in the tailor's work so to fractionize him beyond other indoor trades. We shall be breeding up a nation of tailors. In the great engine factories and iron works we see large sinewy men, but they are invariably country born. Their children dwindle as if a blight was on them. Artisans and operatives of all sorts who work in confinement are so exhausted at the end of their day's labour that the temptations of the drink-shop are irre-

sistible. As towns grow drunkenness grows, and with drunkenness comes diminished stamina and physical decrepitude.

The sums spent by English town operatives on gin and beer more than equals a second revenue; while every shilling swilled away is so much taken from the food and clothes of their children. In the country villages, habits of life are different; the landlord can use his authority to remove or diminish temptation; but restraint in towns is with general consent regarded as impossible; no parish board, no government dares interfere; education, religion, philanthropic persuasion are equally powerless, and the rate of consumption of intoxicating liquors (usually at present poisonous as well as intoxicating), in proportion to the population, increases every year. The conditions under which the town operative works all encourage a reckless tendency: many occupations are themselves deadly, and the cry is for a short life and a merry one. Employment at best is fitful. The factory hand is generally perhaps earning overflowing wages. Then bad times come, and he works but three days a week, or four, or none. He is improvident in his abundance. His hand to mouth existence is unfavourable to the formation of habits of prudence. As a rule, he saves little, and the little is soon gone. The furniture goes to the pawnshop, and then comes want and starvation; and any shilling that he can earn he carries to the gin-palace, where he can forget the hunger-stricken faces which he has left at home. His own fault, it is said; but when particular

tendencies show themselves uniformly in particular bodies of men, there must be causes at work to account for them. And besides drunkenness there are other vices and other diseases, not peculiar to towns, perhaps, but especially virulent and deadly there, which tend equally to corrupt the blood and weaken the constitution. Every great city becomes a moral cesspool, into which profligacy has a tendency to drain, and where, being shut out from light, it is amenable to no control. The educated and the wealthy live apart in their own streets and squares. The upper half of the world knows nothing of the under, nor the under of the upper. In the village the squire and parson at least know what is going on, and can use authority over the worst excesses; where men are gathered in multitudes it is impossible. Disease and demoralization go hand in hand undermining and debilitating the physical strength, and over-civilization creates in its own breast the sores which will one day kill it.

I have spoken of the effect of modern city life upon the body. it would be easy were it likely to be of any service to say more of its effect upon the mind. In those past generations, when the English character was moulding itself, there was a virtue specially recognized among us called content. We were a people who lived much by custom. As the father lived, the son lived; he was proud of maintaining the traditions and habits of his family, and he remained in the same position of life without aspiring to rise from it. The same family continued in the same farm, neither adding to

its acres nor diminishing them. Shop, factory, and warehouse were handed down with the same stationary character, yielding constant but moderate profits, to which the habits of life were adjusted. Satisfied with the share of this world's goods which his situation in life assigned to him, the tradesman aspired no higher, endeavouring only in the words of the antiquated catechism, 'to do his duty in that state of life to which' it had pleased God to call him.' Throughout the country there was an ordered, moderate, and temperate contentedness, energetic—but energetic more in doing well the work that was to be done, than in 'bettering' this or that person's condition in life. Something of this lingers yet among old-fashioned people in holes and corners of England; but it is alien both to the principles and the temper of the new era. To push on, to climb vigorously on the slippery steps of the social ladder, to raise ourselves one step or more out of the rank of life in which we were born, is now converted into a duty. It is the condition under which each of us plays his proper part as a factor in the general progress. The more commercial prosperity increases, the more universal such a habit of mind becomes. It is the first element of success in the course to which the country seems to be committing itself. There must be no rest, no standing still, no pausing to take breath. The stability of such a system depends, like the boy's top, on the rapidity of its speed. To stop is to fall; to slacken speed is to be overtaken by our rivals. We are whirled along in the breathless race of competition. The

motion becomes faster and faster, and the man must be unlike anything which the experience of humanity gives us a right to hope for, who can either retain his conscience, or any one of the nobler qualities, in so wild a career.

Is such a state of things a wholesome one? Is it politically safe? Is it morally tolerable? Is it not certain for one thing that a competition, of which profit is the first object, will breed dishonesty as carrion breeds worms? Much of it is certain to continue, unless England collapses altogether. Nothing but absolute failure will check the growth of manufactures among us; but it is absolutely necessary that the whole weight of the commonwealth should be thrown upon trade? Is there no second or steadier basis to be found anywhere? I cannot myself contemplate the enclosure of the English nation within these islands with an increasing manufacturing population, and not feel a misgiving that we shall fail in securing even those material objects to which our other prospects are to be sacrificed. We shall not be contented to sink into a second place. A growth of population we must have to keep pace with the nations round us; and unless we can breed up part of our people in occupations more healthy for mind or body than can be found in the coal-pit and workshop—unless we preserve in sufficient numbers the purity and vigour of our race—if we trust entirely to the expansion of towns, we are sacrificing to immediate and mean temptations the stability of the empire which we have inherited.

If we are to take hostages of the future we require an agricultural population independent of and beside the towns. We have no longer land enough in England commensurate with our present dimensions, and the land that we have lies under conditions which only a revolution can again divide among small cultivators. A convulsion which would break up the great estates would destroy the entire constitution. It is not the law of the land, it is not custom, it is not the pride of family, which causes the agglomeration. It is an economic law which legislation can no more alter than it can alter the law of gravity

The problem is a perfectly simple one. Other nations, once less powerful or not more powerful than ourselves, are growing in strength and numbers, and we too must grow if we intend to remain on a level with them. Here at home we have no room to grow except by the expansion of towns which are already overgrown, which we know not certainly that we can expand. If we succeed it can be only under conditions unfavourable and probably destructive to the physical constitution of our people, and our greatness will be held by a tenure which in the nature of things must become more and more precarious.

Is there then no alternative? Once absolutely our own, and still easily within our reach, are our eastern and western colonies, containing all and more than all that we require. We want land on which to plant English families where they may thrive and multiply without ceasing to be Englishmen. The land lies ready

to our hand. The colonies contain virgin soil sufficient to employ and feed five times as many people as are now crowded into Great Britain and Ireland. Nothing is needed but arms to cultivate it; while here, among ourselves, are millions of able-bodied men unwillingly idle, clamouring for work, with their families starving on their hands. What more simple than to bring the men and the land together? Everything which we could most desire exactly meeting what is most required is thrust into our hands, and this particular moment is chosen to tell the colonies that we do not want them and they may go. The land, we are told impatiently, is no longer ours. A few years ago it was ours, but to save the Colonial Office trouble we made it over to the local governments, and now we have no more rights over it than we have over the prairies of Texas. If it were so, the more shame to the politicians who let drop so precious an inheritance. But the colonies, it seems, set more value than we do on the prosperity of the empire. They care little for the profit or pleasure of individual capitalists. They see their way more clearly perhaps because their judgment is not embarrassed by considerations of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's budget. Conscious that their relations with us cannot continue on their present footing, their ambition is to draw closer to us, to be absorbed in a united empire. From them we have no difficulty to fear, for in consenting they have everything to gain. They are proud of being English subjects. Every able-bodied workman who lands on their shores is so much added to their

wealth as well as ours. If we do not attempt to thrust paupers and criminals on them, but send labourers and their families adequately provided, they will absorb our people by millions, while in desiring to remain attached to England they are consulting England's real interests as entirely as their own. Each husband and wife as they establish themselves will be a fresh root for the old tree, struck into a new soil.

And yet statesmen say it is impossible. Wealthy England cannot do what wretched Ireland was able to do, and transport those whom she can no longer feed to a place where they can feed themselves, and to herself be a support instead of a burden Impossible! The legislative union with Scotland was found possible, and there were rather greater difficulties in the way of that than those which obstruct a union with the colonies. The problem then was to reconcile two nations which were hereditary enemies. The problem now is but to reunite the scattered fragments of the same nation, and bridge over the distance which divides them from us Distance frightens us; but steam and the telegraph have abolished distance. A Cornish miner and his family can now emigrate to the Burra Burra with greater ease, and at a less expense, than a hundred years ago they would make their way to a Lancashire coal-pit. St George's Channel at the time of the union with Ireland was harder to cross in stormy winter weather than the Atlantic is at present. Before the Panama railway was opened, and the road to California lay round Cape Horn, London was as near it as New

York ; yet California was no less a State in the American Union. England would not hold the place which now belongs to her had there not been statesmen belonging to her capable of harder achievements than re-attaching the colonies. It is not true that we are deterred by the difficulties. If there was the will to do it, if there was any real sense that the interests of the country required it, the difficulties would be found as unsubstantial as the proverbial lions which obstruct the path of the incapable. We are asked contemptuously how it is to be done. We ask in return, do you wish it to be done? for if you do your other question will answer itself. Neither the terms of the federation, the nature of the Imperial council, the functions of the local legislatures, the present debts of the colonies, or the apportionment of taxation, would be found problems hard of solution, if the apostles of *laissez-faire* could believe for once that it was not the last word of political science.

For emigration, the first step is the only hard one ; to do for England what Ireland did for itself, and at once spread over the colonies the surplus population for whom we can find no employment at home. Once established on a great scale, emigration supports itself. Every Irishman who now goes to the United States, has his expenses paid by those who went before him, and who find it their own interest, where there is such large elbow-room, to attract the labour of their friends. It would cost us money—but so do wars ; and for a great object we do not shrink from fighting. Let it

be once established that an Englishman emigrating to Canada, or the Cape, or Australia, or New Zealand, did not forfeit his nationality, that he was still on English soil as much as if he was in Devonshire or Yorkshire, and would remain an Englishman while the English empire lasted; and if we spent a quarter of the sums which were sunk in the morasses at Balaclava in sending out and establishing two millions of our people in those colonies, it would contribute more to the essential strength of the country than all the wars in which we have been entangled from Agincourt to Waterloo. No further subsidies would be needed to feed the stream. Once settled they would multiply and draw their relations after them, and at great stations round the globe there would grow up, under conditions the most favourable which the human constitution can desire, fresh nations of Englishmen. So strongly placed, and with numbers growing in geometrical proportion, they would be at once feeding-places of our population, and self-supporting imperial garrisons themselves unconquerable. With our roots thus struck so deeply into the earth, it is hard to see what dangers, internal or external, we should have cause to fear, or what impediments could then check the indefinite and magnificent expansion of the English Empire.

There is one more element in the question which must not be passed over. These are not days for small states: the natural barriers are broken down which once divided kingdom from kingdom; and with the interests of nations so much intertwined as they are

now becoming, every one feels the benefit of belonging to a first-rate Power. The German States gravitate into Prussia, the Italians into Piedmont. While we are talking of dismembering our empire, the Americans have made enormous sacrifices to preserve the unity of theirs. If we throw off the colonies, it is at least possible that they may apply for admittance into the American Union;¹ and it is equally possible that the Americans may not refuse them. Canada they already calculate on as a certainty. Why may not the Cape and Australia and New Zealand follow? An American citizen is a more considerable person in the world than a member of the independent republic of Capetown or Natal; and should the colonists take this view of their interests, and should America encourage them, what kind of future would then lie before England? Our very existence as a nation would soon depend upon the clemency of the Power which would have finally taken the lead from us among the English-speaking races. If Australia and the Cape were American we could not hold India, except at the Americans' pleasure. Our commerce would be equally at their mercy, and the best prospect for us would be to be one day swept up into the train of the same grand confederacy.

It is easy to say that we need not quarrel with America, that her interests are ours, that we mean to

¹ The mention of this possibility has been received with ridicule in Australia. So much the better, but it is none the less certain that the English-speaking peoples will drift into a union of some kind. If they do not choose England as their centre they will eventually choose America, whatever they may think about it at present.

cultivate friendly relations with her, with such other commonplaces. From the day that it is confessed that we are no longer equal to a conflict with her, if cause of rupture should unhappily arise, our sun has set: we shall sink as Holland has sunk into a community of harmless traders, and leave to others the place which once we held and have lost the energy to keep.

Our people generally are too much occupied with their own concerns to think of matters which do not personally press upon them, and our relations with the colonies have drifted into a condition which it is agreed on all sides must now be modified in one direction or another. Statesmen who ought to have looked forward have allowed the question to take its own course, till they have brought separation to the edge of consummation. The breaking up of our empire, however, cannot be completed till the country has had an opportunity of declaring its pleasure, and if the nation is once roused into attention, pricked it may be into serious thought by the inexorable encroachments of the poor-rate, it may yet speak in tones to which the deafest political doctrinaire will be compelled to listen. A very short time will probably see some decision taken for good or evil. Representatives from the colonies are said to be coming here in the spring,¹ to learn what

¹ Unfortunately they were not allowed to come. Lord Granville pushed separation one step nearer by throwing cold water on the proposal. He said that he did not desire the colonies to leave us, but he took pains to exhibit his indifference whether they went or stayed, and it is this indifference, so ostentatiously displayed, which is the active cause of alienation.

they are to look to, and the resolutions then arrived at will be of immeasurable moment to their fortunes and to ours. It is no party question; all ranks, all classes are equally interested, manufacturers in the creation of new markets, landowners in the expansion of soil which will remove, and which probably alone can remove, the discontent with their increasing monopoly at home. Most of all is it the concern of the working men. Let broad bridges be established into other Englands, and they may exchange brighter homes and brighter prospects for their children for a life which is no life in the foul alleys of London and Glasgow; while by relieving the pressure at home they may end the war between masters and men, and solve the problems of labour which trades unions can only embitter.

That emigration alone can give them permanent relief the working men themselves will ultimately find out. We cannot save the millions of Irish. That portion of her volumes the sibyl has burnt already. Are we to wait till our own artisans, discovering the hopelessness of the struggle with capital, and exasperated by hunger and neglect, follow in millions also the Irish example, carry their industry where the Irish have carried theirs, and with them the hearts and hopes and sympathies of three-quarters of the English nation?

Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo!

If Mr Gladstone and Lord Granville are indifferent, we appeal to Mr Disraeli. This is one of those Imperial concerns which the aristocracy, lifted by

fortune above the temptations and necessities of trade, can best afford to weigh with impartiality. They too may find motives of prudence to induce them to turn it over in their minds. There are those who think that if the colonies are cut off, that if the English people understand that they are closed in once for all within the limits of their own island, that they have no prospects elsewhere unless they abandon their country and pass under another flag, the years that the present land laws will last unmodified may be counted on the fingers of a single hand.

A FORTNIGHT IN KERRY.

WE have heard much of the wrongs of Ireland, the miseries of Ireland, the crimes of Ireland : every cloud has its sunny side ; and, when all is said, Ireland is still the most beautiful island in the world, and the Irish themselves, though their temperament is ill-matched with ours, are still among the most interesting of peoples. If the old type of character remains in many of its most unmanageable features, they are no longer the Paddies of our childhood. Wave after wave of convulsion has been rolling over the race for hundreds of years past, distinct eras of social organization, with special elements of good and evil in them. The last of these waves, the great famine of 1846, swept over the country like a destroying torrent, carrying away millions of its peasantry, clearing off the out-at-elbows duel-fighting squireens, and paralyzing if it has not extinguished the humour and the fun which made the boy that carried your game bag or fishing basket the most charming of companions.

The farmer, however seemingly prosperous, carries sadness in his eyes and care on his forehead. If he is thriving himself, his family is broken up : his sons or his brothers are beyond the Atlantic, and his heart was broken in parting with them. The evictions which followed the potato failure have left their marks in a feeling of injustice of which Fenianism is the fruit and the expression.

This too, however, is passing away, or will pass when the Administration recovers courage to combine firmness with justice, and meanwhile, in spite of outrages and assassinations, every one who has watched the Irish character during the last quarter of a century must have felt that it is fast altering, and altering immensely for the better. 'We are all changed,' said one of the people to me. 'You know yourself the landlords are changed, and we are changed, too, if you would only believe it. We have all learnt our lesson together.' Where the beneficial influences have been the strongest, that is to say, where there has been no cruelty and the tenants have been kindly used, there is growing up a life in all parts of Ireland with more subdued grace about it, more human in its best features, than is to be found in any other part of these islands. I had an opportunity of seeing something of this last summer, under its most favourable aspect. A friend who had taken a place for a season or two in the Kerry mountains, invited me to spend a fortnight with him ; and careless of the warnings of acquaintances who feared that I should not come back alive, I took my

place in the Holyhead mail. It was the second week in August. We left London at night. In the morning we were in Kingstown Harbour, and a few hours later I was deposited at the railway station at Killarney. Derreen—so I will call the house to which I was bound—was still nearly forty miles distant. The train was late, but the evening promised well. I put myself in the hands of Spillane, the most accomplished of bugle-players, and the politest of hotel managers; and, after a hasty dinner, I was soon rattling along beside the lake in a jaunting car, with a promise of being at my journey's end, if not before dark, yet at no unreasonable hour. An exquisite drive of three hours brought me to Kenmare, a town at the head of one of the long fiords running up from the Atlantic, which readers of Macaulay will remember as the scene of a brilliant defence made by a small body of Protestant settlers against the Irish insurgents. It was not my first visit to the place. Thirty years before I had passed through it from Glengariff in a long vacation holiday. The Lansdowne Arms was still in its old place; but the generation which frequented it had passed away. The 'boy' who was then driving me called my attention, as I remember, to a group of gentlemen at the door. There were two O'Connells, cousins of the Liberator, at that time in the zenith of his glory. There was Morty O'Sullivan and another, whose name I forget. The point about them was that each had killed his man in a duel, and Morty had killed two. He was one of the old fire-eaters, a spare well-

dressed, refined-looking person, a descendant of the old chiefs of Berehaven, ruling the wreck of his inheritance with an authority scarcely less despotic as far as it extended ; like his ancestors, in perpetual feud with his neighbours, and settling his quarrels with them in the field or in the law courts. He had lived—I should say ‘reigned,’ for that is still the word—at Derreen itself. He had screwed his tenants, drunk whisky enough daily for ten degenerate mortals, such as now we know them, turned his house into a pigstye, and been loved and honoured throughout the valley. Morty the Good he was called, the king of the golden age of Kerry, and unhappy only in the incapacity of one of his sons, whom he never could teach to handle a pistol like a gentleman. The young O’Sullivan took kindly to the ways of the family ; quarrelled with a companion before he was out of his teens, and went out to settle the dispute in legitimate fashion. But Morty augured ill for the result. He ordered the wake beforehand, and was disappointed, it was to be hoped agreeably, when the object of his care was brought home only shot through the foot.

Morty had been now long in his grave. Litigation had crippled his fortune and the famine finished it. His boys were scattered over the world and his place knew him no more. Morty was gone, and the fighting squirearchy to which he belonged was gone also, extinct like the dodo ; and in the place of the group which I remembered, one or two harmless clerks belonging to the town stores were lounging at the

porch in the summer gloaming comparing salmon flies, or talking about the cricket club which had been set on foot there by some neighbouring gentlemen.

Besides these were a couple of smart-looking boatmen, one of whom, after ascertaining who I was, informed me that my friend had sent up his yacht, a smart cutter of twenty tons, and that if I preferred a sail to a longer drive they were ready to take charge of me. The wind was from the east, light but fair, and they believed that it would not drop till midnight. But we had still seventeen miles to go. I inquired what would happen if it did drop, and as the answer was vague I determined to stick to my car, and to lose no time, for it was growing dark. My driver declined a change of horses. The small well-bred Irish car horse does his forty miles a day through the season with only an occasional rest, and seems little the worse for it. Away we went again after a halt of three quarters of an hour, and three minutes brought us to the suspension bridge crossing the head of the fiord, one end of which rests on the peninsula where the Protestants were besieged. That, too, with its traditions was a thing of the past, and might have furnished a text at any other time for its appropriate meditations. But the scene was too beautiful for moralizing. The pink evening light had faded off the mountains, but the tints which lingered in the western sky were reflected faintly on the glimmering water. The cutter was clearing out of the harbour with her big gaff topsail set and her balloon jib, and as she slid away the

men tauntingly hailed my driver and promised to tell my friends that we were coming.

The mare received an intimation that she must put her best foot forward; we struck off to the right on crossing the bridge and entered a long fir wood which skirts the river, catching glimpses at intervals of the shining water through gaps in the trees.

By-and-by we emerged into open ground. The road was level, following the line of the bay for eight or nine miles, and crossing the mouths of valley after valley where the streams which drain the hills run into the sea. It was now dark, so far as a summer night is ever dark. The cutter still kept ahead of us, shimmering ghost-like in the uncertain light. Sometimes we seemed to be gaining on her—then, as a fresh puff of air overtook her, she stole away. At last our ways parted; she held on towards a headland far down the bay which she was obliged to round before she could enter *Kilmakilloge*, the harbour on which *Derreen* is situated. The road, to avoid a long circuit, strikes upwards over a pass in the hills, to descend on the other side into the head of the valley.

The ascent now became tedious; we had lost the cutter, and were climbing the broken side of an utterly barren mountain. The distant view was hidden by the darkness, and the forms immediately round us had nothing striking about them, beyond a solitary peak which shot up black and gloomy-looking into the sky. Two miles of walking ground made me impatient to be at my journey's end, and I was unprepared for the

scene which was immediately about to break upon me

We reached the crest at last—rounded a corner of rock, and were at once in another world. The moon had risen, though concealed by the hill which we had been ascending, and burst upon us broad and full as we turned to descend. Below us was a long deep valley losing itself to the left in the shadows in the Glengarriff mountains; opening to the right in the harbour of Kilmakilloge, which lay out like a looking-glass in the midst of the hills in which it is landlocked. Across, immediately before us, was a gorge, black and narrow, the sides of which, in the imperfect light, appeared to fall precipitously two thousand feet. Beyond, at the head of the harbour, was a second group of mountains shaped in still wilder variety, while the bottom of the valley was traversed by a river divided into long shining pools suggestive of salmon and sea trout, and broken at intervals with cascades, the roar of which swayed up fitfully in the night air.

These glens and precipices had been the retreat of the last Earl of Desmond in the closing summer of his life. The long peninsula shut in between the fiords of Bantry and Kenmare was then covered from end to end with forest, inaccessible except by water, or penetrated by a few scarce discoverable horsetracks; inhabited by wolves, and by men who were almost as wild, and were human only in the ineffable fidelity with which they concealed and shielded their hunted chief. The enormous trees which lie in the bogs, or the trunks which break on all sides out of the ground, prove that once

these hills were as thickly wooded as those which have escaped the spoiler, and in their summer livery delight the tourist at Killarney. Now, the single fault of the landscape is its desolation. Sir William Petty, who obtained the assignment of the principality of Kerry, on terms as easy as those on which the Colonial Office squandered millions of the best acres in Canada, considered the supply of fuel to be practically as inexhaustible as we now consider our coal measures. He set up refining works on the shore of the harbour, and tin and copper ore was brought over there, till the last available stick had been cut down to smelt it. Nature still struggles to repair the ruin, and young oaks and birches sprout of themselves, year after year, out of the soil, but the cattle browse them off as they appear; and the wolves being destroyed which once scared the sheep out of the covers, and gave them time to renew their natural waste, civilization itself continues the work of the destroyer, and dooms the district to perpetual barrenness. Of the forests of oak and arbutus and yew which once clothed the whole of Kerry, the woods at Killarney have alone escaped; those and some few other scattered spots, which for some special reason were spared in the general havoc.

At one of these, the 'domain' as it is called of Derreen, I have by this time arrived. Two miles of descent balanced the climb on the other side. We are again in the midst of trees. Level meadows beside the river are dotted with sleeping cattle, we have passed a farmhouse or two, and now a chapel handsome and

new, at a meeting of cross roads. We turn into a gate, a gravel drive leads us to where lights are shining behind overhanging branches. The harbour is close below us ; a four-oared boat is going out for a night's fishing ; the cutter is at this very moment picking up her moorings ; we have not beaten her, but we are not disgraced ourselves. In another minute we are in the broad walk which leads to the house. The night was hot, my friend's party were on the lawn ; some of them had been dining on board a yacht, the lights of which were visible as she lay at anchor, a mile from the windows. They had come on shore in the yacht's gig, and were standing about reluctant to go in-doors from the unusual loveliness of the evening.

They proposed a stroll round the grounds, to which I was delighted to consent. The house stood in the middle of a lawn, shut in on all sides by woods, through which, however, openings had been cut in various places, letting in the view of the water. The original building, which had been the residence of Morty and his sons, was little more than a cottage. It had been enlarged by a straggling wing better suited to the habits of modern times. Morty, who cared little for beauty, had let the trees grow close to the door. He might have shot woodcocks from his window, and I dare say he did ; while the close cover had served to shelter and conceal his considerable operations in the smuggling line. This more practical aspect of things had been superseded by the sentimental, and by lopping and clearing, full justice had been done to the beauty—I

may say the splendour—of the situation. The harbour of Kilmakilloge forms a branch of the Kenmare river, from three to four miles deep, and pierced on both sides by long creeks, divided by wooded promontories. On the largest of these, some ninety acres in extent, the house had been placed. Two acres had been cleared to make a garden. Four or five more formed a field running down to the sea. The rest was as nature made it, the primeval forest, untouched save for the laurels and rhododendrons which were scattered under the trees where the ground was dry enough to let them grow. Two rivers fell into the harbour at the upper end, one of them that along which I had just been driving, the other, the larger, emerging out of a broad valley under a bridge which, with the water behind, showed clear and distinct in the moonlight. All round us rose the wall of mountains, the broken outline being the more striking, because at night the surface details are lost and only the large forms are visible. The skyline on three sides was from two to six miles distant. On the fourth side, towards the mouth of the harbour, it was more remote; but here, too, the rim of mountains continued to the eye unbroken. The ocean was shut off by the huge backbone of hills which stretches from Macgillicuddy's Reeks to the Atlantic. To all appearance Derreen was cut off from the world as effectually as the valley of Rasselas; and, but for the intrusion of the postman, made evident by my friend's inquiries as to the last division and the white-bait dinner, but for the croquet wires which I stumbled over on the lawn,

we might have seemed divided as utterly from all connection with the world and its concerns. We wandered through the woods and along the walks which followed the shore. The wind was gone; the last breath of it had brought the yacht to her moorings. The water was like a sheet of pale gold, lighted in the shadows by phosphorescent flashes where a seal was chasing a mullet for his supper. Far off we heard the cries of the fishermen as they were laying out their mackerel nets, a heron or two flew screaming out of some large trees beside the boat-house, resentful at the intrusion on their night's rest; and from overhead came a rush of wings and the long wild whistle of the curlew.

One of the ladies observed that it was like a scene in a play. She was fond of theatres herself, she was a distinguished artist in that line—or would have been had she been bred to the trade; and her similes followed her line of thought. It sounded absurd, but I remembered having myself experienced once an exactly similar sensation. I was going up Channel in a steamer. It was precisely such another warm, breathless, moonlight summer night, save that there was a light mist over the water which prevented us from seeing very clearly objects that were at any distance from us. The watch on the fore-castle called out, 'A sail ahead!' We shut off the steam, and passed slowly within a biscuit's throw of an enormous China clipper, with all her canvas set, and every sail drooping flat from the yards. We heard the officers talking on the quarter-deck. The ship's bell struck the hour as we went by. Why the

recollections of the familiar sea moonlight of Drury Lane should have rushed over me at such a moment I know not, unless it be that those only who are rarely gifted feel natural beauty with real intensity. With the rest of us our high sensations are at best partly artificial. We make an effort to realize emotions which we imagine that we ought to experience, and are theatrical ourselves in making it.

A glance out of the window in the morning showed that I had not overrated the general charm of the situation. The colours were unlike those of any mountain scenery to which I was accustomed elsewhere. The temperature is many degrees higher than that of the Scotch highlands. The Gulf Stream impinges full upon the mouths of its long bays. Every tide carries the flood of warm water forty miles inland, and the vegetation consequently is rarely or never checked by frost even two thousand feet above the sea-level. Thus the mountains have a greenness altogether peculiar, stretches of grass as rich as water-meadows reaching between the crags and precipices to the very summits. The rock, chiefly Old Red Sandstone, is purple. The heather, of which there are enormous masses, is in many places waist deep.

The sky was cloudless, and catching the chance of performing my morning's ablutions in salt water, I slipped into the few indispensable garments, and hurried down to the front door. My host's youngest boy, a brown-cheeked creature of six, who was playing with the dogs on the steps, undertook to pilot me to the

bathing-place, a move not wholly disinterested on his part, as the banks on either side of the walks were covered with wild strawberries and whortleberries. Away we went through the woods again, among the gnarled and moss-clothed trunks of oaks hundreds of years old, and between huge boulders draped with ferns and London pride, which here grows luxuriantly wild. The walk ended at a jutting promontory of rock, where steps had been cut, leading to the water at a soft spot where a dike of slate had pierced a fault in the sandstone. The water itself was stainless as the Atlantic. I jumped in carefully, expecting to touch the bottom, yet I could scarcely reach it by diving. I tried to persuade my companion to take a swim upon my back, but he was too wary to be tempted. He was a philosopher, and was speculating on making a fortune out of the copper veins which were shining in the interstices of the slate. Our friend the seal, whom we had seen at supper, seemed disposed to join me. A shiny black head popped up from under the surface thirty yards off, and looked me over to see if I was one of his relations; but after a careful scrutiny he disliked the looks of me, dropped under, and disappeared. The seals once swarmed upon this coast under shelter of popular superstition. 'The souls of thim that were drowned at the flood' were supposed to be enchanted in their bodies, undergoing water purgatory. At times they were allowed to drop their skins, and play in human form upon the shore, and the mortal who was bold enough to steal the robe of some fish-maiden whom he could surprise,

might win her and keep her for his bride. They are yielding slowly before what is called education and civilization, and the last of them will soon be a thing of history like the last wolf; but the restriction upon firearms in Ireland still acts as a protection, and a few yet loiter about the quiet nooks where they find themselves unmolested.

Before I was dressed we heard a sound of oars; a boat came round the corner, rowed by the men belonging to the cutter. They had been out early to take up the fluke nets and overhaul the lobster pots, and were bringing in what they had caught to the house. A dozen plaice, two or three pairs of large soles, and a turbot twelve pounds weight, made up rather more than an average night's haul, obtained by the rudest of methods. The nets are of fine twine with a large mesh. They are from fifty to a hundred fathoms long, five feet deep, and held perpendicularly on the sand at the bottom, by a line of leads, just sufficient to sink them, and a line of small corks to keep them in an upright position. In these the flat fish entangle themselves—such of them as are stupid enough to persevere in endeavouring to push through, and are without the strength, like the conger and dog-fish, to break the net, and tear a way for themselves. Huge rents showed where creatures of this kind had escaped capture; but the holes are easily mended, and so many fish can be taken with so much ease, that the people do not care to improve on their traditionary ways. It is not for want of ingenuity or industry. The Pat of Kerry is either

unlike his kindred in the rest of the island, or they are a calumniated race altogether. On Kilmakilloge he makes his own boats, he makes his own nets, he twists his own ropes and cables out of the fibre of the bog pine which he digs out of the peat. He wants but a market to change his skiff into a trawler, and to establish a second Brixham at the splendid bay of Ballinskelligs.

Half a dozen skate were lying on the bottom boards among the nobler fish, here used only to be cut up for bait; these, and a monster called an angel shark, begotten long ago, it would appear, from some unlawful concubinage between a dog-fish and a ray. There were three enormous lobsters besides, better in my experience to look at than to eat. On these coasts it seems as if the young vigorous lobsters kill their own prey without trouble in finding it, and the bait in the wicker pots tempts only the overgrown and aged, whose active powers are failing them.

I was to make the best use of my time, and at breakfast we talked over our plans for the day. Picnics, mountain walks, antiquarianizing expeditions, fishing, salt or fresh, were alternately proposed. The weather luckily came to the assistance of our irresolution. It was still intensely hot. The rivers were low and clear as crystal, so it was vain to think of the salmon. The boatmen reported that the easterly wind was still blowing, but that from the look of the sky, and the breaking of the swell outside the harbour, they expected a shift in the evening, so we agreed to run down the bay

in the yacht as long as the land breeze held, and trust to the promised change to bring us back. The ladies declined to accompany us, the ocean roll and a hot sun being a trying combination even to seasoned stomachs. So my friend and I started alone with the boys, with a packed hamper to be prepared against emergencies. The cutter was large enough for its purpose, and not too large. Though we did not intend to court bad weather, we could encounter it without alarm if it overtook us. We had a main cabin, with two sofas and a swing table, a small inner cabin with a single berth, with a kitchen forward, where the men slung their hammocks. We slipped our moorings and ran out of the harbour, passing the Cowes schooner, which lay lazily at anchor. Her owner and his party were scattered in her various boats, some had gone up to Kenmare marketing, some were pollock fishing, others were engaged in the so-called amusement of shooting the guillemots and the puffins, which, unused to firearms, sat confidently on the water to be destroyed—beautiful in their living motion, worse than useless when dead. We flung our half-uttered maledictions at the idiots, who were bringing dishonour on the name of sportsmen. For a week after the bay was covered with wounded birds, which were dying slowly from being unable to procure food.

Before we turned into the main river we passed an island on which was a singular bank of earth, wasting year by year by the action of the tide, and almost gone to nothing. It was the last remains of a moraine, de-

posited who can guess when, by a glacier which has left its scorings everywhere on the hill-sides. The people call it Spanish Island, and have a legend that one of the ships of the Armada was wrecked there. It is an unlikely story. No galleon which had doubled the Blaskets would have turned out of its course into the Kenmare river, nor if it had wandered into such a place could easily have been wrecked there. More likely it was a fishing station at a time when Newfoundland was undiscovered, and fleets came annually to these seas from Coruña and Bilbao, for their bacalao—their Lenten cod and ling. As many as two hundred Spanish smacks were then sometimes seen together in the harbour at Valencia.

The breeze freshened as we cleared out of Kilmakilloge. The main bay is here four miles broad, and widens rapidly as it approaches the mouth. We saw the open Atlantic twenty miles from us, and we met the swell with which we had been threatened, but so long and easy that we rose over the waves, scarcely conscious of motion, and rattled along with a three-quarter breeze and every sail drawing seven knots through the water. We were heading straight for Scarriff, a rock eleven hundred feet high, which, though several miles from the mainland, forms the extreme point of the chain which divides Kenmare river from Ballinskelligs bay. Thousands of sea-birds wheeling and screaming over the water showed that the great shoals of small fish which frequent these bays in the autumn had already begun to appear. Gannets, towering like falcons, shot down

three hundred feet sheer, disappeared a moment, and rose with tiny sprats struggling in their beaks. Half a dozen herring hogs were having a pleasant time of it, and besides these, two enormous grampuses were showing their sharp black fins at intervals, one thirty feet long, the other evidently larger, how much we could not tell, for he never showed his full length, though he rolled near us, and we could judge his dimensions only from the width across the shoulders. The sprats were in cruel case. The whales and porpoises hunted them up out of the deep water. The gurnet caught them midway. The sea-birds swooped on them as they splashed in terror on the surface. They too had doubtless fattened in their turn on smaller victims. Our boys avenged the shades of some of them on one set at least of their persecutors. They threw over their fishing lines, and six or seven big gurnet were flapping in the basket before we had cleared the edge of the shoal.

Creeks and bays opened on either side of us, and closed again as we ran on. As we neared the mouth of the river we saw the waves breaking furiously on a line of rocks some little distance from the north shore. We edged away towards them for a nearer view, when it appeared that the rocks formed a natural breakwater to a still cove, a mile long and half a mile deep, which lay inside. There was a narrow opening at either extremity of the reef. The entrance looked ugly enough, for the line of foam extended from shore to shore, and black jagged points showed themselves in the hollow of the boiling surge, which would have made quick work with

us had we grazed them; but my friend knew the soundings to a foot, and as the place was curious he carried me inside. Instantly that we were behind the reef we were in still water three fathoms deep, with a clear sandy bottom. We ran along for a quarter of a mile, and then found ourselves suddenly in front of one of the wicked-looking castles of which so many ruins are to be seen on the coasts of Cork and Kerry. They were all built in the wild times of the sixteenth century, when the anarchy of the land was extended to the ocean, and swarms of outlawed English pirates had their nests in these dangerous creeks. They formed alliances with the O'Sullivans and the M'Carties, married their daughters, and shared the plunder with them which they levied indiscriminately on their own and all other nations. While the kingdom of Kerry retained its privileges under the house of Desmond, the Irish Deputies were unable to meddle with them by land, while no cruiser could have ventured to follow them by water through channels guarded so perilously as that by which we had entered.

If the walls of that old tower could have spoken it could have told us many a strange tale, of which every vestige of a legend has now disappeared. We know from contemporary records that the pirates were established in these places. The situation of the castle which we were looking at told unmistakably the occupation of its owner. A second deep creek inside the larger one, sheltered by a natural pier, led directly to the door-step. A couple of miles inland there are traces

of a still earlier stratification of sea-rovers—in one of the largest and most remarkable of the surviving Danish forts. The Danes, too, had been doubtless guided there by the natural advantages of the situation. I would gladly have landed and looked at it, but time pressed. We left the little bay at the far end of the reef, and half an hour later we were rising and falling on the great waves of the open ocean.

Having been dosed with hard eggs at breakfast, I found sickness impossible. They act like wadding in a gun, keeping the charge hard and tight in its place; and after a qualm or two, my stomach, finding further contention would lead to no satisfactory result, was satisfied to leave me to enjoy myself. The mainland ends on the north side at the Lamb Head, so called perhaps because it is one of the most savage-looking crags on which stranded ship was ever shattered. Outside it are a series of small islands from a few acres to as many square miles in extent, divided from each other by deep channels, a quarter or half a mile in width. It is a place to keep clear of in hazy weather. Irish boatmen may be trusted while they can see their landmarks, but my friend told me that he was caught by a fog in this very place the first time that he had ever been near it. He had a chart and a compass, and had turned in as it was night, leaving the tiller to his captain. Luckily he was not asleep. The roar of the breakers becoming louder he went on deck to look about him, and he found that the fellow knew no more of a compass than of a steam engine, and that he was steering dead upon the rocks

To-day, however, we ran in and out with absolute confidence, and we threaded our way to the splendid cliffs of Scarriff, the last of the group, which towered up towards the sea a thousand feet out of the water. On the land side the slope was more gradual; it was covered with grass and dotted with cattle; in a hollow we saw the smoke of a solitary house; we heard a cock crow and the clacking of a hen, and wild and lonely and dreary as the island seemed, the people living there are very reasonably happy and have not the slightest wish to leave it.

From the description given of the scene by Walsingham the historian, Scarriff is not improbably the place where a Cornish knight in the time of the second Richard came to a deserved and terrible end. It was a very bad time in England. Religion and society were disorganized; and the savage passions of men, released from their natural restraints, boiled over in lawlessness and crime. Sir John Arundel, a gentleman of some distinction, had gathered together a party of wild youths to make an expedition to Ireland. He was windbound either at Penzance or St Ives; and being in uneasy quarters, or the time hanging heavy on his hands, he requested hospitality from the abbess of a neighbouring nunnery. The abbess, horrified at the prospect of entertaining such unruly guests, begged him to excuse her. But neither excuses nor prayers availed. Arundel and his companions took possession of the convent, which they made the scene of unrestrained and frightful debauchery. The sisters were

sacrificed to their appetites, and when the weather changed were carried off to the ship and compelled to accompany their violators. As they neared the Irish coast the gale returned in its fury. Superstition is the inseparable companion of cowardice and cruelty, and the wretched women were flung overboard to propitiate the demon of the storm. 'Approbatum est non esse curæ Deis securitatem nostram, esse ultionem.' If Providence did not interfere to save the honour or the lives of the poor nuns, at least it revenged their fate. The ship drove before the south-wester, helpless as a disabled wreck. She was hurled on Scarriff, or possibly on Cape Clear, and was broken instantly to pieces. A handful of half-drowned wretches were saved by the inhabitants to relate their horrible tale. Arundel himself, being a powerful swimmer, had struggled upon the rocks alive, but he was caught by a returning wave before he could climb beyond its reach, and whirled away in the boiling foam.

With us, too, the sea was rising heavily. The wind had shifted to the west as the boatmen had foretold, and though as yet there was but little of it, the mercury was falling rapidly. A dark bank of clouds lay along the seaward horizon, and the huge waves which were rolling home, and flying in long green sheets up the side of the cliff, implied that it was blowing heavily outside. My friend had intended to take me on to the Skelligs, two other islands lying ten miles to the north-west of us, on the larger of which are the remains of a church and of three or four beehive houses,

which tradition says were once occupied by hermits. The Irish hermits, as we know, located themselves in many strange places round the coast, and may as well have chosen a home for themselves on the Skelligs as anywhere else. But it is to be noticed also, that even hermits, unless supported like Elijah by the ravens, must have found food somewhere. During the winter communication with the mainland must have been often impossible for weeks together, and as there is scarcely a square yard of grass on the whole place, they could have kept neither sheep nor cattle. Whoever dwelt in those houses must have lived by fishing. The cod fishing round the rocks is the very best on the whole coast; and remembering how indispensable the dried cod had been made by the fasting rules to the Catholic population of Europe, I cannot help fancying, however unromantic the suggestion may sound, that something more practical than devotion was connected with the community that resided there. We were obliged, however, to abandon all idea of going so far for the present. Could we have reached the islands we could not have landed. The cutter was already pitching so heavily that the top of Scarriff, though immediately over us, was occasionally hidden by the waves. If we ventured further we might have found it impossible to recover Kenmore Bay, and might have been obliged to run for Valencia; so we hauled our wind, went about, and turned our bows homewards. The motion became more easy as we fell off before the rollers. My friend gave up the tiller to one of the men, and we got out our

hamper and stretched ourselves on deck to eat our dinner, for which the tossing, strange to say, had sharpened our appetite. There is no medium at sea. You are either dead sick or ravenous, and we, not excluding the two boys, were the latter.

Among human pleasures there are few more agreeable than that of the cigar which follows a repast of this kind, the cold chicken and the claret having been disposed of, when St Emilion has tasted like the choicest Lafitte, the sun warm and not too warm, the wind at our backs, and the spring cushions from the cabin tossed about in the confusion which suits the posture in which we are most at ease. As we lay lazily enjoying ourselves, my host pointed out to me one more of the interesting features of the coast. Round the Lamb Head to the north, facing the islands among which we had been dodging, was another small bay, cut out by the action of the waves, at the bottom of which we saw the water breaking on a white line of sand. Behind the sand two valleys met, the slopes of which were covered prettily with wood; and among the trees we could see the smoke and the slated roof of the once famous Derrynane Abbey. There was the ancestral home of the world-celebrated Daniel O'Connell, the last of the old Irish. His forefathers, the Connells of Iveragh, like every other family on the coast of Kerry, had gone handsomely into the smuggling trade. Cargoes of tea and tobacco run on those sands were enclosed in butter casks and sent over the hills on horses' backs to Cork to the store of a confederate merchant,

and thence shipped for London as Irish produce. On those moors Dan the Great hunted his harriers. In the halls of that abbey he feasted friend or foe like an ancient chieftain, and entertained visitors from every corner of Europe. All is gone now. The famine which broke O'Connell's heart lies like an act of oblivion between the Old Ireland and the New, and his own memory is fading like the memory of the age which he represented. Some few local anecdotes of trifling interest hang about the mountains. They say of Dan, as they said of Charles II. : he was the father of his people, and by the powers 'twas a fine family he had of them. But Ireland has ceased to care for him. His fame blazed like a straw bonfire, and has left behind it scarce a shovelful of ashes. Never any public man had it in his power to do so much real good for his country, nor was there ever one who accomplished so little.

The Lamb Head once more closes in. The wind is fast rising ; the crests of the rollers are beginning to break ; the yacht flies down the slopes, and steers hard as the pursuing wave overtakes and lifts her. Down comes the topsail ; we do not need it now more than once we have plunged into the wave in front of us, and shipped green water over our bows. The clouds come up, with occasional heavy drops of rain. Macgillcuddy's Reeks are already covered ; and on the lower mountains the mist is beginning to form. It will be a wet night, and the rivers will fish to-morrow. The harbour has been alive with salmon for the last fortnight, waiting for a fresh to take them up. We have

still an hour's daylight when we recover the mouth of Kilmakilloge, and are in sight of the woods of Derreen again. As we turn into the harbour the wind is broken off by the land. We are almost becalmed, and the yacht drags slowly through the water. Towards evening the whiting pollock take freely, so the lines are laid out again, and we trail a couple of spinners. One is instantly taken. A small fellow—three pounds weight—comes in unresistingly, and is basketed. A minute after the second line is snatched out of the hands of my young bathing companion, who had hold of it. One of the boatmen catches it, but is unused to light tackle, and drags as if he was hauling up an anchor. He gathers in a yard or two, and then comes a convulsive struggle. Each side pulls his best. One moment of uncertainty, a plunge and a splash at the end of the line in our wake, and then all is over; and we can imagine, without fear of contradiction, that we had hold of a conger eel at least, if not the sea-serpent himself

The rain came down as we expected; rain like the torrents of the tropics, such as we rarely see in these islands outside Kerry. The mountains arrest the wet-laden currents as they come in from the Atlantic, condensing the moisture into masses of cloud, which at once discharge themselves in cataracts. We spend the evening hunting out our fishing-boxes, sorting flies, and trying casting-lines. The sky clears soon after sunrise. The keeper has been down early to examine the condition of the water, and is waiting for us with

his report on the rock outside the hall door after breakfast.

There is no haste. The rivers are still coming down brown and thick, and though the floods run off rapidly there will be no fishing till towards noon. We look about us, and the rock on which we are standing is itself a curiosity. The surface of it has been ground as smooth as a table. In the direction of the valley, and crossing the lines of cleavage, it is grooved by the ice-plane which has passed over it. The pebbles brought down from the hills and bedded in the under-surface of the glacier have cut into the stone like chisels, and have left marks which the rain of unnumbered years has failed to erase. Such is the modern theory, which is accepted as absolutely proved because we are at present unable to conceive any other agency by which the effect could have been brought about. Yet the inability to form another hypothesis may arise, it is at least possible, from limitations in ourselves, and attends as a matter of course every generally received scientific conjecture. The theory of epicycles was once considered to be proved, because no other explanation could then be offered of the retrogression of the planets; and when we consider the fate of so many past philosophies, accepted in their time as certain, and made the ridicule of later generations, misgivings obtrude themselves that even the glacier theory a hundred years hence may have gone the way of its predecessors, and that the ice may have become as mythical as the foot-prints of the fairies.

But the rock has a later and more human interest. The fortunate Englishman to whom at the close of the seventeenth century these vast estates passed by confiscation, was contented to leave the heads of the old families shorn of their independence, but still ruling as his representatives on the scene of their ancient dominions. So matters continued for more than a century. The O's and the Mac's retained their place, even under the penal laws; and the absentee landlord was contented with his rent and asked no questions. A change came after the Union. The noble owner of the Kenmare mountains awoke to the value and perhaps to the responsibilities of his inheritance. He prepared to draw his connection closer with it and to resume the privileges which had been too long spared. Macfinnan Dhu, the black Macfinnan, the predecessor of Morty, was then ruling at Derreen. The lord of the soil, to soften the blow which he was about to administer, sent Macfinnan a present of wine, which arrived duly from London in a large hamper. Macfinnan carried it to the top of the rock on which we were standing, called up every Irish curse which hung in song or prose in the recollection of the valley, on the intruding stranger who was robbing the Celt of the land of his fathers. At each imprecation he smashed a bottle on the stone, and only ceased his litany of vengeance when the last drop had been spilt of his infernal libation. Such is the story on the spot; true or false, who can tell? My host said that in the unusual heat of the summer before last the turf which covers the side of the rock had shrunk

a foot or two beyond its usual limits, and that fragments of broken bottles were indisputably found there ; but whether they were the remains of Macfinnan's solemnity, or were the more vulgar relics of a later drinking bout, we are left to our own conjecture.

But I must introduce my readers to the keeper, who is a prominent person at Derreen. He is a Scot from Aberdeen, by name Jack Harper, descendant it may be of the Harper who called 'time' over the witches' caldron, but himself as healthy a piece of humanity as ever stood six feet in his stockings, or stalked a stag upon the Grampians. He was imported as a person not to be influenced by the ways and customs of the country. The agent, however, forgot to import a wife along with him. It was not in nature that a handsome young fellow of twenty-five should remain the solitary occupant of his lodge, and he soon found an Irish lassie who was not unwilling to share it with him. Jack was a Protestant and obstinate in his way, and declined the chapel ceremonial, but the registrar at Kenmare settled the legal part of the business. The priest arranged the rest with the wife, and a couple of children clinging to the skirts of Jack's kilt showed in face and figure the double race from which they had sprung : the boy thick-limbed, yellow-haired, with blue eyes, and a strong Scotch accent, which he had caught from his father ; while the girl with dark skin, soft brown curls, and features of refined and exquisite delicacy, showed the blood of the pure Celt of Kerry, unspoilt by infiltration from Dane or Norman. Being alone in his creed

in the valley, Jack attends chapel, though holding the proceedings there in some disdain. He does not trouble himself about confession, but he pays the priest his dues, and the priest in turn he tells me is worth a dozen watchers to him. If his traps are stolen on the mountains, or a salmon is made away with on the spawning beds, he reports his grievances at the chapel, and the curses of the Church are at his service. Religion down here means right and wrong, and materially, perhaps, not much besides.

But the morning is growing on. I am left in Jack's hands for the day, my host having business elsewhere. He takes charge of rod and landing net, slings a big basket on his back, and whistling his dogs about him, and with a short pipe in his mouth, he leads the way down the drive to the gate. We halt on the bridge of the little river, but a glance at the bridge pool shows that we shall do no good there. The water is still muddy and thick, and not a fish will move in it for two hours at least. We must go to the second river, where the mountain floods are first intercepted by a lake: in this the dirt settles, and leaves the stream that runs out of it to the sea comparatively clear. We have a mile and a half to walk, and I hear on the way what Jack has to tell about the place and people. Before the famine the glen had been densely inhabited, and had suffered terribly in consequence. Ruined cottages in all directions showed where human creatures had once multiplied like rabbits in a warren. Miles upon miles of unfinished roads, now overgrown with gorse,

were monuments of the efforts which had been made to find them in work and food. But the disaster was too great and too sudden and too universal to be so encountered. Hundreds died, and hundreds more were provided with free passages to America, and the valley contains but a fourth of its old inhabitants. Its present occupants are now doing well. There are no signs of poverty among them. They are tenants at will, but so secure is the custom of the country that they have no fear of dispossession. An English political economist had once suggested that they should all be got rid of, and the glen be turned into a deer forest. But the much-abused Irish proprietors are less inhuman than the Scotch, and here at least there is no disposition to outrage the affection with which the people cling to their homes. There is, however, no wish among them to return to the old state of things. When a tenant dies his eldest son succeeds him. The brothers emigrate where friends are waiting for them in America, and they carry with them a hope, not always disappointed, of returning when they have a balance at the bank, and can stock a farm in the old country on their own account.

We pass a singular mound covered with trees at the road side, with a secluded field behind it sprinkled over with hawthorns. The field is the burying-place of the babies that die unbaptized, unconsecrated by the Church, but hallowed by sentiment, and treated seemingly with more reverence than the neglected graveyard. The mound is circular, with sloping sides

twenty feet high, and sixty feet in diameter at the top. It is a *rath*, of which there are ten or twelve in the glen, and many more in other parts of Kerry. This one has never been opened, being called the Fairy's house, and is protected by superstition; another like it, at the back of Derreen, has been cleared out, and can be entered without difficulty. The outer wall must have been first built of stone. The interior was then divided into narrow compartments, ten or twelve feet long by five feet broad, each with an air-hole through the wall, and communicating with one another by low but firmly constructed doors. Massive slabs were laid at the top to form a roof, and the whole structure was finally covered in with turf. They were evidently houses of some kind, though when built or by whom is a mystery. Human remains are rarely found in any of them, and whether these chambers were themselves occupied, or whether they were merely the cellars of some lighter building of timber and wicker-work raised above them, is a point on which the antiquarians are undecided. Whatever they were, however, they are monuments of some past age of Irish history; and the stone circles and gigantic pillars, standing wild and weird in the gorges of the mountains, are perhaps the tombs of the race who lived in them. No one knows at present, for Derreen lies out of the line of tourists. By and by, when the feeling of respect for burial-places, however ancient, which still clings to Kerry, has been civilized away, the tombs will be broken into and searched, and then as elsewhere the curious antiquary will find golden

torques and armlets among the crumbling bones of the chiefs of the age of Ossian.

But here we are at the river; we have passed two salt lagoons surrounded with banks of reeds, which are the haunts in winter of innumerable wildfowl, and even now are dotted over with broods of flappers which have been hatched among the flags. At the top of the farther of these we cross a bridge where the river enters it, for the wind is coming from the other side and is blowing three-quarters of a gale. We follow the bank for half a mile, where the water is broken and shallow, and the salmon pass through without resting. Then turning the angle of a rock, we come to a pool a quarter of a mile long, terminating in a circular basin eighty yards across, out of which the water plunges through a narrow gorge.

The pool has been cut through a peat bog, and the greater part of it is twenty feet deep. A broad fringe of water-lilies lines the banks, leaving, however, an available space for throwing a fly upon between them. This is the great resting-place of the fish on their way to the lake and the upper river. The water is high, and almost flowing over on the bog. The wind catches it fairly, tearing along the surface and sweeping up the crisp waves in white clouds of spray. The party of strangers who had cards to fish were before us, but they are on the wrong side, trying vainly to send their flies in the face of the south-wester, which whirls their casting lines back over their heads. They have caught a peal or two, and one of them reports that he was

broken by a tremendous fish at the end of the round pool. Jack directs them to a bend higher up, where they will find a second pool as good as this one, with a more favourable slant of wind, while I put my rod together and turn over the leaves of my fly-book. Among the marvels of art and nature I know nothing equal to a salmon-fly. It resembles no insect, winged or unwinged, which the fish can have seen. A shrimp, perhaps, is the most like it, if there are degrees in utter dissimilarity. Yet every river is supposed to have its favourite flies. Size, colour, shape, all are peculiar. Here vain tastes prevail for golden pheasant and blue and crimson paroquet. There the salmon are as sober as Quakers, and will look at nothing but drabs and browns. Nine parts of this are fancy, but there is still a portion of truth in it. Bold hungry fish will take anything in any river; shy fish will undoubtedly rise and splash at a stranger's fly, while they will swallow what is offered them by any one who knows their ways. It may be something in the colour of the water; it may be something in the colour of the banks: experience is too uniform to allow the fact itself to be questioned. Under Jack's direction, I select small flies about the size of green drakes: one a sombre grey, with silver twist about him, a claret hackle, a mallard wing, streaked faintly on the lower side with red and blue. The drop fly is still darker, with purple legs and olive green wings and body.

We move to the head of the pool and begin to cast in the gravelly shallows, on which the fish lie to feed

in a flood, a few yards above the deep water. A white trout or two rise, and presently I am fast in something which excites momentary hopes. The heavy rod bends to the butt. A yard or two of line runs out, but a few seconds show that it is only a large trout which has struck at the fly with his tail, and has been hooked foul. He cannot break me, and I do not care if he escapes, so I bear hard upon him and drag him by main force to the side, where Harper slips the net under his head, and the next moment he is on the bank. Two pounds within an ounce or so, but clean run from the sea, brought up by last night's flood, and without a stain of the bog-water on the pure silver of his scales. He has disturbed the shallow, so we move a few steps down.

There is an alder bush on the opposite side, where the strength of the river is running. It is a long cast. The wind is blowing so hard that I can scarcely keep my footing, and the gusts whirl so unsteadily that I cannot hit the exact spot where, if there is a salmon in the neighbourhood, he is lying.

The line flies out straight at last, but I have now thrown a few inches too far; my tail fly is in the bush, dangling across an overhanging bough. An impatient movement, a jerk, or a straight pull, and I am 'hung up,' as the phrase is, and delayed for half an hour at least. Happily there is a lull in the storm. I shake the point of the rod. The vibration runs along the line; the fly drops softly like a leaf upon the water—and as it floats away something turns heavily, and a

huge brown back is visible for an instant through a rift in the surface. But the line comes home. He was an old stager, as we could see by his colour, no longer ravenous as when fresh from the salt water. He was either lazy and missed the fly, or it was not entirely to his mind. He was not touched, and we drew back to consider. 'Over him again while he is angry,' is the saying in some rivers, and I have known it to answer where the fish feed greedily. But it will not do here; we must give him time; and we turn again to the fly-book. When a salmon rises at a small fly as if he meant business yet fails to take it, the rule is to try another of the same pattern a size larger. This too, however, just now Jack thinks unfavourably of. The salmon is evidently a very large one, and will give us enough to do if we hook him. He therefore, as one precaution, takes off the drop fly lest it catch in the water-lilies. He next puts the knots of the casting line through a severe trial; replaces an unsound joint with a fresh link of gut, and finally produces out of his hat a 'hook'—he will not call it a fly—of his own dressing. It is like a particoloured father-long-legs, a thing which only some frantic specimen of orchid ever seriously approached, a creature whose wings were two strips of the fringe of a peacock's tail, whose legs descended from blue jay through red to brown, and terminated in a pair of pink trailers two inches long. Jack had found it do, and he believed it would do for me. And so it did. I began to throw again six feet above the bush, for a salmon often shifts his ground

after rising. One cast—a second—another trout rises, which we receive with an anathema, and drag the fly out of his reach. The fourth throw there is a swirl like the wave which arises under the blade of an oar, a sharp sense of hard resistance, a pause, and then a rush for the dear life. The wheel shrieks, the line hisses through the rings, and thirty yards down the pool the great fish springs madly six feet into the air. The hook is firm in his upper jaw, he had not shaken its hold, for the hook had gone into the bone—pretty subject of delight for a reasonable man, an editor of a magazine, and a would-be philosopher, turned fifty! The enjoyments of the unreasoning part of us cannot be defended on grounds of reason, and experience shows that men who are all logic and morals, and have nothing of the animal left in them, are poor creatures after all.

Any way, I defy philosophy with a twenty-pound salmon fast hooked and a pool right ahead four hundred yards long, and half full of water-lilies. ‘Keep him up the strame,’ shrieked a Paddy, who, on the screaming of the wheel, had flung down his spade in the turf bog and rushed up to see the sport. ‘Keep him up the strame, your honour—bloody wars! you’ll lost him else.’ We were at fault, Jack and I. We did not understand why down stream was particularly dangerous, and Pat was too eager and too busy swearing to explain himself. Alas, his meaning became soon but too intelligible. I had overtaken the fish on the bank and had wheeled in the line again, but he was only

collecting himself for a fresh rush, and the next minute it seemed as if the bottom had been knocked out of the pool and an opening made into infinity. Round flew the wheel again; fifty yards were gone in as many seconds, the rod was bending double, and the line pointed straight down; straight as if there was a lead at the end of it and unlimited space in which to sink. 'Ah, didn't I tell ye so?' said Pat; 'what will we do now?' Too late Jack remembered that fourteen feet down at the bottom of that pool lay the stem of a fallen oak, below which the water had made a clear channel. The fish had turned under it, and whether he was now up the river or down, or where he was, who could tell? He stopped at last. 'Hold him hard,' said Jack, hurling off his clothes, and while I was speculating whether it would be possible to drag him back the way that he had gone, a pink body flashed from behind me, bounded off the bank with a splendid header, and disappeared. He was under for a quarter of a minute; when he rose he had the line in his hand between the fish and the tree.

'All right!' he sputtered, swimming with the other hand to the bank and scrambling up. 'Run the rest of the line off the reel and out through the rings.' He had divined by a brilliant instinct the only remedy for our situation. The thing was done, fast as Pat and I could ply our fingers. The loose end was drawn round the log, and while Jack was humouring the fish with his hand, and dancing up and down the bank regardless of proprieties, we had carried it back down the

rings, replaced it on the reel, wound in the slack, and had again command of the situation.

The salmon had played his best stroke. It had failed him, and he now surrendered like a gentleman. A mean-spirited fish will go to the bottom, bury himself in the weeds, and sulk. Ours set his head towards the sea, and sailed down the length of the pool in the open water without attempting any more plunges. As his strength failed, he turned heavily on his back, and allowed himself to be drawn to the shore. The gaff was in his side and he was ours. He was larger than we had guessed him. Clean run he would have weighed twenty-five pounds. The fresh water had reduced him to twenty-two, but without softening his muscle or touching his strength.

The fight had tired us all. If middle age does not impair the enjoyment of sport, it makes the appetite for it less voracious, and a little pleases more than a great deal. I delight in a mountain walk when I must work hard for my five brace of grouse. I see no amusement in dawdling over a lowland moor where the packs are as thick as chickens in a poultry-yard. I like better than most things a day with my own dogs in scattered covers, when I know not what may rise, a woodcock, an odd pheasant, a snipe in the out-lying willow-bed, and perhaps a mallard or a teal. A hare or two falls in agreeably when the mistress of the house takes an interest in the bag. I detest battues and hot corners, and slaughter for slaughter's sake. I wish every tenant in England had his share in amusements, which in

moderation are good for us all, and was allowed to shoot such birds or beasts as were bred on his own farm, any clause in his lease to the contrary notwithstanding.

Anyhow I had had enough of salmon fishing for the day. We gave the rod and the basket to Pat to carry home, the big fish which he was too proud to conceal flapping on his back. Jack and I ate our luncheon and smoked our pipes beside the fall, and Jack, before we went home, undertook to show me the lake. The river followed the bend of the valley. We took a shorter cut over a desolate and bare piece of mountain, and as we crossed the ridge we found ourselves suddenly in the luxuriant softness of a miniature Killarney. The lake was scarcely a mile in length, but either the woodcutters had been less busy there, or nature had repaired the havoc that they had made. Half a dozen small islands were scattered on it, covered with arbutus and holly. The rocks on one side fell in grand precipices to the water. At the end was the opening of Glanmore valley, with its masses of forest, its emerald meadows and cooing wood-pigeons, and bright, lumpid river reaches. For its size there is no more lovely spot in the south of Ireland than Glanmore. It winds among the mountains for six miles beyond the lake, closed in at the extremity with the huge mass of Hungry Hill, from the top of which you look down upon Berehaven. Here too the idea of sport pursued us—stray deer wandered over now and then from Glengariff—and my companion had stories of mighty bags of woodcocks made sometimes there when the snow was on the hills. My eye

however, was rather caught by a singular ruin of modern, unvenerable kind on the largest of the islands. Some chieftain's castle had once stood there, as we could see from the remains of massive walls on the water line; but this had been long destroyed, and in the place of it there had been a cottage of some pretensions, which in turn was now roofless. The story of it, so far as Jack could tell me, was this.

Forty years ago or thereabouts a Major ——, who had difficulties with his creditors, came into these parts to hide himself, built the cottage on the island, and lived there; and when the bailiffs found him out held them at bay with pistol and blunderbuss. The people of the glen provided him with food. The Irish are good friends to any one who is on bad terms with the authorities. Like Goethe's elves—

Ob er heilig, ob er böse,
Jammet sie der Unglücksman—

So here Major —— fished and shot and laughed at the attempts to arrest him. His sin, however, found him out at last. You may break the English laws as you please in Ireland, but there are some laws which you may not break, as Major —— found. In the farmhouse which supplied him with his milk and eggs, was a girl who anywhere but in Glanmore would have been called exceptionally beautiful. Major —— abused the confidence which was placed in him, and seduced her. He had to fly for his life. Such is the present legend, as true, perhaps, as much that passes by the name of history. Major —— himself might tell another story

My space has run out. My tale is still half told. The next day was Sunday. The day following was August 20, when Irish grouse-shooting begins. If the reader's patience is unexhausted he shall hear of the scratch-bag we made in a scramble of thirty miles; of the weird woman that we saw among the cliffs; of the 'crass bull' that we fell in with, and the double murder in Coomeengeera. I have to tell him too how the grandson of Macfinnan Dhu was caught red-handed spearing salmon, and how the bloody Saxon had to stand between him and eviction. How we held a land court in the hall at Derreen, and settled a disputed inheritance. How we went to the Holy Lake and saw the pilgrims from America there, and how when mass was over they made a night of it with the whisky booths and the card-sharpers. How we had another sail upon the river, how we attended a tenant-right meeting at the board of guardians at Kenmare, and how the chairman floored the middle-man there to the delight of all his audience—the chairman, the brightest of companions, the most charming of men of business, the hero of the seal fight in Mr Trench's *Realities of Irish Life*. All this the reader shall hear if his curiosity leads him to wish for it. If he is sick of this light fare and desires more solid pudding, we will dress our dishes to his mind, and the rest of my pleasant memories shall abide with myself, woven in bright colours in the web of my life by the fingers of the three sisters—my own, and never to be taken from me, let the Future bring what fate it will.

A FORTNIGHT IN KERRY.



II.

THE sketch which bears the above title was published in 'Fraser's Magazine' at the time when the Irish Land Bill was under discussion in the House of Commons. English prejudice and English ignorance were busy with the reputation of the unfortunate country, and clamorous with despair of its amendment by that or any other measure. I thought that at such a period a record of my own experience in Ireland might contribute, infinitesimally little, towards setting her condition in a truer light—towards showing how among the darker features there were redeeming traits of singular interest and attractiveness. Pleased with my own performance and intending to continue it, I trusted that if my friends in Kerry did not approve of all that I said, they would at least recognize my good-will. How great was my surprise to find that I was regarded as an intruder into business which was none of mine, affecting English airs of insolent superiority, and under

pretence of patronage turning the county and its inhabitants into ridicule ! Struck by the absence of petty vices among the peasantry, their simplicity of habit, and the control for good which was exercised over them by the priests, I had said rashly that religion in Kerry appeared to me to mean the knowledge of right and wrong, and to mean little besides. What dark insinuations the writer never dreamt of may be discovered in an unguarded word ! By 'little besides' I had myself intended to imply that no Fenian sermons were to be heard in the chapels there, that no hatred was preached against England or English landlords there, the subjects believed on this side St George's Channel to be eternally inculcated in Catholic pulpits. Our excellent priest at Tuosist—I take this opportunity of apologizing to him—declared in the county papers that he was cut to the heart ; that he had suffered many wrongs in life, but never one that had afflicted him so deeply as the insinuation that his flock learnt nothing from him but the obligations of morality. He must excuse the English stupidity, the English preference for the practical results of religion, which betrayed me into forgetfulness of its mysteries. He must forgive me if I repeat and extend my offence, and insist that the influence of the Irish priesthood in the restraint of what is commonly called immorality cannot be overestimated. In the last century Ireland was one of the most licentious countries in Europe : at present, in proportion to its population, it is the purest in the world.

But the reflection on the chapel teaching was the

least of my crimes. I had stirred a hornet's nest. In describing the manners of a past generation I had sketched the likeness of a once notorious character in the neighbourhood. To avoid mentioning his real name I looked over a list of Irish chiefs three centuries old, and called him at hazard Morty O'Sullivan. A dozen living Morty O'Sullivans, and the representatives of a dozen more who were dead, clamorously appropriated my description, while they denounced the inaccuracy of its details

More seriously, I had used expressions about 'the Liberator' for which I was called to account by a member of his family. 'The Liberator,' I conceive, made himself the property of the public. I do not think he was a friend to Ireland. If he cast out one devil in carrying Catholic Emancipation he let loose seven besides, which must be chained again before England and Ireland can work in harmony. His invectives never spared others, either alive or dead; and I see no cause why I or any one may not express our thoughts freely about him. If the anecdotes of his forefathers, which remain among the traditions of the coast, are untrue or exaggerated, I meant no dishonour to the past or present owner of Derrynane. In the days of high duties, English gentlemen who lived on the coast were not particular how they filled their wine cellars; the restrictions inflicted by English selfishness on Irish trade in the last century erected smuggling into patriotism; and if the O'Connells on the shore of the Atlantic submitted quietly to the despot-

ism of the officers of the revenue, tamer blood ran in their veins than might have been expected from the character of their famous representative.

Anyhow I had given mortal offence where I had least thought of offending. I was an instance in my own person of the mistakes which Englishmen seem doomed to make when they meddle, however lightly, with this singular people. I hesitated to take another step on so dangerous a soil, especially as (let me drop my disguise and acknowledge myself as the tenant of the spot to which I described myself as a visitor)—especially as my lease was unexpired. I had another season before me in the scene of my delinquency; and courteous as the Irish uniformly show themselves to strangers who have nothing to do with them, they are credited with disagreeable tendencies when they consider themselves injured. It was hinted to me that I should be a brave man if I again ventured into Kerry.

The storm was renewed in America—files were forwarded to me of the *Irish Republic*, in which I was denounced as a representative of the hereditary enemies of Ireland. And though I found a friend there—himself an exile, having loved his country not wisely, but too well, who could yet listen patiently to an Englishman who loved her too, but did not love her faults, I held it but prudence to suspend the prosecution of my enterprise till the summer should have again passed, and we birds of passage had migrated to our winter homes.

We went back to Derreen in spite of warnings, but

our hearts beat uneasily as we approached the charmed neighbourhood. At Mallow, where we changed carriages, a gigantic O'Connell was sternly pacing the platform. I felt relieved when he passed our luggage without glancing at the address. The clouds on the mountain-tops seemed to frown ominously. The first thing that met our eyes at the hotel where we stopped to luncheon was a denunciatory paragraph in a local paper. When we arrived at our beautiful home a canard reached us that we had been censured, if not denounced, at a neighbouring Catholic chapel. The children at the National School, for whom in past years we had provided an occasional holiday entertainment, had been forbidden, it was whispered, to come near us any more. For a few days—such was the effect of a guilty conscience—we imagined the people were less polite to us. The 'Good evening kindly' of the peasant coming home from his work, the sure sign of genuine good will, seemed less frequent than silence or an inaudible mutter. Fewer old women than usual brought their sore legs to be mended or pitied, fewer family quarrels were brought to us to arbitrate, interminable disputes about 'the grass of a cow,' or the interpretation of a will where a ragged testator had bequeathed an interest in a farm over which he had no more power than over a slice of the moon. ✓

One day, so active is fancy in the uneasy atmosphere of Ireland, we conceived that we had been 'visited.' On a misty Sunday afternoon, when the servants about the place had gone to 'the dance,' and we were

alone in the house watching the alternate play of fog and sunlight on the lake, there appeared round the angle of a rock on the gravel walk before the windows a group of strangers. Going out to inquire their business, I found myself in the presence of ten or twelve men, not one of whose faces I recognized. I asked what they wanted. One of them said they were looking at the place, which was obvious without their information. I suggested that the grounds were private—they should have asked leave. He replied, as I thought, with an odd smile, that he saw no occasion for it. And when I insisted that there was occasion, and that if he put it in that way they must go away, the rest looked inquiringly at their leader, as if to ask whether they should make me understand practically that I was not in England. He hesitated, and, after a pause, moved off, and his companions followed. I found afterwards they were boys from beyond the mountains, out holiday-making. They had meant to pic-nic in the woods, and, looking on me as an interloper, had not troubled themselves to remember my existence. My alarms were utterly groundless; but we had been reading *Realities of Irish Life*, and our heads were full of chimæras.

Something had been amiss, but there was more smoke than fire. Our kind priest, when he understood at last that I had meant him no ill, but had rather intended to compliment him, forgave me on the score of 'invincible ignorance'. He had vindicated himself before the diocese in the — *Chronicle*, and could now

admit that I was no worse than a stupid John Bull. We held our feast of reconciliation, at which he was generously present, with the school children on the lawn. They leapt, raced, wrestled, jumped in sacks, climbed greasy poles, and the rest of it—a hundred stout little fellows with as many of their sisters; four out of five of the boys to grow up, thanks to the paternal wisdom of our legislators, into citizens of the United States; the fifth to be a Fenian at home; the girls to be mothers of families on the Ohio or the Missouri, where the Irish race seems intended to close its eventful history and disappear in the American Republic.

Quit, then, of my self-made difficulties, I might resume my story where I let it fall, and fill in with more discretion the parts of my original canvas which I left untouched. Longer acquaintance with the county, however, presented other matters to me, of fresher, perhaps more serious, interest. I prefer therefore to wander on in somewhat desultory fashion

I dropped my thread on the eve of the sportsman's festival—the day of sufficient consequence to be marked in almanacs—on which ‘grouse-shooting commences’ The momentous event takes place in Ireland on the 20th of August. All things lag behind in the sister country, and even grouse and partridges do not attain their full size till England and Scotland have set the example. May Ireland in this department of her business lag behind for ever. The spoilt voluptuary of the Northern Moors, whose idea of sport is to stand behind a turf bank with a servant to load his guns for

him, while an army of gillies drive the grouse in clouds over his head, will find few charms in the Kerry mountains. Cattle graze the lower slopes; sheep and goats fatten on the soft sweet herbage of the higher ridges, which snow rarely covers or frost checks, and the warm winds from the Gulf Stream keep perennially green. Each family in the valley has its right of pasture on one or other of the ranges for its cows or its flocks, and the boys and girls that watch them disturb the solitudes elsewhere devoted to the sacred bird. Long may it remain so. Long may it be ere Irish landlords follow the precedents of Yorkshire or Sutherlandshire, and sacrifice their human tenants to a surfeit of amusements. The sportsman that would fill his bag in Kerry must be prepared to walk his twenty miles—keep his head steady among crags, where if he slip he may fall a thousand feet. He must miss little—kill his birds clean in places where he can find them; and, let him do his best, if he spare the hares he will shoot no more than he can carry conveniently on his own shoulders for the supply of the larder at home. He must be content to find the best reward of his toil in the exquisite air, in the most elaborate variety of the most perfect scenery in the world—cliff, cataract, and glen—fresh-water lake and inland sea—spirit-haunted all of them, with wild tales of Irish history—the mountain jewels set in the azure ring of the Atlantic, which circles round three sides of the horizon.

Sporting thus, and in such scenes, may be censured by the moralist, but it is still exquisite fooling. I at

least have not outgrown my taste for it. I must dare Mr Freeman's ill opinion, and as the time comes round take my turn with the rest.

Let us suppose, then, a morning late in August in this year of Grace 1870 We set out on foot—myself, the keeper, and a second gun, a guest trained unhappily in more luxurious shooting grounds, who condescends for once to waste a day with me. Carriages, even ponies, cannot help us to our ground over the broken tracks we have to follow. It is still—so still that the cutter floats double at her moorings, yacht and shadow ; while here and there two lines of ripple, meeting at a point, show where a cormorant is following slowly a school of retreating sprats, or a seal is taking his morning's airing. The path leads for half a mile along the shore, and then strikes up into the valley, which narrows as we advance. A deep river, fringed with marshy meadows, drags slowly down the middle of it to the sea. The lake out of which it runs two miles up is scarcely thirty feet above high-water mark. The ground is gradually sinking, and in a little while—a geologist's little while, in a few thousand years or so—the precipices which wall in the glens will dip their bases in salt water.

The greater part of the valley on either side is raised above reach of floods ; and the soil from its situation might be very easily drained, and has been evidently inhabited, and even thickly inhabited, from a very early era. Wild as is the scene at present, we see traces as we advance of three distinct eras of occupa-

tion. On the hill-side a quarter of a mile from us is a circular mound, flat at the top, with steep scarped grassy sides. It is a *rath*—one of many which are in the neighbourhood—called a fort by some, but fort it could have never been—rather a human rabbit burrow. Beneath the surface seven or eight feet down, and excavated where the soil is hardest, run a series of chambers communicating with each other by holes barely large enough to allow the body to pass through, the arches of both hole and chamber turned so accurately that one would think some animal working by instinct, some missing link, had made them rather than a Celt with a reason half grown.

Beside the road stands a circle of gray stones nine or ten feet high, raised, doubtless, by the hands which burrowed the mounds; perhaps the burial-spot of some famous chief, perhaps a House of Parliament or court of law, perhaps a temple to which ages before the Deluge honest folks plodded morning and evening on Sundays. Farther on, and lately exposed by the abrasion of the peat which had covered and protected it, is a broad slab of old red sandstone ground smooth by glacier action, and scored over with circles something like a genealogical tree. They are of all sizes, and disposed in all varieties of pattern. Sometimes the rings are concentric, two or even three lying one within the others. Sometimes single rings, large and small, are clustered into groups. These, too, are a mystery. Was the stone the starry map of some Druid astronomer? Was it a rude astrolabe—were the circles magical

signs—and did here stand the chair of justice of some Brehon, half rogue, half sage, that sat in judgment there on the quarrels of the glen? Even the rashest antiquarians forbear their conjectures. We know only that we are among the remains of a race which lies far away beyond the horizon of history.

Below us, among some trees at the side of a water-course, are the fragments of a ruined building, more modern infinitely than the monuments which I have just described, for it is composed of bricks, genuine burnt clay, and mortar. Yet it is still old. It has been standing certainly not less than two centuries. Looked at closer, it will explain how these valleys and mountain-sides, clothed not so long ago, as we can see by the stumps protruding from the ground, with forests of fir, and birch, and yew, assumed their present aspect of naked desolation. Sloping away from the foot of the wall lies a heap of what looks at first like broken stone, but proves on examination to be slag. We have before us all that is left of the once famous smelting furnaces established by Sir William Petty. The founder of the Lansdowne family secured, in the scramble for Irish land, for some trifling sum the lordship of this wilderness of mountains. His utilitarian eye discerned the wealth that lay stored in the mass of timber. He shipped cargoes of ore from Wales and Cornwall to the Kenmare river and stripped the district bare—bare to the very bone of rock—to melt it into metal. What harm? The woods were hiding-places for wolves and rapparees, or, worse than both, for Jesuits; and the

lovers of the picturesque had not yet come into being even in England.

And there is a third record before us of an order of things which, though nearer to us far than the other two, has still vanished as they have vanished. Far up the mountain-sides and on the sloping meadows are ridges which mark departed cultivation, now fast relapsing into peat. Ditches, too, we can see, which were once deep and effective drains, overgrown with briar and bush, and choked with reeds and mud. I mentioned in my former paper that these districts, before the potato famine, were densely peopled. One house stands now where a quarter of a century ago there were four. The holdings attached to them are thrown together, and subdivision under any pretext is sternly forbidden. Should hard times come again there are thus fewer inhabitants in danger of starvation, and those that remain are no longer utterly dependent upon a single root. They are so far better off than their fathers that they are above the reach of being overwhelmed by any sudden calamity like that which overtook them before ; but the difference is rather relative than absolute. Their farms are now larger than they care to cultivate, or could cultivate if they wished it, where only spade husbandry is possible. They till just so much soil as will provide their own potatoes, and keep alive their cattle through the winter and spring. They make money by their wool, and butter, and pigs ; but they keep their holdings as they keep their persons, in rags. Their fences are always broken. Their drains

are filled in. The cabins are still the common home of all the live stock, human and animal. Their habits are unchanged, and to all appearance unchangeable. They refuse to acquire a taste for any cleaner or better style of living. The turf bog provides them with fuel, and warmth is the only form of comfort which they value. Thus they have no motive for work when all their wants are satisfied. They tell you with a shrug that emigration has trebled the price of labour, and that they cannot afford to hire workmen. And thus everywhere in the south cultivation recedes with the decrease of population. The country, in its own language, is going back to bog. A stream at one place overran the road. In times of flood the ford was impassable; the cause was simply that an old drain had been closed by neglect, and the water at the same time was drowning and ruining twenty acres of excellent meadow. The tenant of said meadow told me he was going to apply to Lord — to build a bridge at the ford. The bridge would cost sixty pounds, while five pounds laid out in labour would dry both road and fields. There is your Kerry farmer; and lease or no lease, Land Act or no Land Act, such he will remain till he is carried away from the land of his birth and released from its enchantments. While the holdings were small, they had to make the most of them, or they could not live. But no Irish peasant will work harder than necessity obliges; and if the soil is to be again adequately tilled by the Celtic race, it will be by subdivision, and not otherwise. I can easily understand the objections of the landlords.

The lesson of the famine is too terrible to be forgotten. Ireland may become more and more a cattle-growing country, or in time Scotch and English labourers may be imported, and the agricultural system be revolutionized ; but the fact remains, that the valleys in Kerry would support, if properly tilled, at least twice their present population with ease.

The grouse are waiting for us, but they must still wait ; we have a long climb to make before we shall see them. Although the heather lies thickest on the lower slopes, they prefer the colder altitudes, and the Italian softness of the climate down below does not agree with them. Up, then, we must mount. The ranges for which we are bound are near two thousand feet above the sea ; and as the keeper's wind is better than ours, he tells us a story as we rise. The ascent leads first by a rocky path where the river falls beside us in a series of cascades, the projecting rocks forming cool dripping caves where ferns of all varieties, from the tall *Osmunda* to the shy Killarney fern, which hides itself in the most sequestered corners, cluster in the transparent gloom. A few hundred feet up we emerge upon a level meadow half a mile wide and a mile deep, walled in by precipices, with a solitary farm-house at the upper end, which is throwing up its thin column of smoke against the cliff at its back. More desolate spot for a human habitation the eye has rarely rested on. In the winter months the occupants of it are cut off utterly from intercourse with the outer world. During summer the children descend to the valley school, and the old people to the

chapel to mass. From November to March the rain and wind keep them prisoners

The river, where it leaves the plateau, leaps over a shelf of rock and falls thirty or forty feet into a rocky pool. It was here, said our guide as we passed it, that Kathleen Sullivan was murdered. The tale, when he told it, was as singular as it was wild. The ridge overhanging the glen forms the dividing line between Cork and Kerry. From the crest you look on one side over the Kenmare river, on the other upon Bantry Bay—Berehaven lies at your feet; and about forty years ago, when the English fleet was anchored there, a sailor who by some means had become possessed of a bag of sovereigns, secured them in a belt round his waist, deserted from his ship, climbed the crags by a goat track where they are generally considered inaccessible, and descended into this valley. He intended to hide himself there till the pursuit was over, and then to escape to America. A criminal flying from justice is a sacred person in most parts of Ireland. He made his way to the farmhouse, where he was offered shelter for the night; and presuming on his character, and perhaps warmed by whisky, he showed his host the treasure which he had brought with him. The temptation was too strong to be resisted. The sailor fell asleep by the fire. Kathleen, a girl belonging to the farm, who slept in the loft above, was disturbed by a light which glimmered through the chinks in the floor, and looking down she saw her master stand over the sleeping sailor and kill him. The body was carried out and buried.

The man's presence there was of course unknown, and no inquiry was made for him. The girl, terrified at the dreadful secret of which she had become the unwilling possessor, did not venture to speak. At last, in an evil moment for herself, in a quarrel with her master she let fall an incautious word, from which he gathered that she knew what he had done. One morning early, when she went out to milk the cows, he followed her to the top of the waterfall, watched his opportunity, and flung her over. She was killed on the spot. There was an inquest. She was supposed to have fallen accidentally, and the murderer, whom we will call O'Brien, was now assured of his safety. He was shrewd in his generation ; quietly and without ostentation he laid out the sailor's money. He bought cows and sheep, he grew rich, and all that he did prospered with him. So passed seventeen years. Kathleen was forgotten. The lucky O'Brien was the sovereign of the glen, and the envy of the neighbourhood, till justice awoke suddenly from its long sleep.

As Kathleen had seen him kill the sailor, so there had been an unknown witness to the murder of Kathleen. A stranger had been on the mountains, himself after no good—shearing O'Brien's sheep to steal the wool. He had been on the watch lest he should be himself detected, and from a crag overhanging the fall he had observed all that took place. He, too, remained silent, from a consciousness of his own guilt. He went down to Berehaven, where he found employment as a labourer in the copper mines, and there he continued to

work, still keeping his secret, till, having grown an elderly man, he one day fell down a shaft: he was badly hurt, and believing himself to be dying, sent for a priest, and in confession told him all. The priest insisted that he must make his declaration public. A magistrate took his deposition upon oath, and a warrant was issued for O'Brien's arrest. Months elapsed before it could be executed. the murderer was protected by the customs which he had himself broken. By daylight his cabin commanded all the approaches to it; no one could come within half a mile of it unseen; the people in the valley below gave him warning by signals when danger was near, and he escaped into a cave high up among the crags, where he lay concealed till the coast was clear. At last one stormy night, when the watchers were under cover, and sounds were drowned in the warring of the wind and the waterfalls, a party of police made their way to his door and caught him. He was taken to Tralee, was tried, found guilty, and after a full confession was hanged.¹

It is faring with the grouse as with Corporal Trim's story of 'The King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles' We cannot get beyond the first sentence for inter-

¹ I have altered the names. The story is otherwise true in all its parts, and in this summer of 1870 had a singular sequel. A man bearing marks of ill-usage appeared one day at a cabin near Kenmare, and complained of having been badly beaten. He was the son of the Berchaven miner. He had been in America since the trial, and had but newly returned. O'Brien's son had fallen in with him, recognized him, knocked him down and kicked him, and had sworn that if he saw him again his life should pay for his father's.

ruptions. No matter, we are near the ground now. While listening to the keeper's tale we have left the valley, and ascended gradually by the sheep walks. We are making for a gap in the ridge which is now immediately above our heads. The aneroid gives us 1700 feet above the sea level. Five minutes' hand-and-foot climbing, up to our waists in heather, lands us on the top, and we fling ourselves on the grass to recover breath and wet our throats in an ice-cold spring. Even here there is no breeze. The sky above us is cloudlessly blue; the gorges underneath are filled with a transparent haze; behind us is our own harbour of Kilmikalloge, with the Derreen woods and birch-fringed inlets. We trace the course of the broad river as it sweeps away to the Atlantic, Scarriff towering at its mouth, and then the Skelligs, and far away Mount Brandon and the Dingle range. An English yacht is drifting up with the tide, her sails hanging loose without a breath to fill them. Landwards Carran Tual has a veil of mist upon it. Every other peak throughout the mountain panorama is clear. In front the cliffs fall away to Bantry Bay, which lies stretched at our feet in summer calm. To the left is Sugar-loaf, keeping watch over the fairy Glengariff. Outside it, covering Bantry itself, is Whiddy Island, where the French fleet came in 1796—came, tempted by Irish promises, to find despair and destruction. Across the bay and over the hills, and far as we can see, lies the blue girdle of the illimitable ocean, flecked with white spots of sails, or crossed by lines of smoke where an Inman

or a Cunarder is forming a floating bridge between the Old and the New World.

We have now no more climbing for the day ; we can walk along the high level till, if we please, we make the circuit of our bounds. At any rate, we shall pass round the head of the great valley, and descend ten miles distant. My companion looks in dismay at the wilderness of rocks, and exclaims that he would as soon expect to meet a tiger as a grouse there. He need not despair—he will meet a few, and that was as much as we promised him. The red grouse of Kerry differs in all his habits from his brothers in North Britain. He is larger, heavier, and stronger on the wing. The packs break up early, the birds lie about singly, or in twos and threes, chiefly on shelves of cliff or in the hollows between the high hummocks, where the heather is thick and the sheep least disturb them. They are wild ; so, though we let the dogs range, we cannot afford to wait for a point, and must walk well up to them. When the grouse rise their flight is like a blackcock's, and if we let them go we shall see no more of them. The sheep and goats have chosen the highest ridges to-day, in the absurd hope of finding the air cooler there. They are as active as deer. With a fiendish ingenuity they divine the way that we are going, and while they keep steadily a few hundred yards ahead of us, ahead of them we see a continual flutter of brown wings, and mountain hares by dozens cantering leisurely away. It can't be helped. Sheep are of more consequence than sportsmen's pleasure

and meanwhile make the best of keepers. If they prevent the grouse from multiplying, they insure them effectively against being killed down. No matter—we shall get what we want. We separate that we may not talk. We must keep our eyes peeled, as the Americans say, for we know not where or when a bird may rise. A right and left from my friend, as we part, restores his good humour. We press a gossoon who is sheep-watching into our service to carry hares, and shoot whatever we come across. Why tire the reader with particulars? After three hours it is luncheon time. We have five brace of grouse, half a dozen hares, and a snipe or two; and for Kerry we have done respectably. We lie down in the heather beside a spring which spouts from a rift in the rock, cold as if it ran out of a glacier. Our flasks and sandwich boxes are emptied, the dogs lie curled at our feet, and we smoke our pipes in meditative inertness, gazing over the glorious scene. Go where we will among these hills there is always some fresh surprise. The abruptness with which the gorges fall off conceals their existence till we are close on them. We are sitting now on the rim of Glenarm, a narrow valley scarce a rifle-shot across, with a solitary lake at the bottom of it sixteen hundred feet down. The lake is a famous fishing-place, and had been the scene of a quarrel in the beginning of the summer, which, though happily it went no further than words, is extremely characteristic of the country. It may serve to amuse us for a few minutes till our pipes are finished.

I must premise that in the south of Ireland the priests and the fisheries go ill together. For some unknown reason the presence of a priest is supposed to bring ill-luck both to net and rod.

In a village a mile below the lake is a congregation of Soupers — Protestant converts so named by the Catholics from the means said to have been used to convince them of their errors. However this might be, there is now a church there, a school, two dozen or more useful Protestant families, and an excellent, high-spirited young clergyman, Irish born and Irish tempered, and one of the most hard-working of men. In this wild country we depend sometimes for our dinners on what we can catch or shoot. P., so let me call the clergyman, is a fisherman after the Apostles' model. One day he had gone with his rod to the lake. His rival the priest, Father T., an athletic young giant well known in the neighbourhood, was on another part of it on the same errand. Some boys who were fishing also passed P. and complained of bad sport; and P., who lives in normal militancy with the spiritual opposition, observed that they could expect no better when there was a priest on the lake.

The boys repeated the words to the father, who was seen shortly after coming up at a swinging trot.

'What's that you said about me?' he exclaimed when he reached P. P. made no answer, but fished on. 'What did you say about me?' reiterated the father more fiercely.

'I never mentioned your name,' replied P., not

caring to turn round. 'You did !' rejoined the other. 'Well, if you wish to have it,' said P, 'I told them there was neither grace nor luck where a priest came' P.'s head scarcely touched T.'s shoulder. The father flourished his blackthorn. 'It is lucky for you,' he said, 'that we are in a land where the law is over us, or I'd break your head across. How dare you speak like that ?'

'The law over us !' retorted P ; 'well, it is, and we must bear it. If there was no law, I was brought up where I learnt the use of my hands. But, if it comes to daring, how dared you take five shillings last winter from the fishermen for saying mass on their nets when they were after the herring, and you know as well as I that your mass would bring them neither bad nor good ?'

How much further the conversation went, I know not. The most curious part of the matter was to follow. So far it might be thought each of the parties had got as good as he brought, and neither had much to complain of. P, however, sued his antagonist at the — Sessions for exciting to commit a breach of the peace. One of the magistrates, I was told, was a Catholic ; but, though they dismissed the case, poor Father T., notwithstanding, had to pay the costs of the summons.

Protestant clergy, it seems, can still have justice in Ireland, notwithstanding the disestablishment.

We have loitered long enough over our luncheon, and we must up and away. We still keep along the high ground skirting the head of the valley, and firing

an occasional shot. Our moderate game-bag is filled. By four o'clock we are on the range opposite to that on which we ascended in the morning, and, as the crow flies, we are not far from home. The harbour is just under us, and the house is just visible among the woods. The sea breeze, the sea turn, or Satan, as the people call it, which always blows from the ocean on summer afternoons, has brought in the English schooner, which lies at anchor half a mile from the boat-house. Our shooting is over. The gossoon has taken a short cut, and gone down with the hares. The keeper prepares to follow with the dogs and bag. We have ourselves a choice of ways—either to accompany him down the gently sloping shoulder of the mountain direct to Derreen, or to make a round by another glen as remarkable as any we had seen. My companion was tired, and selected to go with the keeper. It still wanted three hours of sunset, and I myself decided for the glen. Here, again, the cliffs were precipitous, falling sheer from below my feet to where the rocks which have been split off by wet and frost, lie piled in masses under the crags. There was a sort of chimney, however, where it was possible to descend with safety, and I had a special reason for my choice of way. All the glens are inhabited more or less. In this one there was a cabin, which I could see from the edge on which I was standing, where we had heard the day before that there was a woman lying dangerously ill. Her husband had applied to us for wine or medicine, but though there has been a school in the neighbourhood for thirty years,

where, besides the three R's, they are taught grammar, and geography, and the principles of mechanics, and natural history, and choice specimens of English composition in prose and verse are learnt by rote by pupils who do not understand a word of them, simpler matters of more immediate consequence are forgotten. The Irish of the glens do not yet distinguish between a physic-bottle and a charm. They would hang castor oil about their necks, and expect as much result as if it was in their stomachs, and would swallow a paper prescription with as much faith as the drugs which it indicated. They have a contempt for professional doctors, and unbounded belief in amateurs. We cannot escape our responsibilities, but we can venture on nothing without going in person to learn what is the matter, and without seeing our instructions obeyed with our own eyes.

The cabin to which I was going was a mile distant from any other habitation. It stood on a green bank across a river, and was only accessible over stepping-stones. Notwithstanding the dry weather the filth was ankle-deep before the door. The windows were blocked up with straw, and when I entered I could see nothing until my eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness. Gradually I made out two or three pigs, a spindle half overturned, and a plate or two. Human creatures there were none to be seen, old or young, nor sign of them. The place seemed so entirely deserted that I supposed I had made a mistake. Groping round, however, I found the latch of a second door, and on lifting it found

myself in a sort of outhouse more wretched than many an English pigsty ; and there, on a rude shelf of boards, littered over with straw, lay the woman I was in search of. She had been left perfectly alone. Her pulse was scarcely perceptible. She had received the last sacraments, and might have died at any moment ; yet of all her family (she had a husband and two grown sons, certainly—whether she had daughters I do not know) there was not one who cared to watch by her. They were in good circumstances ; they had cows and sheep ; they had a fair-sized farm, and relatives in America who had helped them with money to stock it. When she died she would be decently waked. The whisky would flow freely ; the keens would ring along the valley as if a thousand hearts were breaking. Yet the poor soul could be left to start upon its last journey with no friendly hand to soothe the parting pain, or loving voice to whisper hope and comfort. I could but feel that the words of Swift, written a century and a half ago of Ireland, were still as applicable as ever : ‘Whoever travels in this country, and observes the faces, habits, and dwellings of the natives, will hardly think himself in a land where law, religion, or common humanity is professed’

The coming in of a yacht is always an event with us. It rarely happens but there is some one on board that we know or know about. At least they will have heard of Derreen, and will wish to see it ; and living as we do at the end of all things, the sight of fresh faces is specially welcome. On the present occasion we were

more than usually fortunate. The owner, Mr —, was a distant acquaintance. He had an American gentleman on board who was fresh from Gravelotte, who had stood on that bloody field beside the King of Prussia, and had been obliged, in leaving it, to pick his way for half a mile as he walked, lest he should tread upon the mangled bodies of men. We have supped full of horrors since that day. Death and destruction have become our common food. They have lost the dreadful charm of novelty, and we turn sick and weary from the monotonous tale. Here, at least, we need have no more of it. There was, besides, a person whose name I had often heard—Mr C. F—an Irish landlord, whose stern rule had made him notorious for the crimes which he had provoked, who himself had borne a charmed life, so many a ball had whistled past him harmlessly.

We had a visitor, too, of our own, the Dean of —, the most accomplished of Irish antiquaries, long second only to Petrie, and by Petrie's death succeeding to his vacant chair. Taking advantage of our company we determined the next day to open one of the large raths which I mentioned above, that we might see if it contained any curiosities. Guarded by superstition, and believed to be inhabited by the good people, it had been left untouched till thirty years ago, when an adventurous treasure-seeker was reported to have attempted an entrance. Attempted, not succeeded. An old man in the neighbourhood told us, that being then a rash youth he had himself taken part in the adventure. They had penetrated into the first chamber, where they

had found a broken quern; their way had then been stopped by an iron door, and while struggling to force it they had been encountered by a black apparition resembling a man; they had fled for their lives: one of them (there were three) had broken his leg, a second had fallen and sprained an ankle, the third lost three of his cows. The neighbourhood was up in arms; it was feared that the whole valley would be ruined. The hole was instantly filled in, and the spectre returned to his den.

Thirty years of rationalism had not been without their effects. There was no open opposition to our project, but we had great difficulty in procuring workmen. A farmer was found at last who had spent ten years in America; another offered himself who was going the next week to America, and believed that the devil, if devil there were, would not follow him to the land of promise; the Scotch keeper and the gardener made two more; and to work we went with pickaxe and crowbar. We were obliged to be careful, for the mound having a supernatural reputation had been used as a burying-ground during the famine. The bodies lay within a few inches of the surface, and the chambers which we were in search of were far beneath them. We sank our shaft, however, out of their way at the extreme edge, on the traces of the treasure-seeker, being especially anxious to find the iron door. The first thing was to remove the stones which had been flung in to block up the entrance; this took us two hours of hard work: at length eight feet down we

came on a hole like the mouth of a fox's earth. Usually the rats are dry, the situations of them having been selected with a view to natural drainage: here the wet had penetrated where the soil had been loosened, and to enter we had to crawl through deep mud. A lighted candle pushed in at the end of a stick showed that the air was fresh. Clusters of boys were hanging round at a respectful distance, who refused to be bribed to make the first venture, so, disregarding the prayers and denunciations of a venerable old patriarch who was looking on in horror, one of our own party crawled in. He reported nothing of any door or other obstacle; there was a passage open, leading he knew not whither: so we procured a tape to measure the distance and guide us back if we lost our way, and entered in single file. After creeping on our stomachs for a few feet in three inches of mud we found ourselves in a cave eight feet long, five feet wide, and four feet and a half or five feet high; at the end of it was a second hole, through which we could barely squeeze ourselves, leading into a second cave like the first. Beyond this was another and another, seven in all - all but the first were dry.

The floors were covered with the undisturbed dust of centuries. At the far extremity, within a few feet of the opposite edge of the mound, was a rude stone fireplace with traces of ashes. There was no sign of any other opening; and how a fire could have been lighted in such a position without suffocating every one in the place there was nothing to show. On the floor lay the remains of the last dinner that had been eaten

there, a few mussel shells and the bones of a sheep's head. That was all. No instrument of any kind, of stone, or wood, or metal. There were marks of the tools which had been used in the excavation, but of the tools themselves, or of the hands in which they were held, not a trace.

What these places could have been baffles conjecture. They were not places of concealment, for the situations of all of them are purposely conspicuous; as little could they have been forts, for it was but to stop the earths and every creature inside must have been stifled. The Dean tells us that, like the present one, they are uniformly empty. Once, only, a rude crucifix was found, but this proves little. In the days of persecution, when supernatural terrors were more active than they are now, these strange caves might have served as safe retreats for hunted priests or friars.

We came out as wise as we had gone in, save that our imaginations could indulge no longer in possible discoveries. We had only inflicted an incurable wound on the spiritual temperament of the valley. The already wavering faith in the supernatural was confirmed into incredulity. We had made a way for scepticism, and another group of pious beliefs was withered.

As we walked home I had a talk with Mr F. He had earned his notoriety by the scale on which he had forced up rents, carried out evictions, and brought his vast property under economic and paying conditions. To make a property pay in the mountainous parts of Ireland is to drive off the inhabitants and substitute

sheep for them. I could not venture to touch on his personal experience; or the sensations of a man who had shot his covers under a guard of policemen, and to whom to take a solitary ride had been as dangerous as to lead a charge of cavalry, might have been curious to inquire into. Our conversation turned rather on the social condition of these two islands, with their scanty area of soil and their relatively vast population. Mr F.'s theory had at least the merit of boldness. The business and life of the empire, he said, lay in the great cities, where the wear and tear and anxiety of work became daily more exhausting. Our overtaxed constitutions required opportunities of escaping the strain close at hand and readily available. England, Scotland, and Ireland, therefore, ought to be divided into, on the one hand, swarming centres of industry, densely-crowded hives of people; and, on the other, wildernesses, solitudes of mountain and forest, where the deer ranged free as on the prairies, and wearied man could recuperate his energies in contact with primitive nature. It was a complete conception expressed without flinching. Artificial solitudes require strict exclusiveness. Itinerant tourist parties disturb game. Remains of picnic parties, fragments of newspapers, and chicken bones banish the illusions of the picturesque. The happy beings, therefore, who can command an entrance into these charmed circles must be the very rich and the very few—less than one in a thousand of us—while of these few the brain of a large percentage is never taxed by a severer effort than the adjustment

of a betting book, and their services to the community extend no further than the diligent use of their digestive apparatus. The resultant good, therefore, is slightly incommensurate with the cost of production. Mr F, however, was but stating nakedly the principle on which the Scotch Highlands have been now for some time administered. There may be other Irish proprietors besides my companion who would follow the example if they dared. Were our colonies brought closer to us, were the enormous area of fertile soil belonging to England in all parts of the world made accessible by easy and cheap communication, and some shreds of our enormous income expended in enabling our people to spread, something might be said in defence of Mr F's position. At all events, it would not be utterly detestable.

Our conversation came to an abrupt end. The Dean's lecture upon the Rath's had led the rest of the party over a wide field of Irish antiquities. We found the subject more interesting than politics; and I myself, whose studies happened to have lain in that direction, contributed a story which illustrates curiously the condition of Kerry at the beginning of the last century. The correspondence in which it is contained is preserved in the Record Office, where any one who desires further information will find it.

To the south of Kerry Head, which divides the Bay of Tralee from the mouth of the Shannon, lie the long sands of Ballyhige. The Atlantic waves roll heavily on the shallow shore. Blown sand-hills covered with

grass form a bulwark against the sea, behind which low boggy marshes stretch for miles. At the north end of the sands, an elevation of dry ground, where the modern Castle of Ballyhige has been since erected, there stood in the year 1730 a considerable manor-house, occupied by Mr Thomas Crosbie. The family of Crosbie was one of the most important in Kerry. They were descended from John Crosbie, who was made Bishop of Ardfert by Queen Elizabeth. Sir Maurice, the head of the clan, sat in the Irish Parliament for the county, and was son-in-law of the Earl of Kerry. Thomas Crosbie of Ballyhige represented Dingle, and had married Lady Margaret, sister of the Earl of Barrymore. A third seat in another part of the county was held by a brother or cousin. Arthur Crosbie, Clerk of the Crown for Kerry, who figures in the story which I am about to tell, had a son who married a daughter of Lord Mornington, and was great uncle to Arthur, Duke of Wellington.

So much for the family connections. Attached to the house at Ballyhige was a linen manufactory, managed by a resident Scotch agent named Moses Dalrymple. The household indicated that Mr Crosbie was a gentleman of good fortune. There was a house steward, a butler, a coachman, footmen in livery, and a considerable retinue of other servants.

On October 28, 1730, at five in the morning, a Danish East Indiaman, which had been driven into the bay, and had failed to weather Kerry Head, came ashore under the house. She was powerfully armed and

manned, and was at first taken for a pirate. But the arms were merely for the protection of twelve large chests of silver bullion which they were taking out to the East. Her crew were harmless, and were anxious only for the safety of their precious cargo. The vessel, being strongly built, held together till the tide went back. The Danes, eighty-eight in all, scrambled half drowned through the surf with the chests, and were looking about for some place of safety to deposit them, when they were set upon by the peasantry of the neighbourhood. The commercial policy of England had converted the coast population of Ireland into organized gangs of smugglers, and wrecking formed a natural feature in the general lawlessness.

Mr Crosbie, being a man of character and apparently of conscience, rushed to the rescue. With the help of his servants and his factory hands he drove off the mob, and secured the treasure in his house. Most of the crew went to Dublin, and made their way home. The commander, Captain Heitman, with his son and a few of the seamen, remained in charge of the chests till arrangements could be made for their removal. Mr Crosbie, in his report to the Government, stated that he had risked his life in saving them. He had caught a cold besides in the raw wet morning air, which had brought on pleurisy, and he not unnaturally presented a heavy claim for salvage. A correspondence followed between the Dublin Custom-house and Copenhagen. Months passed on, and the chests remained at Ballyhige,

and meanwhile Mr Crosbie's pleurisy took an unfavourable turn, and he died.

Now, whether it was that there survived in Kerry some tradition of Palatine rights, under which property cast up by the sea had belonged to the Earls of Desmond and now belonged to nobody in particular, and therefore to everybody; or whether, by hesitating about the salvage money, the Danes were supposed to have forfeited their own claims, or whether, simply, there was a loose idea that chests of silver were chests of silver, and that to neglect windfalls of that kind was a wilful tempting of Providence; however it may have been, there grew up on that side of the country, among all classes of people, a very general idea that it would be well to make their hay while the sun was shining

In the ensuing spring, accordingly, we catch glimpses of scenes of this kind. Four or five miles from Ballyhige there resided the Reverend Francis Lauder, a justice of the peace and Vicar-General of the Bishop of Limerick. One day in April the Vicar-General's steward, named Ryan, with a farm servant called Keven, were threshing corn in the barn. Some strangers from Tralee lounged in, and Ryan went out with them, and when he returned told Keven that there was a plot on foot to carry off the Danes' money, and asked him to be one of the party. Keven asked what the gentlemen of the county would say. Ryan answered that, except Lord Kerry, who had not been consulted, all the gentlemen had given their consent,

gentlemen were waylaid by the highwaymen on Hounslow Heath, who cut their throats, stole their papers, and came over and were inducted in their places. When the Church could hold no more, there were the Irish revenues to fall back upon. Wretched Ireland was compelled to place upon its pension list every scandalous blackguard who, in unmentionable or unproductive ways, had laid the Court or Cabinet of St James's under obligation.

Thus, hard as it might have seemed to ruin so fair a prospect, the English Government succeeded in doing it. The Protestant immigrants were driven back upon the Celts by this ingenious variety of ill-usage, and made common cause with them against a tyranny which had grown intolerable to both. In spite of the Government, their mere presence in Ireland had produced astonishing improvement. They had ruled, if not perfectly, yet with intelligence and justice, far greater than anything which had been known under the dominion of the chiefs. They maintained political order while England was convulsed with rebellion. The population increased threefold in ninety years. The selling value of the land rose in places twenty and thirty fold. Ireland in 1782 was still in essentials a Protestant country. Grattan's volunteers were Protestants. Even the United Irishmen of 1798 were most of them Protestants; but they had been driven into revolt by England's unendurable folly; and, cut off as they were from the source of their strength, their ascendancy inevitably declined. The era of agitation

paying the price of knowledge, which, when gained, will make him a wiser man.

Once more. The paternal theory implied that every English child was under the guardianship of the State. The law, however ill it was carried out, allowed no wandering outcasts, growing up to lie and steal because they had no means of maintaining themselves honestly. The emancipated street Arab of modern times was apprenticed either to farmer, shopkeeper, or artisan, according to his capacity, and those who could not find masters for themselves were allotted by the machinery of the parochial system. Every other Sunday, or once a month, the clerk, at the close of the sermon, summoned the parishioners to the vestry. The fathers and grandfathers of the present generation assembled with the rector in the chair. The case of any orphan or otherwise helpless child was mentioned, his condition inquired into, the means of his parents (if he had any), whether he was robust or lame or weak or stupid or promising; and, according to the answer, he was assigned to this or that farmer, cobbler, tailor, carpenter, or mason, to be clothed, fed, and brought up in industry. The arrangements for the labour of grown men have been disorganized from a far earlier date; but under the old constitution their wages were fixed by statute and adjusted to the price of food, and no able-bodied labourer was allowed to be idle. The masterless rogue found straying without occupation was taken before the nearest magistrate and set to labour on the roads, or passed back to the parish to which he

sions, and gold and silver, and all the delights of the sons of men.' This was the grand outcome of all his labours ; and he wondered to find that it was 'vanity' 'That which was crooked could not be made straight,' because he had never tried to straighten it, and preferred to gaze on the evils which were done under the sun in elegant despondency.

To bring these remarks to a conclusion. I regard the present constitution of government or no government in this country, not as the result of deliberate and wise foresight, not as an elaborate machine shaped into perfection by the successive efforts of political sagacity, but as a condition of things arising from causes historically traceable, very far removed from perfection, made possible only by peculiar external circumstances and no less inevitably transient. The House of Commons broke the power of the Crown. The House of Commons itself is composed of heterogeneous elements which, by degrees, have arranged themselves into two great sections,—the established families and those who aspire to be established, the country party and the town party, the agricultural party and the commercial party, with other lines of division parallel to these, and nearly coincident with them, the party of the past and the party of the future, those who believe in established usage and those who believe in change and progress, opposing sentiments combined with opposing interests. The full development of these tendencies was long interfered with by tradition and inherited associations. The English, like all great nations, are instinctively

The statute of Elizabeth was a compromise reserving so much of the old privileges as appeared indispensable for a healthy life.

The four acres shrivelled like what had gone before; but generations had to pass before they had dwindled to nothing, and the labourer was inclosed between his four walls to live upon his daily wages.

Similarly, in most country parishes there were tracts of common land, where every householder could have his flock of sheep, his cow or two, his geese or his pig; and milk and bacon so produced went into the limbs of his children, and went to form the large English bone and sinew which are now becoming things of tradition. The thicket or the peat bog provided fuel. There were spots where the soil was favourable in which it was broken up for tillage, and the poor families in rotation raised a scanty crop there. It is true that the common land was wretchedly cultivated. What is every one's property is no one's property. The swamps were left undrained, the gorse was not stubbed up. The ground that was used for husbandry was racked. An inclosed common taken in hand by a man of capital produces four, five, or six times what it produced before. But the landlord who enters on possession is the only gainer by the change. The cottagers made little out of it, but they made something, and that something to them was the difference between comfort and penury. The inclosed land required some small additional labour. A family or two was added to the population on the estate, but it was a family living at the lower level to

before us for the last twenty years as the leader of civilization, and Paris as the head-quarters of it. The one class in this supreme hour of trial for that distracted nation in which there is most hope of good is that into which the ideas of Paris have hitherto failed to penetrate. The French peasant sits as a child at the feet of the priesthood of an exploded idolatry. His ignorance of books is absolute, his superstitions are contemptible; but he has retained a practical remembrance that he has a Master in Heaven who will call him to account for his life. In the cultivation of his garden and vineyard, in the simple round of agricultural toil, he has been saved from the temptation of the prevailing delusions, and has led, for the most part, a thrifty, self-denying, industrious, and useful existence. Keener sarcasm it would be hard to find on the inflated enthusiasm of progress.

IV.

Admitting—and we suspect very few of our readers will be inclined to admit—that there is any truth in these criticisms, it will still be said that our shortcomings are on the way to cure themselves. We have but recently roused ourselves from past stagnation, and that a new constitution of things cannot work at once with all-sided perfection is no more than we might expect. Shortcomings there may be, and our business is to find them out and mend them. The means are now in our hands. The people have at last political power. All interests are now represented in Parliament. All are

palaces, his retinue of eunuchs, and his slaves whom he counted by thousands, was able to say to himself, if he thought at all, 'True enough, there are inequalities of fortune. These serfs of mine have a miserable time of it, but it is only a *time* after all; they have immortal souls, poor devils! and their wretched existence here is but a drop of water in the ocean of their being. They have as good a chance of Paradise as I have—perhaps better. OSIRIS will set all right hereafter; and for the present rich and poor are an ordinance of Providence, and there is no occasion to disturb established institutions. For myself, I have drawn a prize in the lottery, and I hope I am grateful. I subscribe handsomely to the temple services. I am myself punctual in my religious duties. The priests, who are wiser than I am, pray for me, and they tell me I may set my mind at rest.'

Under this theory of things the Israelites had been ground to powder. They broke away. They too were to become a nation. A revelation of the true God was bestowed on them, from which, as from a fountain, a deeper knowledge of the Divine nature was to flow out over the earth; and the central thought of it was the realization of the Divine government—not in a vague hereafter, but in the living present. The unpractical prospective justice which had become an excuse for tyranny was superseded by an immediate justice in time. They were to reap the harvest of their deeds, not in heaven, but on earth. There was no life in the grave whither they were going. The future state was

fashioned motives ; nor are we as a people so completely different from all other nations in the world, present or past, that it is a matter of indifference to us whether we do or do not become subjects of an alien power. The Russians do not emigrate at all, though their climate is not less severe than that of British North America. The sense of home is always strongest in the inhabitants of northern latitudes, and with it the more robust qualities which are developed by their more energetic habits of life. The northern nations of the old world have been larger-limbed and stouter-hearted than the children of those effeminate regions where the soil yields its harvest without labour, and warmth generates indolence and languor. The future of America it is likely will resemble in this respect the past of Europe, and the hardy race which will hereafter dominate in that vast continent will probably be the men bred in New England and in that Dominion in which Mr Bruce tells us it is impossible to persuade English emigrants to remain.

Mr Gladstone, similarly taking up the other side of the matter in the House of Commons, stated as a reason why a closer union with the colonies was impossible, that the nearest of them, Canada, was divided from us by nature, by a waste of rolling water—and that what God had placed asunder it was in vain for man to try to join. The objection can be forgotten when there is a desire to overlook it. New Zealand is at least as difficult of access from Australia, yet a South Pacific confederation is considered not only not as an impossibility,

intolerable. At best you will succeed but imperfectly in reducing the numbers, for as you relieve the pressure at home many of the children who now die will survive. The employer may take heart. When we have done our utmost we shall make no depletion in the labour market. But the rate at which our moral disorders are growing will at least be checked. If nothing else, we shall have saved a moiety of infants from a miserable death; and if England itself is to remain the land of those burning contrasts which are now so appalling, we shall be planting a race of Englishmen elsewhere who may grow up under the happier conditions which belonged to our fathers. The aged oak may decay at the heart and yet still stand for centuries, when it is fed by healthy juices from its extremities. Two alternatives lie palpably open to us at this moment. Shall there be a British Empire of which the inexhaustible resources shall be made available for the whole commonwealth? Shall there be tens of millions of British subjects rooted in different parts of the globe loyal all to one crown, and loyal to each other because sharing equally and fairly in the common patrimony? Or shall there be an England of rich men in which the multitude are sacrificed to the luxuries of the few, an England of which the pleasant parks and woodlands are the preserves of the great; and the millions, the creators of the wealth, swill and starve amidst dirt and disease and vice and drunkenness and infanticide?

Every day makes it more clear that the true objection to emigration, the true cause of all this feeling so

yet determined into its place ; but I cannot think that such a system as this can be permanent, or that human society, constituted on such a principle, will ultimately be found tolerable. For one thing, the prizes of life so looked at are at best but few and the competitors many. 'For myself,' said the great Spinoza, 'I am certain that the good of human life cannot lie in the possession of things which, for one man to possess, is for the rest to lose, but rather in things which all can possess alike, and where one man's wealth promotes his neighbour's.' At any rate, it was not any such notion as this which Knox had before him when he instituted your parish schools. We had no parish schools in England for centuries after he was gone, but the object was answered by the Church catechizing and the Sunday school. Our boys, like yours, were made to understand that they would have to answer for the use that they made of their lives. And, in both countries, they were put in the way of leading useful lives if they would be honest, by industrial training. The essential thing was, that every one that was willing to work should be enabled to maintain himself and his family in honour and independence.

Pass to the education of a scholar, and you find the same principle otherwise applied. There are two ways of being independent. If you require much, you must produce much. If you produce little, you must require little. Those whose studies added nothing to the material wealth of the world were taught to be content to be poor. They were a burden on others, and the

it grander than its past ; instead of a country standing alone, complete in itself, it may become the metropolis of an enormous and coherent empire : but on this condition only, that her children, when they leave her shores, shall look back upon her, not—like the poor Irish when they fly to America—as a stepmother who gave them stones for bread, but as a mother to whose care and nurture they shall owe their after-prosperity. Whether this shall be so, whether England has reached its highest point of greatness, and will now descend to a second place among the nations, or whether it has yet before it another era of brighter glory, depends on ourselves, and depends more than anything on the breeding which we give to our children. The boy that is kindly nurtured, and wisely taught and assisted to make his way in life, does not forget his father and his mother. He is proud of his family, and jealous for the honour of the name he bears. If the million lads that swarm in our towns and villages are so trained that at home or in the colonies they can provide for themselves, without passing first through a painful interval of suffering, they will be loyal wherever they may be ; good citizens at home, and still Englishmen and Scots on the Canadian lakes or in New Zealand. Our island shores will be stretched till they cover half the globe. It was not so that we colonized America, and we are reaping now the reward of our carelessness. We sent America our convicts. We sent America our Pilgrim Fathers, flinging them out as worse than felons. We said to the Irish cottier, You are a burden upon the rates ; go find

If Sir William Armstrong requires a manager at one of his foundries at Newcastle he does not pick out a man who knows nothing of mechanics; the captain of a Cunarder is at least expected to understand navigation; but a noble lord may be set to preside over the War Office who at the date of his appointment did not know the difference between a brigade and a company. In a few months, when his work has become less entirely strange to him, he is removed perhaps to the India Office and made supreme ruler of our Eastern Empire. How India may fare under his administration no one cares to ask or think. so long as he can be crammed by a subordinate, and skilfully reply to inconvenient questions in Parliament, he answers every purpose which either his chief or his country expects of him.

The consequence of this method of managing public business is precisely what might be expected; and now the British public, which looked upon it as natural and reasonable, is oddly surprised at the inevitable result. The state of the army is at present distracting us. We spend fifteen millions annually upon it—more than France spent under the Empire—a great deal more than Prussia spends—and the result is, or was a short time ago, a mob of Militia and Volunteers, fifty thousand really available troops, and malice says, perhaps with some exaggeration, six batteries of field-guns. What else could we expect? The Army indeed is distinguished above all the departments by the singularity of its management. The Army has two chiefs—one, selected as other Cabinet Ministers, a civilian, who by the nature

porated in the Empire, the democratic element would receive an increase dangerous to their own privileges; and thus the economist's theory was accepted as a welcome expedient. The Colonies were to be left to themselves to bear their own expenses, and, if they pleased, to assert their independence. No anxiety was felt for a connection which was no longer to be utilized to provide for friends and dependants.

That separation is or has been the drift of the colonial policy of the present Ministers there is no occasion to argue. The universal impression which they have created throughout the Empire outweighs their own feebly uttered and stammering denials. Had they been sincere in these denials, they would have made haste to clear themselves of suspicion by an unequivocal declaration of their real purpose; and we take leave to say that a policy tending to produce consequences so momentous ought not to have been introduced by a side wind. Lord Granville and Mr Gladstone were no doubt confident that the course which they were pursuing was a wise one, but they ought to have remembered that these separatist opinions are of recent growth, lately adopted even by themselves, and diametrically contrary to the views held by the men who were the founders and builders-up of England's political greatness. A false step taken in such a matter cannot be recalled; our Colonies once gone are gone for ever; and therefore, before they acted even in the slightest degree on the new conclusions at which they had arrived, they were bound to consult the country without evasion.

There was a community of recklessness and good humour in which landlord and peasant fraternized. If the landlord wanted more rent his readiest road to it was to fall in with the inclinations of his dependents. He had but to subdivide the holdings on his property, allow a son or a brother of one of his tenants to squat beside him on the mountain, throw up a turf cabin, plant an acre or two of potatoes, marry, and beget another family to live in the same style.

The real enmity was against the improving landlord. An Englishman would buy an estate, seeing the capabilities of the soil if properly cultivated. He would establish large farms, build barns and cattle sheds, put his capital into the ground, draw the water off and plant and manure. Finding his property littered with paupers he would clear them away at the year's end, bring in a Scotch or English bailiff who understood his business, and farm on scientific principles.

It might be well for the purchaser and well for the estate. The estate could not be improved till the vermin were removed. But these vermin after all were human beings. Their families had lived for centuries on the same spot: it was their home, and they loved it. Thriftless they might be, ignorant, wretched; but they knew no better, they desired no better. According to both priest and parson they possessed immortal souls; were they not of more consequence than a drained bog or a planted hill-side? To them the improving landlord was no better than a barbarian conqueror, trampling down the denizens of the soil. They took to pike and

stantial. The English Parliament—the landlords' Parliament—resolved at once that the Irish land should support the Irish poor. Before a shilling of rent should go into a landlord's pocket, every human stomach in the district should at least be supplied with food; and a poor-law was passed, which in some parts of Ireland amounted to confiscation. The days of idleness and amusement for squires and squireens were over. Spendthrifts who had encumbered their estates with mortgages were ruined. Delicate ladies brought up in luxury were turned adrift to battle in the ranks for a livelihood. I was staying the year before the famine at a great Irish house. My host wished to show me the neighbouring gentry, and invited many of them to a pic-nic in the park. Two hundred of us sat down to luncheon, and I found next to myself a Scotchman, who had come over to try his fortune at sheep-farming. I remember now the wrinkles of his mouth as he said to me, 'There you see the gentlemen of the county of X——. In the whole of them there may be one, there are not more than two, who suppose they came into the world for any purpose but to ride fox-hunting, shoot snipes, and lose their money at races. They will find some day that was not God Almighty's purpose with them at all.' My friend's prophecy was fulfilled sooner than he could have dreamt of. The famine swept them all away, and the very memory of the class to which they belonged has died away out of Ireland.

This was one great measure of purgation. Another

force exhibiting itself in different forms. Out of heat you can generate motion. Motion you can convert into its equivalent of heat. What you gain in one you lose in the other. It is the same in the social economy, with power and wealth. If the higher classes in any country aspire to be powerful, they must be content, as they are in Germany, to be personally poor. If they care only to live in splendour and luxury their political importance will pass from them. Power is based upon respect. We respect those who despise idle indulgence and care for noble objects. Who can respect a Sybarite? A strong aristocracy is in its habits always Spartan.

The feudal lord had great authority, and but little money. He was an officer of state, set to govern the inhabitants of his baronry. Of the material profits of the soil he had as much as he needed, but the rights of his villains were secured as amply as his own. So it was throughout Europe, and it is a curious thing that in the countries where the political development was the slowest, those rights have been the best preserved. In Germany a very careful land law has made the cultivators of the soil virtually independent. Even in Russia slavery was not abolished without securing to every serf such portion of the soil as would serve for the support of him and his family.

In England, which led the way in political emancipation, the process of change was less happy and less satisfactory. Once, every poor man's cottage had its four or five acres of land attached to it. The working labourers, the descendants of the old villains, once

The incredulity which interfered with the wonder-working powers of the saints obstructs equally the successful action of the spirit-rapper. All precautions are taken, we are assured by the initiated, to expose fraud or prevent illusion—all but one—the presence of cool-headed, scientifically trained observers. The spirits do not like sceptics, and object to showing off before them. A famous mesmerist once said to me, in some impatience with my dissent, that I myself possessed the gift, and that I might convince myself of it if I would try the experiment at the first cottage by the roadside where there was a sick person. He checked himself, however, with an after-thought. ‘Alas! no,’ he added, ‘the faith is wanting.’

When faith is present the mesmeric miracle and the so-called religious miracle approach each other in every feature. A mesmerized handkerchief produces the same effect as a relic at a shrine. A mesmerized glass of water is as effectual as a glass of holy water. Mr Home, when the room is sufficiently darkened, rises to the ceiling, and floats in the air. In a work published in Spain in the last century, under the sanction of the Church, for the instruction of spiritual directors, the elevation of the body in the air is spoken of as one of the commonest and most notorious symptoms in the spiritual growth of saintly young ladies. The phenomenon seems as familiar to the fathers confessors as measles or hooping-cough to an English doctor, and circumstantial rules are laid down for the edifying treatment of such cases. The author of the book was